Encounter

edited by Stephen Spender & Melvin J Lasky

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Churchill Reconsidered
Goronwy Rees

Huxley and Stravinsky
Robert Craft

The Language of Science
J Bronowski

Frazer & Malinowski
Edmund Leach

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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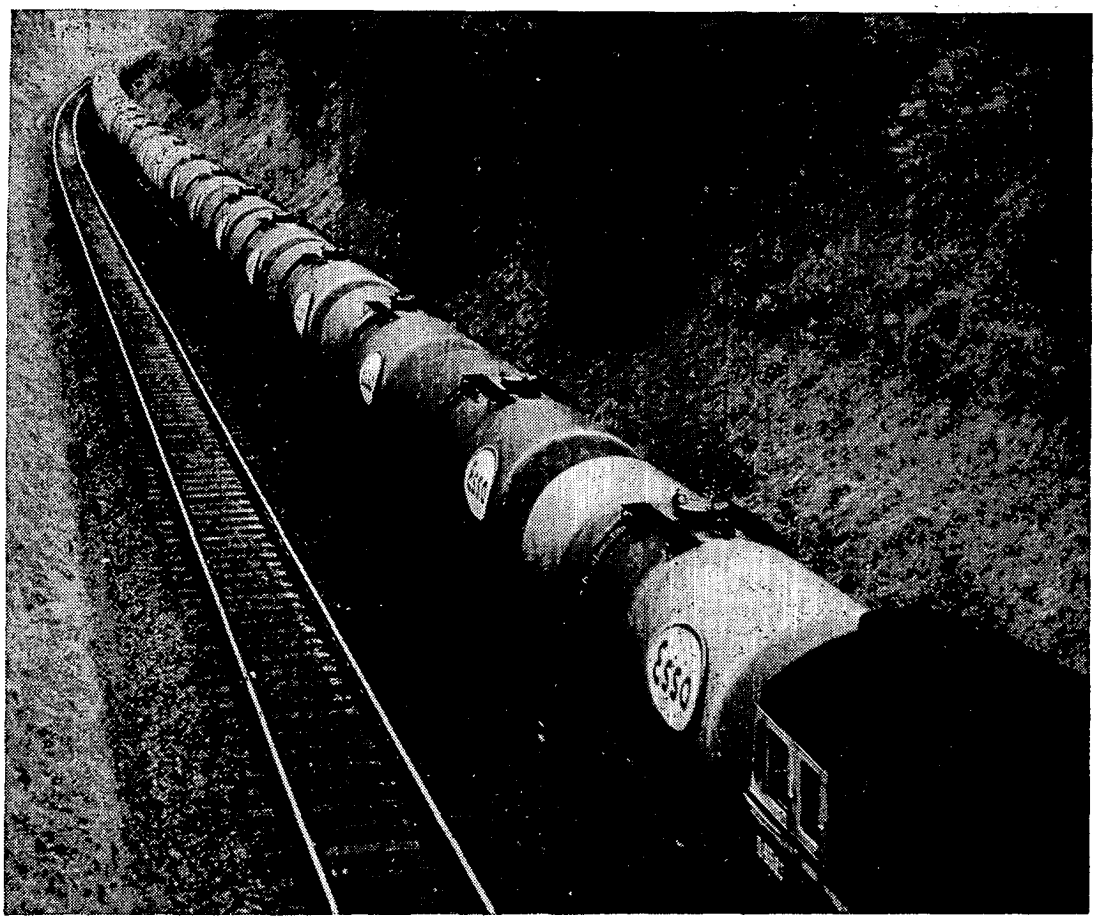

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Goronwy Rees

After the Ball Was Over

On Winston Churchill

WHEN THE TRUMPETER had blown the last reveille, when the gun carriage had discharged its burden on the quay and the journalists had exhausted all their treasuries of special prose; then, surely, the time had come when one might reasonably wonder what it had all been about. Yet it seemed almost blasphemous to ask such a question. For a week we had been encompassed by so vociferous a cloud of witnesses to Churchill's greatness; obituaries had been furbished up at the last moment to ensure that no possible extravagance had been omitted from their praise; the television had luxuriated in funeral tributes, the dead man's literary agent, his valet, his detectives, had scraped the barrel of memory for the last threadbare fragments of reminiscence. A large and lucrative industry had been founded on his death. Special supplements rolled from the presses; new editions of his works proliferated; the voice of Dimbleby was loud in the land. And to crown it all there had been the marvellous ceremony of his funeral, the tight blue-and-white square of the naval escort drawing the gun carriage, the guardsmen bowed over their reversed rifles, the voices and the trumpets echoing in the dome of St. Paul's, the tiny launch that carried him away from it all down the river. There had never been such a wake since Valentino's. How could one have any doubt what it all meant?

For the answer was surely obvious. It was generally agreed that Churchill was the greatest, as Englishman, statesman, orator, writer, historian, artist; most of all it would seem, *als Mensch*:

> *Soldier, scholar, sportsman he,*
> *As 'twere all life's epitome.*

But even such lines would hardly have satisfied Churchill's panegyrists. They might have suggested that Churchill was in some way human, whereas what was wanted was to show that he was of another order of nature from the pygmies who had surrounded him, truly a Colossus who had bestridden the petty world; one expected some new planet, fiery and luminous, to blaze out in the heavens when he was translated into immortality.

The Times, to its own satisfaction, in its memorial supplement almost struck the required note: "He belongs to the country; he belongs to the Commonwealth; he belongs to the world; now he belongs to the ages." Almost, but not quite. "Universe," for "world," and "Eternity" for "ages" would really have captured the Pecksniff touch.

If all the wonderful entertainments which the Earl Marshal has in his repertoire, ready for every occasion, from a cricket match to a coronation, had included a ceremony of canonisation, it would surely have been produced at this moment. It would have been all the more appropriate because canonisation is apt to provoke just those symptoms of collective hysteria which were displayed in the week following Churchill's death and culminated on the day of his funeral.

To anyone who has even the slightest resistance to hyperbole, it was precisely those symptoms that gave a slightly sinister and creepy quality to the whole proceedings. One could not help feeling that so public an extravagance of grief and mourning could not really have been inspired by one man, that it was not Churchill the nation was burying, but a part of their own history, not a statesman but an Empire, not a hero but themselves as they once were and never would be again.

FORTUNATELY, amid the spate of reminiscences, lamentations, funeral orations, memorial tributes which Churchill's death, or

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its approach, inspired, there were a few which were worthy of their subject. It was, for instance, an admirable idea to republish, in book form, Isaiah Berlin's essay on *Mr. Churchill in 1940*, which first appeared in 1949 in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Cornhill Magazine* as a review of the first volume of Churchill's war memoirs. Written primarily for an American audience and while Churchill was still alive, it does not fall short of the hyperbole to which he was condemned when dead; but with more justification because it captures exactly the feeling of admiration, gratitude, almost reverence which Churchill inspired in Britain at the one period of his life when he performed an indispensable service to his country. Churchill in 1940 was indeed a phenomenon that is not likely to be repeated in our history; for 1940 was perhaps the last time that Britain would ever exercise an independent and decisive role in world affairs, and in Churchill a man was found who rose to the occasion with all the formidable force and energies of his nature. For that moment at least an indestructible bond was forged between himself and the British people; each trusted each other completely; both knew exactly what part they had to play in the crisis they faced together. The mourning provoked by Churchill's death was very largely inspired by grief that such a moment would never occur again; it was a nation mourning for his and its own past greatness.

Isaiah Berlin does not take account of the possibility that it was the nation and the moment which made the man, and not *vice versa*. Such hypotheses are unprofitable and in any case were not necessary to his purpose. What he admirably and vividly expresses is how, at a particular moment of time, the British people found the man they wanted and the qualities in the man that enabled him to respond to all the demands that were made upon him. So remarkable a conjuncture of events, so striking a personality, the sense of a world at a turning-point in history, stir Isaiah Berlin as they stirred the subject of his essay. He expresses this feeling so vividly, with so much *brio* and eloquence, with so much imagination tempered by fine and acute analysis, that he really makes one feel for a moment what the world looked like through Churchill's eyes.

But he also notices, almost in passing, one aspect of Churchill which is frequently overlooked. He contrasts Roosevelt's "gay and apparently heedless abandon" with "a dimension of depth" in Churchill, "evidences of seasons of agonised brooding and slow recovery," and "a corresponding sense of tragic possibilities, which Mr. Roosevelt's lighthearted genius instinctively passed by." It is perhaps on this, rather than on his more flamboyant and superficially more attractive qualities, that one might found a real claim to greatness for Churchill; yet, strangely enough, it was precisely this which for the greater part of his political career created an almost unbridgeable gulf between him and the overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen.

Isaiah Berlin is justified in writing as he does about Churchill in 1940, with such generous and exalted enthusiasm, because he is writing about a triumph, for a man and for a country, in which they were so closely identified that it would be impossible to distinguish what part each played in it. But in fact this identification was only momentary; it persisted indeed, to a degree, throughout the war, though never again at so intense a pitch, yet at the same time the British electorate, under the pressure of the war, was slowly formulating political conclusions which were at the opposite pole to Churchill's and led to his abrupt fall from power in 1945.

Thus Churchill in 1940 was at a wholly exceptional point in his life, and exceptional most of all in the relationship which he established with his countrymen. For the most striking feature of Churchill's long political career is that, for all his brilliant qualities, or perhaps because of them, he was repeatedly and for long periods rejected by the British people, that, until the second World War, he never won their love or trust, and that his political following was confined to a small group of personal friends, for the most part of no great weight or significance. Neither the nation nor a party acknowledged him as a leader. When, as at the moment of his death, one was invited to regard him as a great national statesman, hero and father in one, it was difficult to remember that for the greater part of his career he had been an object of suspicion, mistrust, or indifference, and that up to the war it had been singularly barren of any solid or permanent political achievement.

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As a spur to memory one could not do better than to read Lady Violet Bonham Carter's *Winston Churchill as I knew him*. It is brilliantly written, so well indeed as to make one regret that Lady Violet during her long life has not written more and talked less. And if Isaiah Berlin's essay is written in a spirit of hero worship, Lady Violet's book is the story of a love affair, and like all true love affairs it reveals rather more about both the lover and the loved one than its author might suspect. Like all love stories also, it is a story of youth, in the years when Lady Violet was a young girl whose father was Prime Minister of Britain and Churchill a brilliant young politician on the make. Lady Violet endows her story with all the glamour and charm of young love seen with the nostalgic hindsight of the old; moreover, the glamour and charm suffuse, like a golden glow, her vividly painted picture of the society, and the age, in which her passionate devotion was formed. Sometimes one feels as if one were reading a novel by Ouida.

It is an essential feature of its plot, that her hero, on his first appearance, is already a man who in his childhood and youth has had the bitter experience of being rejected. No man ever had a father who was more a man after his own heart than Churchill. The brilliant, turbulent, immensely gifted Lord Randolph Churchill who revolutionised British politics between 1870 and 1880, and then guttered out like a spent candle, had all the qualities which Churchill himself admired, together with a personal charm which he himself never possessed; courage, audacity, loyalty, a formidable capacity for hard work, a kind of recklessness which carried him like a meteor across the political sky. Yet such a man, made for a boy's love and devotion, treated his son as if he were a stranger, and with a chilly disapproval that amounted to contempt. "He seemed," Churchill wrote, "to have the key to everything, or nearly everything worth having. But if I even began to show the slightest idea of comradeship, he was immediately offended; and when I once suggested that I might help his private secretary to write some of his letters, he froze me into stone."

Yet all his father's coldness could not kill Churchill's love and devotion. "The icy detachment and indifference of Lord Randolph," writes Lady Violet, "failed to destroy the proud and passionate allegiance of his son," and she touchingly describes Churchill's reaction to the remarkable intimacy in which she lived with her own father and to the views he confided to her on persons, policies, and events. "He sometimes asked me with a kind of wishful envy: 'Your father told you that? He talks to you quite freely? I wish I could have had such talk with mine.' And sometimes he added: 'But I should have had them if he lived. It *must* have come.' "

The pattern of rejection which Churchill experienced in his childhood and youth was to repeat itself consistently during his political life. Lady Violet emphasises that despite her father's own affection for Churchill, and acute appreciation of his brilliant intellectual gifts, Churchill was never able to win the trust or confidence of his colleagues in the great Liberal Government of 1906, or the confidence of the Liberal Party. He was like some brightly coloured bird of paradise, whose gaudy plumage made him suspect to birds of a more sober hue. Sometimes his antics made him almost a joke. "He is full of the poor," wrote Charles Masterman, "whom he has just discovered. He thinks he is called by Providence—to do something for them."

And when, after the fall of Lloyd George, Churchill through principle or lack of principle deserted the Liberals and rejoined the Conservatives, they received him, even though they gave him office, with equal hostility and mistrust. Their feelings were appropriately expressed in a popular biography, published in 1931, entitled *The Tragedy of Winston Churchill*, in which he is depicted as a brilliant politician brought to ruin by his own faults, of overweening ambition, lack of principle, personal disloyalty, irretrievable egotism; *Punch* caricatured him trying on one of his eccentric hats before a mirror and remarking: "As usual, it's too small."

Lady Violet reminds us again and again how deeply the solid core of the Conservative Party hated and mistrusted Churchill, as they had hated and mistrusted his father; they would have been glad if he had suffered the same political extinction and at one time it seemed likely that he might. They pursued him with a venom and vindictiveness only equalled by the sycophancy of their adulation in his declining years. In the 'thirties any Conservative politician with an eye to power regarded Churchill as an incorrigible advocate of lost causes, out of touch with the electorate and with the people,

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doomed forever to sterile opposition. One of the most striking features of Churchill's career up to the war is that he was never able to organise, either within or outside the Conservative Party, a solid and coherent body of public opinion in support of his policies.

Outside the Conservative Party, indeed, he was regarded with just as much mistrust as within, though he won the sympathy and admiration of a fragment of the Labour Party by his hostility to Hitler and to National Socialist Germany. But for most of the Left, a policy of rearmament was all the harder to swallow precisely because Churchill advocated it; he was, after all, a man of blood, the man of Gallipoli, of intervention in Russia, of Tonypandy, of the *British Gazette*; now that he advocated Arms and the Covenant, it could only be for the wrong reasons, in the cause of war and not of peace.

WE ARE NOT TO SUPPOSE that such feelings, of doubt, suspicion, mistrust, and downright hostility, disappeared overnight when war came and Churchill rejoined the government. There were many Conservatives who never forgave Churchill for opposing the policy of appeasement, or for supplanting their shabby angel of peace, Neville Chamberlain, who, strangely enough, was capable of inspiring the most intense loyalty and devotion in his followers. And when, finally, in 1940, Churchill became Prime Minister, it was not as a leader whom the entire nation had summoned unanimously to power as the only possible saviour of an apparently ruined cause; it was simply because Halifax was unwilling to undertake the burden of the Premiership and Churchill was the only other Conservative politician under whom Labour would serve in a coalition government. If there had been any other available, he would, from the point of view of the nation as a whole, have done just as well at that moment.

THE ATTEMPT, at the time of his death, to represent Churchill as a kind of father of his people is essentially a falsification of his entire political career and especially of his long and complicated relationship both with the British electorate and with the political parties of which he was alternately a member. The election of 1945, with, once again, its total rejection of Churchill, was evidence that, even though he retained the nation's gratitude for his war-time achievements, it was not sufficient to secure the return of him and his party to power; moreover, during the election, Churchill himself did not fail to reveal one of his most striking political weaknesses. For if, for most of his political life, the British people profoundly mistrusted Churchill, he on the other hand never understood them; by nature he had none of that instinctive sense of a nation's deepest emotions, wishes, aspirations, prejudices, which is commonly taken to be one of the marks of greatness in a statesman and in this respect he completely lacked the mysterious insights of a Lincoln, a Roosevelt, a Lloyd George, or a Hitler. Isaiah Berlin calls Roosevelt, as compared with Churchill, "frivolous." But he also makes one realise that Roosevelt's enormous sensitivity to the moods and feelings of the masses, and his capacity to give them concrete political expression, conferred on his policies a kind of moral authority to which Churchill, as a peacetime politician, could never aspire. And when Churchill was returned to power, it was not as a result of a gift of national leadership, or as a statesman of genius, but purely and simply as a party politician presiding over a singularly undistinguished administration.

Lady Violet Bonham Carter, for all her adoration of Churchill, makes it clear that the kind of blindness Churchill showed towards the deepest needs and wants of his countrymen in the mass applied equally in his personal relationships. He did not easily inspire affection or even liking, except in a very limited circle, which included, among his closest friends, such very unpleasant characters as Lords Birkenhead and Beaverbrook. His obsessive concentration on whatever concerned him most at the moment was one of his most remarkable gifts; but it was also an effective barrier to communication with others or to any understanding of their problems and difficulties, unless they happened to coincide with his own. Lloyd George, exasperated by Churchill's obsession with his "blasted ships," once said to him, according to Lord Riddell: "You think we all live in the sea, and all your thoughts are devoted to sea-life, fishes, and other aquatic creatures. You forget that most of us live on land."

This unawareness of the needs, the interests, the legitimate preoccupations of others, was a weakness in Churchill as a man and, more seriously, as a politician and a statesman. It reflected an egotism which could see nothing

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outside the blinkers of his own imagination, which, if it was intense, was also surprisingly narrow and often superficial; it made intolerable demands on anyone who had to work with him and reduced discussion with him to a not always inspired monologue. Under the fierce and unremitting pressure of the war it created strains upon his colleagues which were hardly to be borne; in Lord Alanbrooke's diaries it is possible to trace a feeling towards Churchill which is something more than dislike. Any fair assessment of Churchill's war-time administration would have to take into account the question whether Churchill's incessant bullying of his military advisers, and his interference in spheres where his judgment was singularly fallible and erratic, did not in fact hinder rather than assist the efficient conduct of the war.

IT WOULD BE EASY, of course, to see these faults as simply the reverse side of Churchill's greatness, the inevitable consequence of his implacable concentration on the matter in hand, of his consciousness of superior intellectual powers and spiritual energies which were perfectly adapted to the crisis which he had to meet and master. In the same way, it would be easy to accept Churchill's long exclusion from power simply as yet another example of men's unfortunate habit of failing to recognise manifest genius, and to see in Churchill, during his years in the wilderness, another prophet who was not without honour save in his own country, another stone which the builders rejected but became the head of the corner. Yet this would be, once again, to falsify the evidence of Churchill's political career; it would be to suggest that, in refusing their confidence to Churchill, the British people and the British political parties had in some way been grievously in the wrong, whereas the truth is that, over a long period, Churchill had been guilty of a series of such gross errors that it was almost impossible to take him seriously as a politician, much less a statesman.

It is not necessary to go back to Gallipoli, though Mr. Robert Rhodes James is perhaps right to remind us now that Churchill must take a large part of the blame for that disaster, both in its planning and its execution. But he was also wrong about intervention in Russia; he was wrong about the return to the gold standard; his antics in the General Strike were such that, if his colleagues in the government had imitated him, it might have developed into civil war; he was wrong about India; he was wrong about Mussolini, about Spain and, initially, even about Hitler; he was absurdly wrong about the abdication. No British politician in the inter-war years had so consistent a record of error and misjudgment; and if this was partly redeemed by his opposition to Hitler, when once he had realised what a danger German rearmament was to Britain, it was a part of the tragedy of the 'thirties, of what he himself called the Unnecessary War, that Churchill was unable to persuade others to accept his views largely because he had been proved so utterly and demonstrably wrong on almost every other important political issue with which he had concerned himself.

Nor is it possible to see in Churchill's political errors, of which some at least had disastrous political consequences for the country, any rational or coherent political philosophy which, however unpopular at the time, might under other circumstances prove its essential worth; they were at best the reflection of a purely personal attitude to life and to politics which was strangely divorced, except in one single and important respect, from the realities of his time, and this no doubt helps to explain why, up to 1939, he was so singularly unsuccessful in organising any solid and powerful body of public opinion behind him. The truth was that, except in the one crucial case of Germany, he did not have any policies which were relevant to the situation in which Britain found herself between the wars.

It might be generally agreed that, on the eve of the war, Churchill was, as a politician, a failure, indeed a quite spectacular failure, given his exceptional qualities both of intellect and character; one who, with every gift and every opportunity, after nearly sixty years of public life, of which thirty had been spent in high office, had no great legislative or administrative achievement to his credit, enjoyed the trust and confidence neither of his party nor his countrymen, and seemed doomed to spend the remainder of his days in futile and discredited opposition. It is less generally agreed, or at least avowed, that this failure was of his own making.

HOW, THEN, are we to explain his sudden transformation, almost overnight, in the eyes of his countrymen and of the world, into the colossal figure whom the nation mourned at his death, the equal, it would seem, of the

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almost mythical heroes of the past, an Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, all these with an extra touch of humanity thrown in; in Isaiah Berlin's words, "a mythical hero who belongs as much to legend as to reality."

It is sad to think that for some time to come we are not likely to have a study of Churchill which will prefer the reality to the legend. But if it were to be written, perhaps its author would notice, as affording some explanation both of Churchill's failure and his triumph, that one of Churchill's most absorbing interests, perhaps, indeed, the most absorbing interest of his life, was one which to most of his contemporaries was profoundly distasteful and repugnant; that is to say, war. It was one which had been with him from his earliest youth, when he had looked so avidly for some *frischer und fröhlicher Krieg* to which he could attach himself; it was deepened by the, for him, exhilarating experience of the first World War and by his historical studies for his life of Marlborough; when the second World War came, it was for him, as he himself confesses, a relief and a liberation, not only because the great dangers which he had apprehended for so long were now obvious to all but because he felt, rightly, that he was the man, perhaps the only man, who was fully equipped, mentally, morally, psychologically, to face and overcome the appalling problems which war creates.

It would not be unfair to Churchill to say that, both on national and personal grounds, he welcomed the war; he could have said with some truth that it was both the country's and his own last chance. This is not to say that Churchill was ever blind or insensitive to the misery, suffering, and cruelty of war; or that the policies he advocated were intended to provoke war rather than to preserve peace; or that, war having come, he ever wished to wage it for its own sake. But he would have found it perfectly natural to say, with Robert E. Lee, that it is a good thing we know how terrible war is, or we should grow too fond of it. And also he believed in war as a perfectly legitimate weapon of national policy, which should be kept in reserve for the last emergency but nevertheless should be always brightly furbished and ready for use; and he believed that, bad as war is, there are other things which are worse. Moreover war was not, for all its horrors, something which filled him personally with dismay and despair. He was like an athlete who had trained all his life for some supreme contest and when at last it came he rejoiced in the opportunity to show, to himself and to others, how well equipped he was to meet it, how ready for all its contingencies, even its disasters. If it had not come he would have been disappointed, like some championship contender who has been cheated of a title fight. If there was one particular gift he gave his countrymen in 1940, and which no one else could have given, it was to inspire them with something of his own exhilaration that at last a moment had come which would demand of them everything they had. Lincoln spent half the Civil War looking for a general who would fight and enjoyed fighting. Even among generals such men are rare; in Churchill, in 1940, Britain found such a man.

And, as such men do, he succeeded, for a time, in conveying to his countrymen the extraordinary sensation of actually enjoying "blood, sweat and tears," of facing total defeat and all the sufferings and sacrifices that were necessary to overcome it. This is not, of course, a sensation which men often enjoy, or for long; they go to war like Siegfried Sassoon's soldiers:

> *Most went glumly through it*
> *Dumbly doomed to rue it.*

In this sense, Churchill was abnormal. Though he saw and felt as deeply as anyone the terrible issues, the waste, suffering, and destruction, involved in war, he also saw it, as Peter Pan saw life, as "an awfully big adventure." Churchill himself was aware of his abnormality and of how much it isolated him from others; Lady Violet Bonham Carter quotes him as confessing, with a certain feeling of guilt, during the first World War, that though for others the war meant universal suffering, he could not help admitting that he was enjoying himself intensely at the Admiralty.

To say this of Churchill now is unfashionable, because in this generation war has become a dirty word, and to say of anyone that he enjoys it is rather like accusing him of being a psychopath. But it is significant that from the beginnings of his political career this is precisely what people tended to feel about Churchill; it alarmed and bewildered them; it made them feel that he was a man who might lead them into irresponsible adventures; it was the basis of the mistrust which he almost universally in-

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spired. In popular speech, in the press, this feeling was often expressed by calling Churchill a war-monger. This was unjust; he cared for peace as much as any man; but he believed that peace could be preserved and, if necessary, restored, by force of arms, and this reading of history had no terrors for him. Popular feeling was given a more sophisticated expression in 1929 by John Maynard Keynes, reviewing the fourth volume of *The World Crisis*.

> With what kind of feelings does one lay down Mr. Churchill's two thousand pages? . . . Admiration for his energies of mind and his intense absorption of intellectual interest and elemental emotion in what is for the moment the matter in hand—which is his best quality. A little envy, perhaps, for his undoubting conviction that frontiers, races, patriotism, even war, if need be, are ultimate realities for mankind, which lends for him a kind of dignity and even nobility to events which for others are only a nightmare interlude, something to be permanently avoided.

"ONLY A NIGHTMARE interlude, something to be permanently avoided. . . ." Either in 1929, or now, there are probably few people who would disagree with Keynes' description of war as a phenomenon of the 20th century. In such a view war belongs to a past in which life was anyhow nasty, brutish, and short, and, in our own more advanced civilisation, cannot be taken seriously except as a brutal and momentary invasion of the condition of peace which is the norm of civilised life. And with war they would classify other irrational factors like frontiers, races, patriotism, all parts of the same nightmare, "something to be permanently avoided."

As a hope and an aspiration, such a view has every attraction; as a statement of fact, it is extravagantly wide of the mark. It dismisses war as violent, irrational, degrading to the human being, something which really has no business to belong to the history of our own time; it also ignores the ugly fact that war has shaped and determined the lives of men and women in the twentieth century more than any other historical phenomenon. Indeed, one might reasonably say that it was both the most important and the most characteristic feature of the age through which we have had to live. Far from war being a "nightmare interlude," it is peace which has been a slow convalescence between the fierce and repeated agonies of war, in which nations have enjoyed the somewhat illusory comforts of soldiers returned to base to be rehabilitated for the front line.

Such a view is of course intensely antipathetic to the spirit of the age; there is something inexpressibly faded and out of date about it, it belongs to the world of Gobineau and Carlyle and Nietzsche and Spengler and other prophets who look rather tawdry today in their tattered robes. Yet as a realistic view of what has happened, and is happening, in the history of our time, it has more to commend it than the liberal and progressive optimism of someone like Keynes. It was Churchill's merit as a politician, which also gave him his claim to greatness as a statesman, precisely that from youth upwards he instinctively understood that war was the determining factor in the history of the twentieth century and had the courage to face and accept the consequences.

TO SAY THIS so soon after his death may be taken by many people as a slur upon his memory, especially because his panegyrists have already done so much to falsify that memory out of all recognition. For it would have been shocking for the British public to be told, at the moment of his death, that their grief and mourning, the sombre beauty of his funeral, were all for a man whose true greatness lay in his unalterable conviction that war, in our time, is indeed the ultimate reality and that nothing had happened in his lifetime to modify this belief. Yet it is precisely this which gave to Churchill that "dimension of depth—and a corresponding sense of tragic possibilities" to which Isaiah Berlin refers. Yet even he dissembles some of the truth of his own insight. He tells us, for instance, that whereas more typical politicians derive their inspiration from the present or the future, Churchill derived his from the past, and somehow this may leave one with the impression that Churchill's view of war was also a thing of the past, a romantic nostalgia for vanished glories, an imaginative sympathy for "old, unhappy, far off things and battles long ago." In fact, Churchill's acceptance of war as the ultimate reality of our time came from a profound and tragic insight into the present, in this he was more modern than any of his contemporaries, and it is this above all which distinguishes him from all the other democratic statesmen of his age.

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Robert Craft

With Aldous Huxley

Los Angeles, July 27th, 1949

THE STRAVINSKYS invite Aldous and Maria Huxley to dinner. She is *petite* and eager with large, believing eyes in a small, pinched face, and he is even taller than anyone had warned. But one looks first at his silver-point features, especially the slightly hooked, slightly haughty nose, and rarely away from them thereafter. The right cornea is covered by a milky film, like clouded glass, and it is the unflawed but rapidly nictitating left eye which he turns to us, though its powers of sight are hardly greater. His skin has a desiccated appearance —from the desert sun during his anchorite period, one would suppose, except that it is also deathly white. Everything else about the man except the big weedy brows suggests not the out-of-doors, however, but the tightly-sealed edifices of intellectual respectability. What strikes one next is that he seems so absurdly out of scale in the diminutive Stravinsky house. He crouches under the low ceilings, ducks through the doorways, flinches by a chandelier, stoops at table, until we feel as though it may *really* be unsafe for him here, that he *could* actually trap himself in one of the tiny Stravinsky W.C.s and never get out.

At table we are more precisely aware of his visual limitations: he *feels* for his knife, fork and plate, with the palpations of the blind. His wife helps him to find the food, and she continues to direct him throughout the meal in almost unnoticed *sotto voce* asides. *"Un tout petit peu à gauche, chérie,"* she whispers when his knife fails to find a hold on the meat, and in the same voice she advises him how long to uptilt the salt shaker, but I think he would not welcome, indeed would resent any sign of solicitude from another source.

Conversation is in French. This is partly because Mr. and Mrs. H. obviously prefer to talk in that language, but principally because I.S.'s ear, having been exclusively confined to my backwoods American, is not attuned to Huxley English. (The word "issue," for example, a clean, sibilant "*iss-u*" in Mr. H.'s mouth, a gooey "*ish-shoe*" in mine, must confound the I.S.s as it distracts me.) In any case, I.S. seems to think of Mr. H. as an English-born Frenchman whose manners may be the quintessence of Englishness (this is good in I.S.'s book), but who is in other important respects more civilised (French). Language apart, the two men inhibit each other. If Mr. H. is the wrong size he is also the wrong culture. That sovereignty of scientific rationalism, the very blueprint of his intellectual heredity, is a planet away from I.S.'s mystagogical view of human existence. I.S. has not followed any science or philosophy of science since his reading of Bergson a half-century ago. It is for this reason, also, that he lives in terror all evening lest Mr. H. dwell on scientific deeds and books of which he has never heard. Yet I think that Mr. H. is as self-conscious of his own limitations in being unable to stem the flow of his thoughts long enough to approach the world of the other from the other's bias. The two men watch each other like champions of two mutually incomprehensible games; for basic toe-holds rather than gambits or feints.

Mr. H.'s voice, a lambent, culture-saturated purr, is as memorable as his head. When he tells

ALDOUS HUXLEY *died in California two years ago. Robert Craft and Igor Stravinsky were his friends and neighbours. Mr. Craft, music critic and conductor (he has recently recorded the complete orchestral works of Schönberg), contributed an account of Stravinsky's return to Russia in the June 1963* ENCOUNTER. *In a London concert this autumn he conducted Stravinsky's "Variations in Memory of Aldous Huxley."*

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a story, it ripples musically through pursed lips. The longer anecdotes begin in low dove-tones, rising toward what promises to be a loudly explosive finish but knots into a *knödel* instead, or fizzles out at the climactic high notes. And what a story-teller he is! As family history alone his autobiography would contain the richest material of any living writer, but judging from tonight's tales of Joyce, Pound, Eliot, Yeats, such a book promises to be one of the most amusing for the 'twenties and 'thirties as well. Best of all, he betrays no mark of the repertory company, and good as these performances are, the most astonishing occurs in a rather more difficult line—in confrontation with I.S.'s collection of sea shells. Holding each specimen under a magnifying glass two inches from his left eye, Mr. H. casually sheds a mass of obscure learning about it, and when dropping a Latin name, he begs our pardon with exquisite punctilio.

THE HUNCHING AND CRINGING from the constrictions of Lilliput begin all over again on the way to the living room, though having charted the chief dangers in his memory he now moves with a more gliding and rubbery walk. We ensconce him in the largest chair, from which, however, he seems to squirm away—parts of him, anyway—like a cornered cephalopod, now stretching its peripatetic tentacles to alarming lengths, now cupping them in. As he listens to us his fingers plait and unplait, or tickle the fenders of his chair, but when he talks his arms move continuously and rapidly in large illustrative gestures so that he seems, like Vishnu, to have several pairs of them. And what does he talk about? The finding of bacteria at ocean depths; the heightening of erotic sensibilities through breathing exercises; the sexual customs of the American Utopias, especially the Oneida experiment of training adolescent boys on women past the menopause; Baudelaire's Latin poems, which "demonstrate wide reading in the type of poem but show complete ignorance of stress and merely duplicate the number of syllables"; the possibility of flights to the moon within a decade if enough money were to be diverted to the project, though Mr. H.'s only interest in going to any other planet would be "to establish contact with an older civilisation." This river of information is continually nourished by tributaries of quotations—a couplet by Trumbull Stickney, a clerihew, the whole of *"Le vierge, le vivace, et le bel aujourd'hui,"* which he recites as though he were reading from an oculist's chart, except for one small stumble of memory from which he picks himself up with an air of surprise that none of us had caught him as he tripped. One feels confident that Mr. H. would have as much Bartlett no matter what the topic, and that every volume in the anthology will always automatically flick open to the right page.

Brilliant as it is, we are a little relieved when it comes to an end; *I* am, anyway, for I have resolved a dozen times an hour to keep my Boeotian ignorance to myself and never to expose it in public—at any rate not in *this* public. But he is the gentlest human being I have ever seen, and the most delightfully giggly.

August 19th, 1949

To the Huxleys' for tea—parsley tea with crystal sugar, and a tray of molasses cookies, wheat germ, raw carrots, small wedges of non-fattening fruit cake. Architecturally the house would satisfy the taste for mansions of a retired Kenya colonial; and it is a contrast in most other ways as well to the I.S. house, which, like the composer himself, is small, snug, brightly lighted, not forbiddingly private, as packed as a provincial museum. The lights are off as we enter, drawn curtains notwithstanding, and the sole evidence of Edison is a lamp in Mr. H.'s study that would seem more suitable for third-degree interrogations. The walls are bare, except for a few of Mr. H.'s own water-colours (landscapes with trees and rocks somewhat in the manner of Cézanne), and the furniture, what there is of it, is severe. I.S. does not scintillate in such surroundings. And when Mrs. H. withdraws, taking V. with her so that the boys may have a smoking-room chat, he is not only uncomfortable but positively frightened of facing Mr. H. without V.'s support. As I know I.S., he is whetting for a whisky, but the display of health foods and Mrs. H.'s rather gingerly proffering of a carafe of sherry intimidate him and he does not ask for it. The sepulchral lighting and raftered baronial hall dampen the conversation, too; Mr. H. is serious here, and we are reverent and hushed—though for my own part I could not have contributed more than five or six twigs to the pyre of Mr. H.'s talk anyway, and these are held back less by the bleakness of the *décor* than by self-consciousness for my pawky verbal congestions.

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Mr. H. alone and uninterrupted is not easily bettered, in any case, and I regret no magnetic tape preserved him today, especially his description of the culinary mortifications of St. Philip Neri. He is more engaging to listen to than to read, the conversationalist being superior to the writer in at least two definite ways. First, the talk is wholly free of the late-Tolstoy type of sermonising that has become such a heavy part of the books; second, the talker embroiders his main thematic paths with a luxury of odd links, an anastomosis of curious connections (the Huxley style is beginning to affect me!) which the writer could not—no writer could—afford to follow.

WHAT IS Mr. H. to I.S.? A kind of handy, neighbourhood university, whatever more besides. I.S., like a radio quiz master, is forever wanting immediate answers to random matters of fact. He will leave the dinner table to trace some scrap of information and return thirty minutes and two cold courses later—empty-handed more often than not, for lack of a methodology. If Mr. H. is in town, however, I.S. need only pick up the telephone, as he did yesterday when he wanted a run-down on the history of scissors. He is convinced that Mr. H. suffers from his encyclopedic erudition, incidentally, and I believe that this is true, even to the extent that the Tao of his seemingly unquenchable quest is freedom through possession.

And I.S. to Mr. H.? A "genius" is the simple but, I think, complete answer: one of a sacred few invested with the divine power of creation. Mr. H. prostrates himself before the mystery of this power and he seems to regard it as a justification for the existence of the mass of humanity. D. H. Lawrence was Mr. H.'s genius in the early years, and whatever qualities the word represents for him now, Lawrentian or otherwise, he thirsts for them still, as others do for religious inspiration. At the same time, he would disclaim even a pinch of these qualities as his own, I think, and would allow the designation "creative writer" for himself only if he were attempting to explain his low income to a tax collector. He writhes when anyone so much as hints at a reference to his work, and actually groans aloud when V. alludes to a dramatisation of *Brave New World*; a direct question about a book-in-progress would doubtless dissolve him altogether. Contrast this with I.S., who beams satisfaction at the mention of *his* tiniest opus. But, then, I.S. *is* a creator.

Mr. H. also looks to I.S. as a source of knowledge *about* music, however, and not only for the so-called secrets of art but, curiously, for the plainest of lexical facts as well. His appetite for this knowledge appears to be insatiable, moreover, though he already possesses a huge store of music history and a tune-humming acquaintance with the repertory which is (on that level) as wide as I.S.'s. He does not seem to consider that such knowledge has little interest for, or bearing on, the mind of the composer, or that the composer's stock of prejudices is narrow and rather cranky because of the creative preoccupations of the moment. How long, I wonder, will it take Mr. H. to discover that I.S.'s genius is wrapped—for protection from musical data—in a vacuum?

April 17th, 1951

AN AFTERNOON with Universal Knowledge. Aldous calls asking me to read to him; he has overtaxed his "good" eye. I find him typing the witchcraft book, nevertheless—in the den at the end of the darkened corridor, and on a table stacked ominously with publications in braille. He is wearing his "Chinese glasses," black cellulose goggles with perforations in place of lenses: they force the pupils to perform a kind of stroboscopic movement, and consequently prevent staring; Aldous has taped a bandage over the pin-holes on the right side, which means that he no longer has any sight at all from his opaline right eye.

He seems pleased to be interrupted but is clearly less hungry for a dose of reading than for a discussion of the substance of his work—except that he refuses to talk about it as *his*; he will give himself no credit, even for the discoveries of his own research. Without any stepping-stone small talk he jumps into the deeps of the *Malleus Maleficarum* and the "appalling materialism to which it testifies." Developing this thesis he seems to shirk no opportunity for scatological descriptions and, of course, the torturing of "witches" provides an abundance of such occasions. But there is no Swiftian compulsiveness in this, I think; it is merely the yeast in his argument on the naturalness of human vileness. At one point, telling of the use of bellows and tongs to exorcise the Devil from a child's stomach he is put in mind of a cartoon by Wilhelm Busch, and the thought of that fellow misanthrope leaves him gay and exhilarated. "Has anyone ever detested

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humanity more?" he asks, and his voice glitters mordantly and as heartlessly as the ice cubes at a cocktail party.

A thought strikes me today, as it has before, that two of Aldous' most prominent intellectual qualities are clarity and, at the same time, credulity, and that they make a very odd team. On the one side is an apparently unshakeable *credo ut intelligam* (which includes logic and the analytic disciplines), and on the other, a radical susceptibility to the nostrums of quack-salvers and spiritual confidence men. The clarity side is descended by school from the Victorian philosophers for whom there could be no unruly ideas, and one cannot help remarking that this instrument is not quite the right one for the verbally elusive "perennial philosophy." But what of the other bedfellow? What school is *he* from, Paracelsus High? Where was he keeping himself at the time of *Antic Hay*, one would like to know, and what has befallen the author of same that he now can look for salvation in a pill? For he who was always hurrying to expose the *Paradis Artificiels* of yesterday has become the readiest exponent, even the guinea pig, for those of today. Why, as it appears, is he grasping at straws?[1] As a so-called uncommitted liberal he is committed to try everything, of course, and give every idea its due, but for a profounder explanation one would have to delve back to Victorian roots. Aldous is a shocked Victorian, it seems to me, and even a shell-shocked one, as much as the poets of the trenches. He is capable of being shocked by what to most people are common happenings. His hardest-worked word is "extraordinary," and the runner-up word, "absolutely," operates as its geminate. Only the extraordinary and the exaggerated interest him, in fact, and one thinks at times that he has ceased to believe in ordinary human beings. There are only Mozarts and imbeciles in his world, only extreme aspects of humanity, and these aspects continually shock him. Now, it must be allowed that some of the shocks, such as the creations of Mozart, are ennobling, even though most of them (and with so much more satisfaction for anti-meliorists such as Aldous) are the contrary. Irony is the surfacing trick of the shocked Victorian, but it stales with the speed of yesterday's events, and how much of Aldous' will outlive him?

THE POINT ABOUT ordinary—and whole—people is the crux of Aldous' failure as a novelist—though "failure" is unfair for in this sense he never set out to succeed, and, anyway, why should he not write about extraordinary ones? A readable journal is rarer than a readable novel and its characters and records of events, being "true," are at least as likely to endure—the characters and events in a journal by Aldous Huxley, at any rate. And such a journal by him —the unfictionalised raw material, the ideas and speculations, the thumbnail portraits, the highlights of conversations, the commentaries about books (his annotations in Evans-Wentz's *Tibetan Book of the Dead* which I have borrowed contain a whole library implicit in the cross references)—this would be a treasure indeed. As far back as *Point Counterpoint*, Philip Quarles' musings indicated this type of journal as Aldous' own form *par excellence*; except that Aldous in first person is superior to Aldous under any guise—being surpassed, in fact, only by Aldous *in* person.[2]

February 23rd, 1952

AT ALDOUS' request I witness and sign his Last Will & Testament, in token for which he presents me with a volume of *risqué*

[1] The answer will be found, I think, in the sad events of his own life. See the entry for November 24th, 1963.

[2] *Postscript* (*1965*). I cannot excuse the impudence of these arguments which I had manufactured out of some no longer remembered necessity to myself, but I might try to improve my appearance by emphasising the fact that the true subject here is not so much A.H. as my own growing-pains. A.H. had had a considerable influence on me long before I knew him, and in my prep school and early college years the appearance of each book by him was an exciting event that would bring new notions and new bearings for old ones.

I should add that in the year of my discovery of him his reputation had begun to suffer because of his pacifism—more that, I think, than his espousal of a religious philosophy which was on its way to wartime vogue. He had recently published an *Encyclopedia of Pacifism*, together with a shorter tract, which attempted to argue pacifism as a practical policy. The argument broke ground with the claim that "Feeling, willing, thinking are the three modes of ordinary human activity," and this seemed deliberately to overlook another very ordinary mode, action—though as Kierkegaard says somewhere, "In Greece, philosophising was a mode of action," and it was certainly that with Aldous, too.

The oversight was polemically unfortunate, however, and so was the title of the pamphlet, *What are you going to do about it?*, which fairly begged for the rejoinder it soon received, C. Day Lewis' *We're not going to do nothing*.

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verse, an inducement to improve my French, he says, adding that the book had been given to him in his youth for the same purpose.

He has returned to-day from a trip in the desert and as always after a spell in depopulated regions he is refreshed and in high spirits. He has brought back a garland of rare-blossoming—once-in-a-decade—lilies, but he himself is a far more spectacular and rarer burgeoning. "Cacti," he says, "grow no more than an inch in five years and are therefore, the large ones anyway, some of the world's most venerable plants." But he is more excited by the discovery that "desert 'poor-wills' hibernate. They are genetically related to humming birds, you remember" (oddly enough, I do not), "and humming birds were the only species heretofore positively known to hibernate, which is why the early Hindu philosophers called them 'sleeping birds.'" He then digresses for a quarter of an hour on the Trochilidæ family, "what the onomatopoeic Mayans called the Dzunuum...." Etc.

I drive him, later, to the summit of Doheny Hill, the start of one of his favourite rambles (but definitely not one of mine; though only three minutes from the centre of Beverly Hills it has a reputation for rattlesnakes). We follow rutted tracks into a wilderness, the daddy-longlegs easily ahead. But the intellectual pace is faster, and here he keeps a good sprint in front, without trying, which makes my pursuit feel mentally pigeon-toed—and I am trying very hard. He dispenses dendrological information along the way, as if we were on a botanical tutorial, and I learn and forget all sorts of things about flora to right and left of the path, not only the tallest pedunculates but the tiniest sessile organisms as well—though one wonders how he, purblind as he is, can tell. Not until the return trek does he switch to a subject I am able to follow, "the 'litt'ry' cult of dirt, Auden's

'Who would love me be not too clean'..."

From this conversation it would appear that Ford Madox Ford was the least frequently washed of modern novelists. My unique contribution is to quote the dirt-specialist historian, Lecky, though I realise afterwards that I have mistakenly attributed the remark to J. B. Bury, whose name I mispronounce, as though it had to do with graveyards; Aldous is greatly taken aback at his ignorance of this author until dawn breaks on him and it is discovered that "Oh, you mean Professor Bewry." His most interesting remarks of the afternoon, however, are about "Tom" Eliot. "The marriage in *The Cocktail Party* was inspired—if that is the word—by Tom's own marriage. His wife, Vivienne, was an ether addict, you know; her face was mottled from it, rather like ecchymotic spots, and the house smelled like a hospital. All that dust and despair in Eliot's poetry is to be traced to this fact." And he compares Eliot's criticism to "a great operation that is never performed: powerful lights are brought into focus, anaesthetists and assistants are posted, the instruments are prepared. Finally the surgeon arrives and opens his bag—but closes it again and goes off."

After the walk we drive to an ice-cream parlour in Beverly Hills and—at Aldous' suggestion—eat banana splits. He says that "cerebrotonics should eat bananas every day."

Rome, November 24th, 1963

DURING our train stop at Naples this morning we learn from a newspaper headline that "E MORTO IL PICCOLO MAESTRO ALDOUS HUXLEY." And so it has happened, and in the time the doctors predicted. Poor Laura. My thoughts are with you, though they will not help; and I am already thinking more of my own loss, for I mourn him, too: his death is the death of part of myself. For five years we met regularly at least once a week. Then, after Maria's death, our travels and his re-marriage separated us until, recently, Aldous seemed to have become part of an already completed past. But are past feelings also complete in themselves? And if we attempt to interpret or articulate them to-day can we avoid to-day's pictorial edition? Is it possible to revive a memory without memorialising it, or deny that essential part of the form of all valedictions, the need to mourn? And how shall we tell the story of the "he" except within the intruding and irrelevant story of the "me"?

All recent memories of Aldous are vividly clear, in any case, and the picture most of them help to form is heart-breaking. His last decade of life, from the discovery of Maria's cancer, was never free from the mental cruelty of incurable illness. Hardly had he watched the end of her struggle with it than he entered the same lists himself. It can be put down to "his way" that he did not complain; and ascribed to the desire to "guard his grief" that he kept others from touching his wounds. But he was a very

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brave man. Alone and blind he went on working, supporting a host of dependents. He *had* to produce books at the rate of one and sometimes two a year; and he *had* to lecture, even until three months before his death, like *"L'uomo dal fiore in bocca,"* from cancer of the throat. Nor was mortal disease the only spectre. The failure on Broadway of a play, the time and intelligence wasted on film projects, the often belittling reception of books: these were hard blows, more so to a man who was once a very fashionable writer. During McCarthyism, moreover, he was even subjected to an official indignity; and this makes *me* fighting mad. The danger of an Aldous Huxley to American society? Or the honour that such a man has lived in our midst? May a Dantean boot-licking punishment—Aldous' feet were large—await his inquisitor. "Would you, sir, refuse to take arms against an enemy of the United States?" How much more responsible to Society (Human as well as American) Aldous Huxley was than most of the U.S. citizenry he was never allowed to join because of the pacifist clause.[3]

As Maria's condition declined, Aldous appealed to every agency including hypnotism, acupuncture, and the newly discovered psychopharmacological "expanders of consciousness." As a last hope he flew with her to Lebanon in search of a miracle worker. But he did not tell us when the disease had entered its final stages and consequently her death came as a shock. Aldous was an agonising sight then, so miserable and so alone. I see him at the funeral with tears in his blind eyes (his intaglio head bowed but himself still a head taller than anyone else); he gropes his way but gives his arm to support Maria's strong and dry-eyed mother, who does not need it. Maria, who shared little of the world of Aldous' creative imagination, who cared little for his beloved music, who could read to him hours at a time without listening: this same Maria was his seeing eye, and the only eye of all of his affections. Without her he was as helpless as an unfledged bird. In the lonely weeks after her death, we kept him company as much as he would permit. Painful slips would occur. "As Maria tells me... I mean, used to tell me," he would say, and because we tried to avoid her memory in our own remarks, conversation was both ghost-ridden and leadenly self-conscious. We worried about him continually. How could he bear to go on living in that empty, penumbral house? He would allow me, taking him home at night, to accompany him to the door and fit the key in the lock, but he resisted boy-scouting and would refuse my help in, for example, crossing streets—passages which I could only watch (or not watch) in terror. He trusted to his hearing and memory when he went walking, but even those acute faculties were inadequate in Los Angeles traffic. There were accidents in the last years, including one very serious fall.

Now, as I write, memories of the early 1950s are beginning to return as well, though helter-skelter. A view of Aldous at the cinema is first to mind, though why there I am unable to say: with the exception of science documentaries—*The Sex Life of Lobsters* was a favourite—he loathed films. Is it because he seemed so lonely sitting in the front row? Or because of the comedy of his mumbling?—"inconceivable tripe," "monstrous oafs," "semi minus epsilons," I could hear as he wriggled and moaned. Ordinarily he watched the screen through his Chinese perforations, but when a pretty woman appeared he would switch to the magnifying glass; at a revival of *The Blue Angel* I remember him staring at Miss Dietrich's charms as intently as Emil Jannings himself. But Aldous only braved the cinema to accompany I.S., who, rather like Wittgenstein, would go to any movie, no matter how bad, as frequently as anyone could be found to take him.

And now a sheaf of pictures returns of Aldous listening to music, and these are all characteristic for music was the delight of his later life. But here the "I" intrudes. From 1952, Aldous attended rehearsals and concerts of pre-classical works which I conducted: Monteverdi's *Vespers*, the *Sinfoniae Sacrae* of Schütz, the Couperin *Tenebrae*, Bach cantatas; he was interested in but did not love new music—or, indeed, any music after Beethoven, with the exception of *Falstaff*—as much as most music before. In 1954 he fell under the spell of Gesualdo da Venosa, whose music I was then transcribing: he came to rehearsals of our madrigal group, he translated the texts for us, and he even lectured at some of our concerts, on madrigal verse and on the musical history of the north Italian courts in the 16th century. I

[3] He even took the trouble to testify in Sacramento against oppressive measures, and the motive for one of his expeditions there is too characteristically Huxleyan to go unmentioned. He defended, against a business lobby, a would-be manufacturer of automobiles powered by self-charging batteries.

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may indicate the quality of his musical ear by testifying that he was able to perform the speaker's part—though his voice was too subtle for it—in Schönberg's *Ode to Napoleon*. We worked on it for a time with a plan to record.

Another no less characteristic picture now reappearing is of Aldous the museum addict, his gracile and elastic-vertebrae back bent to an object which he studies like a bacteriologist through a pocket-glass held to his left eye. The museum might be the Huntington Library, in which I see him sloped over a manuscript of Haydn's *London Symphony* in the hand of Richard Wagner; or the Museum of Modern Art, in which he hated most of the pictures[4] but to which he returned on every visit to New York, to see Monet's Water Lilies; the artist, being almost as blind as Aldous himself, had painted it to Aldous' scale, and here, uniquely, Aldous did not need his pocket-glass. (We were ever astonished at the reading and writing, proof-reading and manuscript-reading accomplished with that glass, incidentally; not until the last years did he begin to use dictaphones and tape-recorders.)

In another, but random, picture, I see Aldous threading his way through the thick of a Hollywood party—at Glenn Ford's, the last one I remember. He would wince from the jazz and the party voices, but fasten like an anthropologist to the film moguls and the actors with pink shirts and bare feet, and we could expect a lesson in the mores of these people at our next meeting, with a commentary of groans and comparisons to wilder New Guinea. But Aldous endured these affairs for other reasons, too, some of which, I suspect, were the starlets; in finding and physiologically appraising *them* his eyesight seemed to improve. In any case, he was surrounded at social events by adoring female flocks in which women in saris (mostly non-Indians) mixed with culture-struck nymphets for whom the strange charm of the English language (after the "beat" talk of their boy-friends) seemed to provide the initial attraction but who must eventually have felt some other awe as well in the presence of this shy but charismatic man.

I should add that Aldous was anthropologically interested in other types of juvenile delinquents than the luminaries of filmdom. I remember how he described his rescue by a mafia of neighbourhood boys from the fire that destroyed his house: "The gang warned me about fifteen minutes before the arrival of the TV camera-trucks which, in turn, were half an hour ahead of the fire-engines that could have saved the house. After the boys had guided me to safety, by the one passable street, I noticed that some familiar faces among them were absent. I said I was concerned about them, but the leader told me not to worry, that they were merely out starting more fires."

E morto il piccolo maestro Aldous Huxley, says the Rome newspaper, and even before the long drawl of his body is cold the reputation industry will have decided just how *"piccolo"* he was; will have attended to the summing-up—which is obituarese for hatcheting down, the denigrating epithet being so much easier to find than the epithet for the value quality. How boringly predictable it is, being exactly in accordance with the birth dates of the clerks who practise it. Aldous Huxley, a man gentle and good and a writer better than any who will literarily bury him, dear Aldous will be patted on the head and put away as an "era."

And what of myself, for I too am a clerk with a birthday, and an even unholier obituarist than the others? I know only that the man and his work can never come unjoined for me, and that the joining place is not on the bookshelf but in the heart. And I know that I will never read him again, for I could not bear to hear his voice, though I hear only that voice now, and it is the measure of the void.

[4] "Why should we take Mondrian seriously?" he said to me one day. "After all, he was a bad academic painter before he did abstractions, and he certainly could not draw." I wanted to ask him if, by the same token, he would dismiss Cézanne who also, though only by his own admission, could not draw; and to interpose the thought that we judge what a man has done, not what he could not do once; but I never contested with Aldous, being either stricken with verbal paresis, or else garbling whatever I did try to say.

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J. M. G. Le Clézio

Heading for the Island

Nice, 23rd October, 1964

IF YOU really want to know, I'd rather not have been born at all. I find life very tiring. The thing's done now, of course, and I can't alter it. But there will always be this regret at the back of my mind, I shall never quite be able to get rid of it, and it will spoil everything. The thing to do now is to grow old quickly, to eat up the years as fast as possible, looking neither to right nor left. One must put up with all the little nips one gets from life and try not to let them hurt too much. Life is full of madnesses. They're only little everyday madnesses but they're terrible if you look at them closely.

I don't much believe in lofty sentiments. In their place I see an army of insects or ants, nibbling in all directions. Sometimes these tiny black arrows join together, and men lose their mental balance. For a few minutes, a few hours, chaos and hazard reign supreme. Fever, pain, fatigue, the onset of sleep are *passions* as strong and hopeless as love, torture, hate, or death. At other times the mind assailed by sensations succumbs in a kind of material ecstasy. The sight of truth is more dazzling than an arc lamp.

We live in a very fragile world. We have to take care what we set eyes on, we have to beware of everything we hear, of everything that touches us.

These tales of little madness are fiction; and yet they are not invented. Their subject-matter is drawn from familiar experience. Every day we lose our heads because of a slight temperature, a tooth-ache, a passing dizziness. We get angry. We enjoy. We are drunk. It doesn't last long, but it's enough. Our skins, our eyes, our ears, our noses, our tongues, store up millions of sensations every day and not one of them is forgotten. That's the danger. We're absolute volcanoes.

I gave up long ago saying everything I thought (sometimes I even wonder whether there really is such a thing as a thought); I fell back on writing it all out in prose. Poetry, novels, and short stories are singular antiques by which hardly anyone is deceived any longer. What's the use of turning out poems or stories? All that remains now is writing, writing by itself, groping its way with words, searching and describing, meticulously, in depth, hanging on, hammering out reality, rejecting compromise. It is difficult to produce art by trying to produce science. I wish I could have another century or two, so to speak, to find out.

Very respectfully yours,

J. M. G. LE CLÉZIO

It seems to me the boat is heading for the island

THE OTHER DAY I felt cold in my flat, and I went down into the street for a bit of a walk. I'm not all that fond of walking for its own sake, no; in fact I must admit I find the vertical position slightly ridiculous. I can't manage to swing my arms by my sides in a natural way, each moving with the opposite leg. But since it has to be done, I do it as best I can, trying hard to resemble some species of big equatorial bird emerging from a lake with all its feathers flattened against its skin, making footprints to be fossilised for future epochs.

JEAN-MARIE-GUSTAVE LE CLÉZIO *is the latest young Frenchman to make a name for himself in the field of the introspective novel. The following is taken from a collection of short stories entitled* La Fièvre (Fever), *dealing with the themes of alienation and the absurd, which will be published by Hamish Hamilton (translation by Daphne Woodward). A translation of Le Clézio's* Le Procès-Verbal *was published in 1964* (The Interrogation).

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The street where I live leads to a poor district, and I turned down that way quite spontaneously, for no apparent reason. But I didn't go straight there, because I never want to arrive too suddenly in a place I like, without being prepared. My dream would be to live in the suburbs of the town, on one of those hills covered with gardens and flights of steps. Like that I should have a couple of miles to walk before getting to the middle of the town, and I'd have time to adjust myself as I went along. At first I should meet nobody and there would be scarcely any houses. Only rough fields, old crumbling walls, and rubbish-heaps here and there, on the bank by the roadside. I should see all that, and sniff up all the smells, which would still be separate. If necessary I'd stop from time to time and kick a heap of empty tins. Then I'd walk past a deserted cemetery, possibly meeting one or two old women in black, or even a postman. And I'd keep going on, down the hill. I'd take short-cuts through fields, passing between villas where there wasn't a sound to be heard. Further on I should start some dogs barking.

Then I'd go down a long flight of steps strewn with dead roses, and between hedges of pepper-trees and mimosa. At about the 223rd step I should meet an emigrating column of black ants. And I should be puzzled to know what had made them leave the left-hand villa and betake themselves to the right-hand villa, whether it was starvation or insecticide. In the gutter, too, there would be a piece of crumpled paper, with writing in a schoolboy hand:

On 12th July 1588 Drake was playing bowls at Plymouth with some of his officers.
The Channel lies between France and England.
It seems to me the boat is heading for the island.
Have you heard about the accident?
English cars usually have the steering-wheel on the right.
Napoleon was unable to land in England because the French fleet had been destroyed at Trafalgar.

and several cigarette-ends. At the bottom of the steps I should see some children playing, and some cars parked. The sun would be shining very low down, close to the sea, ready to go out. But at the last moment, the bell for eight o'clock mass, the children coming out of school, or some such thing, it would slope off to the right and vanish beyond the airfield. As I went lower and lower, there would be more men and women, the villas would be closer and closer together, until they formed a single block of houses, storeys, rows of windows and balconies, lift-shafts, roofs so high up that one couldn't make out whether they were tiles or concrete, garages, pavements, crossroads, gully-holes, a park full of women and prams, several alley-cats, all more and more close-packed, more and more town, until, imperceptibly, I'd stopped walking on earth and begun to walk on tar and sand.

Down at the bottom I stopped on the edge of the pavement and watched the cars moving. There were a lot of them, going in all directions. It was a funny kind of crossroads, without the smallest island of green in the centre, and with at least half a dozen traffic lights lighting up turn by turn. At one moment a German car ran into a small van; the owners got out and looked at their bumpers for a few seconds without saying anything. Then they were about to start an argument, but the drivers behind them began hooting, so they had to split up and pull into the kerb further along. Then I lit a cigarette —I didn't say anything, either—and waited to see what would happen next. It was rather as though I'd been at a window, about noon, looking out into a street. There was movement, a lot of movement, in all directions, and yet everything looked very calm. It was perhaps a certain rhythm, or the contrary of rhythm. The ground was perfectly smooth, without the smallest roughness on which the eye could have paused, or where a knee could have been scraped and started to bleed. A little like glazed cardboard, with letters printed under the glaze. The cars were driving over it noiselessly, without a jolt, almost without moving. Then they disappeared into the different streets, with a gentle motion that made one think of raindrops on a windowpane. The pedestrians were going past

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very quickly too, but in their case one thought rather of a looking-glass that wasn't reflecting anything. It was all fluid. Things were lying one on top of another, quite flat, and the whole thing was harmonious. But it was far from perfect; there was something about it all that made me feel uncomfortable, vaguely uneasy. It was, what was I doing here, what on earth was the sense of my coming here, amidst all these things, in this business?

AND WHAT'S MORE, it was cold. I finished my cigarette and threw it into the street, right under the front wheel of a passing lorry. I turned up the collar of my jacket and strode off down the street. I looked at the shop windows, one after another. Outside one shop there was a counter of shoes, and for something to say, I asked the girl in charge:

"How much are the bedroom slippers?"

"The fur-lined ones?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen francs.'

"Thank you."

I went six times round the block like this.

By the sixth time I knew it almost by heart: the 2 cafés, 1 of which sold tobacco + the druggist's shop + 1 shoe-shop + 10 greenish lamp-posts + police station *cum* lost-property office + 1 china shop, *Céramiques de l'Étoile* + chain-store shoe-shop, *Chaussures André* + 56 parked cars + 11 scooters + 7 bicycles + 1 moped + corner chemist's + 1 Guild shop + corsets and brassières + newsagent and bookshop + posters + 1 watchmaker's and jeweller's (*Masséna*) + 1 pavement under repair, near the south corner + wines, wholesale and semi-wholesale + hairdresser's + 1 National Lottery stall + *"Florence de Paris"* + 1 five-and-ten store + optician + the other hairdresser, men's and ladies' + Jean Leclerc, dental surgeon + 1 pastrycook's + garage entrance, dark and dirty + "Automatic" + Singer Sewing-machines + doors + ground-floors + barred windows + graffiti + stains + NO PARKING + doorbells + Lipton's Tea + 1 beggar sitting on the ground + windows + windows + windows, all those openings and all those excavations at ground level, piercing the walls on all sides. Well, at the sixth time round I had to stop; I could quite well have carried on like that for hours, or more; but the policemen on duty outside the Police Station were beginning to give me funny looks, and I thought it would be better not to go past them again.

So I set off in a straight line, along the main street. I felt distinctly less cold; at the far end of the street there was a sort of wintry sun, very low and apparently motionless. As I walked I looked at it for an instant, and all of a sudden I wanted to know what might be happening for people living 3,000 miles further on. For them the sun must still be very high in the sky. Or perhaps a screen of clouds was cutting off the heat, mingling the gentle rays with raindrops. But from where I was, in winter, it was very hard to find out. I began walking very composedly, putting down my feet heels-first on the coat of cold tar, my eyes fixed on the white ball which was drowning, over by the horizon. The strange, confusing thing was that I felt profoundly, obviously, alive, and yet at the same time I seemed to have become transparent in the light. The vibrations of the light were passing through me as though I were a block of air, and making me undulate gently from head to foot. My whole body, my whole living body was irresistibly attracted towards the source of radiance, and I penetrated far into the open sky; I was sucked in by space, in full motion, and nothing could stop my ascent. It was as though I were being constructed brick by brick, into a tall building, into a circular wall that rose up sharply into the the depths of the sky. My flesh was welded to the relief-map of the world, and I could feel it moving and expanding, all crackly, stretched, lazy, towards this sun, in the manner of a eucalyptus. It was freedom, or something of the kind. I went past men and women in the street, and I saw them very clearly, silhouetted against the white background of the horizon; or obstacles, animals,

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lamp-posts, old people marking time along the kerb came towards me as I walked on; but at the last moment they seemed to draw aside and melt like tree-branches, and I was still going on, into the empty sky.

I walked like that for a very long time, without realising it. Then there was a bend in the road, and no more light. I found myself beside a concrete wall, enclosing a plot of waste land, a palisade round a house-breaker's yard, or something of the kind. I found myself like that, suddenly, in the shadow, naked, cold again, and I had to stare hard at several things and a few people, so as to get back to being small and nondescript.

A FEW MINUTES LATER the sun went down. I didn't see it go, but I realised from various things around me that it had happened very simply. The colours had changed by a half-tone, in the street and on the house-fronts. We had passed discreetly from shade to the absence of light. And almost at the same time, the street-lamps had lit up, one after another. For a moment I watched the blue-tinted star swelling up inside the lamps, turning green, then whitish, then blue again, but a crude shade; I found them amusing and homely, these lights advancing softly along the streets of the town like this. I wished I could suddenly be far up in the sky, in a helicopter, or at the top of a hill, so as to follow the crawling progress of the white dots. The town would have outlined itself for me, in relief, and I'd have thought of all those houses and streets where human life was in action; I'd have thought of all the drawings one could make by following those dotted lines with a ballpoint. I'd have thought of lots of beds, of warm rooms, of tables, chairs, cars, vegetable-barrows. I'd have played at being here, or there, or somewhere else, taking a light as my landmark each time. Or I'd have played at being the town itself, and I'd have felt the sharp prickles of those lights, like the tracks of an invisible sewing-machine, all over my flat body, with its numbers of bulges and warts.

When everything was quite black, with these white dots of windows and street-lamps, I set off again. I lit another cigarette and smoked it as I walked. I looked at the faces of the people who came towards me in the street, or whom I overtook, or who overtook me. The angle of the light varied, and sometimes one saw a pair of eyes, with great bags under them, sometimes hair lit up like a halo, sometimes hands, moving legs, clothes which looked rough beneath the neon lights, sometimes dark figures crowded in the shadows under the walls. I walked like that for a long time, moving in wide semi-circles across the town. I went through the outskirts, a long way from the sea, a district of gasworks and waste plots. It was deserted, and cold. Then I came to a square, a kind of immense square with a buckled surface, covering the riverbed, where there was nothing, not a tree, not a house, not an ice-cream merchant or a newsagent's, nothing but motionless cars. I walked through the whole length of this car-park. I saw hundreds of dark window-panes, undulating coach-work, black, blue, grey, red, green, white, tyres, bumpers, headlights, windscreen-wipers. There too all was deserted. Now and then, from the sea of cars, under the dirty rain of the street-lamps, there emerged a solitary man in a gaberdine coat, or a couple leaning against the bonnet of a car; all these motionless engines were giving off a kind of vague sound which was no longer noise, but not yet silence. As though the continuous roar from the two parallel rivers of the streets to either side of the car-park were penetrating these masses of congealed iron and making them reverberate dully, drawing from them a music full of engine-grease and remoteness.

IN A KIND OF A WAY I fed on this sound. It came in through my ears and through my whole skin and settled down inside my body, so that unknown machinery began to rotate. After a time I too had become a sort of car, a second-hand one, no doubt; my skin had hardened and taken on metallic glints, and in the depths of my entrails a dancing mechanism was discharging, right-left, right-left.

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Pistons were jerking out, driving-rods were gathering speed, and in a recess of firm flesh, rather like a cylinder-head, a hot, powerful gust was flaring up very rapidly and extinguishing itself by its own explosion, driving back waves of smoke gorged with soot, wide and heavy as sheets of blood. Then, caught up by movement and automation, I was lost in the middle of this labyrinth of dazzling coachwork. I knocked into the chromium bumpers, I was shot through by the beams of the headlights, laid flat on the ground and crushed by pairs of wheels that ran over me and imprinted the pattern of their tyres on my skin. I was moving all the time, threading my way between the rows of cars. As I went by, names caught at me and remained fixed on my retina, De Soto, Pontiac, Renault, *Ondine*, Panhard, Citroën, Ford. I didn't run, but hurried in a zigzag across the tarmac, making my way round the corpulent shapes, the corners of the wings, the bumpers, the boots, the spare tyres. I crawled under lorries, I scraped my back along driving-shafts, in a chiaroscuro full of petrol smells and pools of oil. In the greasy shadows and between the tyres. For me these were tiny, stifling rooms with rubber walls and a very low ceiling, a mass of nozzles and threads. And I sat down in these rooms, right on the ground, and occupied them completely, like a quadruped. That's it, I was a sort of alley-cat frightened by noise and lights, and I was crawling the whole time under the bellies of the cars.

WHEN I EMERGED from the car-park, by creeping under a Berliet, I saw some public gardens, and beyond them a big square with arcades all round it; and I walked about in that for twenty minutes. People were beginning to look at me in a funny way, because in dragging myself under the motor-cars I'd got oil on my clothes and torn the right knee of my trousers. So I went into the thick of the crowd and let myself be carried along in the movement, without a word. When I got tired I chose a seat at the edge of the pavement and sat down. I smoked a cigarette and watched the cars going by. After a bit, as I didn't really know what to do, and I've never liked looking straight at things for too long, I began scratching a row of letters along the back of the seat with a sharp stone. It turned out something like:

AXEIANAXAGORASEIRA

I saw a little girl trying to roller-skate with only one skate. She'd take a run and then fling herself forward, throwing up both arms, and glide along on one foot. But she'd lose her balance at once, and nearly fell each time. In fact she did fall two or three times. But that didn't seem to put her off, she always began again, tirelessly; at one time she came close to the seat and grabbed at it to stop herself. I looked at her and said:

"Aren't you afraid of falling?"

But she didn't answer. A moment later, as she was going past the seat again, I asked her the same question. She said:

"I ought to have both skates, then I shouldn't fall."

I asked her why she hadn't got both skates. She thought for a second, and then replied:

"It's Ivan. My little brother. He had the other skate. You see they're his skates, so he only lends me one at a time."

She went to and fro again once or twice, like that, on one foot, dodging the passers-by, and then she came back to the seat.

"And if he'd lend me the right skate, it would be easy. But he'll only lend me the left one, so. . . ."

I told her I didn't know there was a left and a right in roller-skates. I'd always thought they were interchangeable.

"Usually they are. But these are special skates. Look," she said, showing me her foot, "you see, there's a kind of shoe on it. Usually there are only straps. But with these skates there's a kind of shoe to put your foot in. They're special. It's so as not to hurt yourself."

I said it was silly not to be able to put the left skate on the right foot, and that it must be very hard to stand up like that on the left

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foot, except for left-footed people, of course. She looked at me rather pityingly and explained:

"There are left-handed people, but there's no such thing as a left-footed person, everybody knows that."

I tried to convince her that there were left-footed people as well as left-handed ones, but she wouldn't believe me. She said it was silly, complete nonsense. So I merely said again that it must be very difficult, all the same, to roller-skate on the left foot.

"It's a question of habit," she called, and ran off again. This time she went a long way, disappearing behind a group of strollers. I waited a little for her to come back, because I wanted to ask her to lend me her skate so I could take a turn; but she didn't reappear, and I was beginning to feel cold again, so I went away too.

NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION I met a girl I'd known when we were kids together; her name's Germaine, Germaine Salvadori. I hadn't seen her for ages, because of that trip I made to Bulgaria. We talked vaguely about trivialities, standing there on the pavement. She told me she was married now and that she had a little girl called Elodie. I said that was a strange name, *etc.*, but in point of fact it wasn't true. I just thought the name was pretentious and affected. She suggested a drink, probably in memory of the time when I used to go round with her. I was thirsty, so I agreed. I listened to everything she had to tell me, about her visit to Spain, her marriage, her husband's name, her kid, education, work, all passionately, as though it had been true. There was something I didn't understand, behind all these words, as though a kind of tragedy were being concealed from me. I wanted intensely to find out what it was, to push through quantities of ramparts, to explore every path in the maze, systematically, taking them one by one, making a hole with my head through the barrier of forgetfulness. It was exhausting. After an hour I had a pain inside my brain, behind the eyes, and the lights and sounds of the café were moving round me like human figures. I felt as though I were armour-plated, hermetically sealed against I don't know what, impenetrable to the fireworks of other men, and of this woman. She said to me:

"I heard of your success with your play, you know. I read about it in the papers, and it reminded me of our first year at university. What's it called, by the way, your play? I can't remember. . . ."

"*Foreword*."

"Yes, that's it, *Foreword*. I remembered it was a double word, but I could only think of Floorboard, or Ex-voto, or After-thought, or something like that. Anyhow, it did well, you must be pleased?"

"Yes, when it comes to it, I'm pleased," I said.

"I've not read it, you know, but the papers were full of it when it first came out. It's about the problem of passion, I believe?"

"Yes, that's right. It's about the problem of passion."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"You mean from the point of view of the theatre?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm waiting."

"You've been getting some interesting proposals, I expect?"

"Yes, but I'd rather wait a bit."

"Oh, of course, you're waiting for the inspiration."

"Yes, that's it, I think it's better to wait a bit."

"It reminds me of the essay you wrote in your first year at college, do you remember? That essay on *Le Bateau Ivre*? In those days you had some ideas that were rather too original, it seems to me. It was all far above the heads of the class, don't you think? And Berthier had slapped you down hard in the exam that summer. Everyone thought you were a phoney, but I knew you'd got something. No, honestly, I really did know you'd get somewhere."

I smiled humbly, finished my beer and said I had better go now, because I had an important appointment. If I'd told her point-

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blank that I was fed up with sitting there, at that table, in that café, among all those people, with her opposite me, she wouldn't have understood; but I felt sure that if I made the excuse of an important appointment she wouldn't protest. She called the waiter, paid for our drinks, and got up. We went out together and said goodbye at the door. I watched her turn away to the left and then disappear into the crowd, between a newspaper kiosk and a jeweller's window glaring with neon lights.

IT WAS getting late by this time, nine or ten o'clock. Over the whole outstretched town one could already perceive the signs of silence that would soon fall. Slumber was gliding into everything and coiling up softly. A tranquil, frozen substance that came from nowhere, perhaps from the depths of the sky or from the spot on the horizon, the black deep patch opposite the point where the sun had disappeared. Like animals possessed by a strange uneasiness, just like a flight of pigeons or a swarm of flies, men and women were prowling along pavements which were sometimes in shadow, sometimes lit by the pallid shine from a shop-window. And the street-lamps were beginning to burn all alone in the compact darkness.

Personally, when I'd had a look at these things spread out everywhere before my eyes, I felt a sort of clear, well-defined melancholy take possession of my mind. I realised that everything was evident, pure and frozen, consuming itself eternally without heat or sparkle, like stars in empty space. I realised that time was going by, that I was on earth, and that I was wearing myself out a little more every day, without hope, but without despair. I realised that when autumn comes round again in the cycle, I cease to be anything at all.

So then I turned back and took the boulevard leading to the river. When I got there I went down a little staircase and out on to the dry bed of the stream. I walked over the stones, between brambles and stagnant puddles; over to the left the trickle of dirty water was flowing quietly. Sometimes, between the little heaps of stones, one saw what looked like muddy gutters with twigs floating in them. The air was black, and in patches it smelt of smoke. Scattered among the heaps of refuse there were braziers and broken packing-cases that bore witness to the presence of secret human life. Further down, as it approached the middle of the town, the river had been covered in to make a square, and tramps lived under there all together. When winter came and the cold gradually increased, they withdrew further and further into their shelter; sometimes the river suddenly swelled, covering its banks, and they were all drowned, or almost all.

I wandered about the rubbish-dump like this for quite a time; I was very thirsty, and I drank from one of the muddy puddles. If I get typhoid, all to the good, one death is much the same as another. Then I sat down on a heap of pebbles and smoked a cigarette. I looked across at the town again, and felt kind of amused. I took handfuls of pebbles and threw them at an empty tin that was lying on a little heap of stones. When I'd finished I lay down on my back on the cold stones and stared at the black sky. I don't know why, but I suddenly remembered a poem my brother Eddie wrote before he went away, six or seven years ago. I recited it aloud, for myself and the tramps. It was:

bitter or what
I withdraw my desires
I let my fame slip away
I open the door a crack to refusal
I don't give a damn that birds fly.
I don't like red any longer
Destiny is a stepping-stone
for incapacity.
I'm taking the train tomorrow
for the blisters' capital.

After that I stayed for a very long time, lying on the stones. I didn't notice the cold any more, or the smells. Nothing remained of me but a vacant space, resting lightly on the ground like a dead leaf. Then nothing more at all. And now I come back every evening and lean over the railings to look down on the dry river-bed at the place, among the pebbles, the grass and the refuse, from which I disappeared.

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Frazer and Malinowski

On the "Founding Fathers" — By EDMUND LEACH

Between the basic absurdity Frazer attributed to primitive practices and beliefs and the specious validation of them in terms of the supposed common-sense invoked by Malinowski, there is scope for a whole science and a whole philosophy.
CLAUDE LÉVI-STRAUSS, *La Pensée Sauvage*

THE STUDY OF MAN must be central for everyone but Anthropology is just another -ology. Opinion may be about evenly divided as to whether it is the study of apes or the name of an obscure religious sect. Even so, every now and then, a professional anthropologist becomes an international "celebrity," and one wonders why. Of the living, only Margaret Mead has quite achieved this, but among the recent dead there are at least two others, Sir James Frazer, the author of *The Golden Bough,* and Bronislaw Malinowski, "who wrote something or other about sex."

Public renown need not imply professional esteem. Contemporary anthropologists for the most part consider Malinowski to be a major figure; they decry Frazer as a mere miser of facts. Anyone who doubts this need only take a look at the two latest general textbooks of the subject. Both authors[1] take for granted a whole set of Malinowski's concepts and build their thinking into this frame of reference; Frazer is treated as an historical figure of quite secondary significance, worth mentioning only because he was in grievous error.

But perhaps the experts are prejudiced. Dr. Jarvie, a philosopher and pupil of Karl Popper, has recently presented Malinowski as the false prophet who led British anthropologists into the wilderness of profitless fact-collecting, whereas his Frazer appears as a hero of righteousness whose vigorous and original theories clearly marked out the path of scientific virtue.[2]

It is very natural that Dr. Jarvie, as a good Popperite, should want to stimulate the thinking of his anthropological colleagues by challenging their dearest assumptions; and certainly he will be in no way abashed if I argue that his theses are false and untenable. It is just as well to get the record straight. There is a very wide discrepancy between Dr. Jarvie's account of the recent history of British anthropology and what actually happened. The living prototypes of his "Frazer" and "Malinowski" died respectively in 1941 and 1942. The myth is worth investigating.

"FRAZER" is admired by Dr. Jarvie because he engaged in "comparative sociology," the comparison of similar social phenomena occurring in different contexts of time and space. "Frazer" was a man "with lots of ideas" which is the Popperite way of saying that he was always ready to guess about causal connections linking together the facts at his disposal. The circumstance that very few of Frazer's "conjectures" seem in the least plausible and that, on the rare occasions when they can be tested, they almost invariably prove to be wrong does not worry Dr. Jarvie in the least. From his point of view, it is the method and not the truth that matters.

It seems that "comparative sociology" can help us to understand regularities in historical sequences. When investigating an exotic institution from a primitive culture we should first consider the logic of the situation as it appears to us. This will give us a theory about how the members of such a culture might be expected to behave. If we then go on to interpret our actual observations, on a comparative basis and in the light of this same ethnocentric situational logic, we shall be led to discover regularities which will enable us to predict the

[1] *Social Anthropology*. By P. BOHANNAN (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, 1963). *Other Cultures*. By JOHN BEATTIE (Cohen & West, London, 1964).

[2] *The Revolution in Anthropology*. By I. C. JARVIE (Routledge, London, 1964).

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circumstances under which institutions of this particular kind are likely to arise and develop. Now Frazer, too, was interested in historical process and his judgments about "savages" were always based on a highly ethnocentric assessment of the logic of the savage's situation. So Frazer's "Evolutionism" must be considered sound as methodology even if it led to all the wrong conclusions.

Dr. Jarvie also greatly admires the whole ethos of the library-bound scholar of which Sir James Frazer was such a superlative example. He believes, as Frazer believed, that first-hand experience of primitive peoples is a discomfort which the more intelligent anthropologist can well afford to do without. He thinks that the best anthropologists will do their best work while cogitating about the writings of others. This mental activity will (or may) lead to useful speculations about the nature of Human Society in general. Dr. Jarvie does not claim that Frazer's own speculations were particularly illuminating, but he approves of what Frazer tried to do and of the way he tried to do it. He appreciates that this Frazerian manner may be linked with a deep-seated contempt for nine-tenths of the human race; that he is prepared to accept. He also accepts Frazer's literary style as "exhilarating"; he supposes (quite erroneously) that Frazer was an unqualified atheist; and he credits Frazer with an academic status which he never possessed.

The complementary disapproval of "Malinowski" is not so straightforward. In the Jarvie schema, "Malinowski" is the hostile antithesis of "Frazer." In the early 'twenties this aspiring and ambitious man was preoccupied with the destruction of "Frazer's" reputation: the jealous "son" had started a revolution against the all-powerful "father." This is bizarre—because the living Malinowski was the most persistent and devoted disciple of the real Frazer. In 1926 he wrote of *The Golden Bough* that:

> No sooner had I begun to read this great work than I became immersed in and enslaved by it . . . and became bound to the service of Frazerian anthropology.

Even sixteen years later, although he could now take an objective view of Frazer's limitations, he was still in thrall:

> His [Frazer's] enormous creative influence surprises sometimes even his devoted admirer when confronted by one of the naïve theoretical arguments from *The Golden Bough* or some other of his volumes. His inability to convince seems to contradict his power to convert and to inspire.

Dr. Jarvie also disapproves of Malinowski because of the way he emphasised the value of original field work. Dr. Jarvie appears to be an anthropologist *manqué*; philosophy was his second love. He now justifies his infidelity by saying that the first lady would have been most uncomfortable.

"Frazer the Evolutionist" and "Malinowski the Functionalist" represent the contrast between a concern with how things have come to be as they are and a concern with how things, as they are, are interrelated with one another. For Dr. Jarvie, functionalist investigations are pointless because they cannot give causal explanations of historical sequences; in contrast "the evolutionists were answering different questions from those Malinowski was interested in, but theirs were satisfactory answers to the questions they had posed themselves." This is a surprising opinion for a follower of Professor Popper.[3] What are the facts of the case?

THE CONTINUING CELEBRITY of Sir James Frazer (Dr. Jarvie apart) is an astonishing phenomenon. There are now two quite separate one-volume abridgments of the huge thirteen volume *Golden Bough*, and both apparently have a steady sale. Who are the buyers? What do they get from their reading?

From one point of view (the evolution of his world fame), the most important single fact in the career of the historical Frazer is that in 1896, at the age of 42, he married Lily Grove, a French widow, who thereafter made the enlargement of her husband's public image her sole preoccupation. It was an outstandingly successful public relations operation, and it has contributed to the distortions of the legend. Worldly success in the form of a Knighthood, an Order of Merit, and strings of Honorary Degrees only started coming in around 1914, and it is this perhaps which has led Dr. Jarvie to imagine that in the early 1920s, when Malinowski was in the ascendant, Frazer was the securely established leader of his profession. That was not the case; Frazer's personal influence was by that time insignificant. His strictly academic reputation had begun to fade before 1900. In later years he had great renown; he maintained a voluminous correspondence; and his books were always widely reviewed. But it does not appear that his views were highly regarded. Sometimes the style of his critics suggests that they might have been his close disciples, but this too is deceptive. The leading anthropologists of his time (including Frazer himself) were all close imitators of two much more brilliant men: E. B. Tylor and W. Robertson Smith. Frazer was an outstanding representative of the anthropology of his day,

[3] For Professor Karl Popper's views of "evolutionism" and other forms of historical determinism see his *The Poverty of Historicism* (Routledge, 1957).

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but that day had ended by 1910. For the next fifteen years British historical anthropology was completely dominated by the diffusionist views of Elliot Smith and W. J. Perry; as for the sociologists, they were taking all their cues from the school of Emile Durkheim in Paris. Frazer had ceased to matter.[4]

FRAZER'S ORIGINAL competence was in the classics and here his skill was very great indeed. Classical erudition is common enough but even so Frazer's carefully edited translations of Pausanias' *Description of Greece* and of Ovid's *Fasti* are outstanding of their kind. The source of Frazer's fame lay elsewhere; his colleagues were entranced by the novel use to which he applied the "comparative method" which he had taken over from Tylor.[5] The first (two-volume) edition of *The Golden Bough* appeared in 1890. This was acclaimed on the quite specious ground that it revealed

> comparative anthropology [as] a serious study actually capable of elucidating a Greek or Latin text.

Classical scholars have always been frustrated by *lacunæ* in the records, and perhaps the "comparative method" could be used to make good this deficiency.

The avowed purpose of *The Golden Bough*, as expressed in the first chapter, was to investigate certain classical accounts concerning the rites associated with the worship of Diana at Nemi in southern Italy. The accounts are very incomplete, and Frazer agreed that there is not enough direct evidence to justify any particular interpretation. He proposed, however, to fill in the gaps by resorting to analogy. First he postulated that the Priest of Nemi was deemed to be the spouse of Diana; then, having cited examples of ritual theogamy from Babylon, Egypt, Athens, Eleusis, Russia, Sweden, Gaul, Peru, North America, Bengal, West and East Africa, and the Maldive Islands, he concluded:

> The evidence may, therefore, lend some countenance to the conjecture that in the sacred grove of Nemi where the powers of vegetation and of water manifested themselves in the fair forms of shady woods, tumbling cascades and glassy lake, a marriage like that of our King and Queen of May was annually celebrated between the mortal King of the Wood and the immortal Queen of the Wood, Diana. . . .

This, I may say, is a typical example of the style which admirers find so exhilarating. In fact, of course, the "evidence" is totally irrelevant to the "conjecture," and it was not very long before this irrelevance came to be fairly generally appreciated. Thereafter the interest of the professional classicists waned rather rapidly.

In the much narrower field of professional anthropology Frazer's standing was eminent and his phenomenal industry inspired awe; but his contributions to theory evoked no respect at all. Since he was a thoroughly bad public speaker, engaged in no teaching, and had no immediate pupils, his reputation rested exclusively on published work. This is bulky rather than profound, and even the bulk is deceptive.

Frazer's career as an author extended from 1884–1938. His output, excluding multiple editions of the same work, fills at least two yards of shelf space; yet in all this vast mass of print the total amount of material which represents a genuinely original contribution by

[4] In assessing Frazer's influence on his contemporaries we should note that although Freud obtained some of the ethnographic information employed in *Totem and Taboo* from Frazer's *Golden Bough*, the key idea of the patricidal primal horde was borrowed from another British anthropologist, Atkinson, who is now rated entirely insignificant. See A. Lang and J. J. Atkinson, *Social Origins and Primal Law* (London, 1903). Freud's debt to this work was acknowledged.

[5] Frazer's first anthropological publication was "On Certain Burial Customs as Illustrative of the Primitive Theory of the Soul", *Journal of the Anthropological Institute,* (1885, Vol. 15). Both in subject matter and manner this is quite explicitly modelled on E. B. Tylor's *Primitive Culture* (London, 1871).

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Frazer himself probably adds up to only a few hundred pages. The rest consists of excerpts from the writings of others, sometimes quoted verbatim, but more often rephrased to suit the sentimental lilt which Frazer considered to be the essential quality of fine writing. Quite explicitly he thought of himself as making a contribution to literature rather than to science, and it does not seem to have occurred to him that in "improving" his sources he might also be distorting them. He was perfectly frank about his procedures. Commenting on the difference between the original quotations recorded in his notebooks and the passages which appear in his own published works, Frazer wrote:

> [The notebook extracts] are written for the most part in a plain, straightforward way, the authors contenting themselves with describing in simple language the things which they have seen or had heard reported by competent native informants. Few, if any, possess that magic charm of style which, by firing the imagination or touching the heart, can alone confer what we fondly call immortality upon a work of literature.[6]

Frazer knew better, and how right he was! Clearly there have always been many who, like Dr. Jarvie, "find Frazer glorious and thrilling reading."

ALL THE SAME THE DILIGENCE is quite extraordinary. A doubtful "conjecture" does not become less doubtful by stating it twenty times over: but even the most sceptical critic finds himself yielding in fascinated incredulity as Frazer piles up his mountains of recondite "evidence."

Besterman's bibliography of Frazer's writings[7] (which is incomplete) runs to 266 items, but they are easily classified. With only minor exceptions all fall unambiguously into one or other of the following six categories:

1. TRANSLATIONS AND EDITIONS OF THE CLASSICS. These include Frazer's very first published work, a school edition of Sallust, and more substantially the Pausanias and Ovid already mentioned.

2. WRITINGS ABOUT THE PRIMITIVE CONCEPT OF THE SOUL. These start with two articles published in 1885 which were later expanded to a 3-volume work, *The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead* (1915–1922). The argument is reduced again to more manageable scale in *The Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion* (1933). The whole of this series is derived from the second volume of Tylor's *Primitive Culture* (1871). Tylor's thesis is elaborately illustrated but not developed.

3. WRITINGS ABOUT TOTEMISM ("the worship of animal and plant species"). These start with an article commissioned by Robertson Smith as Editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and published in 1889. By 1910 this had become a 4-volume work, *Totemism and Exogamy*. A fifth volume, *Totemica*, was added in 1937. Frazer propounded in all three quite different theories about the "origin" of totemism. These he prints side by side in the 1910 volumes, but no fellow anthropologist has ever expressed any marked enthusiasm for any of them.

4. WRITINGS ABOUT FOLKLORE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT (*i.e.*, parallels between primitive customs as recorded by ethnographers and passages in the Bible). This work starts as a short essay in 1907 but had grown to 3 volumes by 1918. The whole is really a gloss upon what Robertson Smith had written in *Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia* (1885) and *Lectures on the Religion of the Semites* (1889).

5. A work entitled *Passages of the Bible: Chosen for their literary beauty and interest by J. G. Frazer, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge*. Separate editions were issued in 1895, 1899, 1909, and 1927. A somewhat surprising publication for an allegedly atheistical rationalist. (The re-issues were no doubt part of Lady Frazer's campaign to keep in well with the Establishment!)

6. *The Golden Bough* itself. Two volumes in 1890, twelve by 1915, thirteen by 1937. The usual one-volume abridgment was first issued in 1922 and was reputedly the result of skilful scissor-work by Lady Frazer. A quite different abridgment appeared in the United States in 1959. *Psyche's Task* (1909)—re-issued in 1928 as *The Devil's Advocate*—and *The Worship of Nature* (1926) merely re-hash themes from the *magnum opus*. Malinowski claimed to be able to discern in the earlier of these two works the germ of his own functionalist theory.[8]

So far as the anthropological portion of this corpus is concerned the formative period was 1883–1890. The dates are significant. 1883 was the year in which, after a notorious *cause célèbre*, W. Robertson Smith (who had been dismissed for heresy from his Chair of Old Testament Exegesis at the Free Church College in Aberdeen) moved to Cambridge as Professor of Arabic; 1890 was the year in which Robertson Smith was first struck down by the fatal illness which caused his death in 1894. The close association between Frazer and Smith was mutually acknowledged on numerous occasions. Smith's *Religion of the Semites* appeared in

[6] J. G. Frazer, *Anthologia Anthropologica: The Native Races of Africa and Madagascar*. Arranged and edited from manuscripts by R. A. Downey with a preface by J. G. Frazer (London, 1938).

[7] T. Besterman, *A Bibliography of Sir James Frazer, O.M.* (Macmillan, London, 1934).

[8] Frazer's extreme repetitiveness was embarrassing to his publishers (Macmillan) and in the middle 'thirties they formally declined to publish any further rehashed works much to Lady Frazer's indignation. See P. W. Filby, *Life with the Frazers* (Typescript, 1958, in Cambridge University Library).

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November, 1889, with credits to Frazer; Frazer's *Golden Bough* appeared in June, 1890, with dedication to Smith. The collaboration was widely recognised at the time and was remarked upon by reviewers both in *The Athenaeum* and in *Folklore*. The latter considered both books old-fashioned on account of their evolutionist bias! Even at this early date diffusionism was becoming an academic orthodoxy.

It is quite evident that in the Smith-Frazer teamwork all the inspiration and originality came from Smith. As soon as Smith's support was withdrawn Frazer's capacities were reduced to those of a voraciously diligent library mole. For the next fifty years he simply went on repeating himself over and over again on an ever larger scale, adding nothing of significance in the process. Serious social anthropologists can still read *Religion of the Semites* with great advantage. Frazer's works may be examined for their bibliographies; otherwise they accumulate dust.

FRAZER held a life fellowship in Trinity College, but he played no part in University affairs either in Cambridge or elsewhere. His title of Professor derived from a Chair at Liverpool University which he occupied only for one year (1908). Anthropology began to receive formal recognition in Cambridge around 1898 and achieved the status of a tripos subject in 1919. But Frazer had no part in this development which stemmed from the enthusiasms of A. C. Haddon and W. H. R. Rivers. One of Rivers' first pupils was "a Mr. Brown" who in 1908 became a Fellow of Trinity College where Frazer had already been installed for nearly thirty years. This was A. R. Radcliffe-Brown who was later to be Professor of Social Anthropology at Oxford; it is impossible to discern in his work the slightest trace of Frazerian influence.

Nor was this simply a case of a prophet without honour in his own country. The platforms for anthropological debate at this period were the meetings and publications of the Anthropological Institute, the Folklore Society, and Section H of the British Association; Frazer's name seldom appears in any of these places. In 1911, the year after the appearance of Frazer's four-volume *Totemism and Exogamy*, the British Association held a major international symposium on "Totemism" under the chairmanship of A. C. Haddon; Frazer did not attend; his views were not represented; in the published report his name is never mentioned.

Frazer's strictly academic reputation seems, as I have said, to have passed its peak before 1900. That year saw the publication of the second (3-volume) edition of *The Golden Bough* which was widely reviewed. The anthropologists were notably cool. Andrew Lang was positively insulting; Hartland and Haddon praised Frazer's zeal but were caustic about his theories. Ten years later Frazer had become a bore; at the tail of a long review of *Totemism and Exogamy* Hartland (in *Man*) drops into mock Frazerian phraseology and hints that the great man has become prematurely old.[9]

FRAZER COULD WELL AFFORD this patronising disrespect by his professional colleagues, for he had other publics which were more rewarding and more influential. One of these came from the ranks of liberal-minded "modern churchmen" who felt a special commitment to discover the true historical origins of Christianity. For them the passages in *The Golden Bough* which draw attention to parallels between Christianity and other Middle Eastern cults were both disturbing and fascinating. This material had originally occupied less than 100 pages, but in response to special demand it was blown up into a separate volume (*Adonis, Attis, Osiris*). By 1914 this book alone took up two volumes.

Frazer's upbringing had been rigorously Presbyterian; although in later life his attitude towards established religion became increasingly cynical, his direct references to Christianity are always carefully ambiguous. As a result, *The Golden Bough* was treated as an ammunition depot by members of the Rationalist Association —and as a source book of scholarly information by professional Christians.[10]

[9] "The preface amid the exquisite cadence of its sentences betrays perhaps a little weariness but no slackening of his indomitable energy.... I at least decline to admit that his sun is yet prematurely westering."

[10] The widely held view that *The Golden Bough* "explicitly sets out to discredit present-day religion" (Jarvie), derives from hostile reviews of the second edition. Volume 3, pp. 138–200 of this edition, is a new section which discusses the Gospel story of the Crucifixion under the heading "the Saturnalia and kindred festivals" which was plain heresy to orthodox Christians. Frazer suggests that the gospel story of the Crucifixion is a folk record of a hypothetical Jewish festival at which a living malefactor was annually hanged to represent a ritual effigy of Haman.

On the other hand, Frazer's more general thesis that the Gospel should not be interpreted as a record of historical fact but as the mythical background for a ritual drama has been found acceptable by a variety of Christian scholars. The latter have usually explained the cult similarities to which Frazer drew attention as being products of diffusion. See S. G. F. Brandon's "The Myth and Ritual Position Critically Considered" in S. H. Hooke (Ed.), *Myth, Ritual, and Kingship* (Oxford, 1958).

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When the knighthood came in 1914, Frazer's fame must still have been narrowly confined, for *The Golden Bough*, now a work of twelve volumes, was surely a daunting prospect for librarian and reader alike. It was the publication of the 1922 abridgment, timed to synchronise with a flood of public honours, which finally made this classic work the kind of fashionable book which every educated man must at least pretend to have read. Thereafter Frazer became *the* anthropologist—and the merits of the case ceased to matter. Something of this *cachet* still remains.

JUST WHAT THE BOOK is all about it is difficult to say; there is something for everybody. The motif of the sacrifice of the Divine King (with its uncomfortable association with Christianity) and the entanglement of this theme with vegetation gods and the magical preservation of fertility persists throughout; but the author's more general concern is with the world-wide irrationality of custom. Huge chunks of highly elaborate and highly valued human behaviour serve no practical purpose (judged by the standard of late 19th-century European intellectuals). Frazer could not believe that people should consciously choose to waste their time in this way. Surely the actors who devote so much effort to "ritual" must think they are doing something useful? They are mistaken, and Frazer will show us the nature of their error.

In his 'teens at Glasgow University, Frazer had studied under Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) and through him had acquired a set of very simple mechanistic ideas about the nature of scientific truth. For Frazer, science is the true association of cause and effect. Magic is the corresponding false association. Primitive Man, being childish and ignorant, has much magic but little science. The modern European, being more adult and wiser, has less magic and more science. Religion, which is Frazer's third major category of action, is less precisely conceived. The notion of deity arises through an intellectual confusion. Primitive Man is groping after the definition of such abstract ideas as "power," "life," "fertility," "soul"; but he gets these ideas mixed up, and he fails to distinguish clearly between attributes of Man (*e.g.*, authority, human sexuality) and attributes of Nature (*e.g.*, vegetable fertility). Religious practices then develop out of magical techniques. When magical attempts to control the course of nature fail, the primitive mind conjures up deities, super-magicians from an unseen world, whose powers can be invoked to make good the deficiencies of mere human magic. By implication, the progress of science, which replaces magic, should make religion unnecessary. But even in the abridged edition it takes Frazer four closely printed pages to say this, and even then the argument is ambiguous. He does commit himself to the proposition that: "In short, religion, regarded as an explanation of nature, is displaced by science." Did he really suppose that religion is nothing more than "an explanation of nature"? The reader of *The Golden Bough* is left to guess.

But this much is clear enough: for Frazer, all ritual is based in fallacy, either an erroneous belief in the magical powers of men or an equally erroneous belief in the magical powers of imaginary deities. The overall effect is to represent "savages" as stupid. They have the simple-minded ignorance of children which is sharply contrasted with the sophisticated highly-trained mind of the rational European. Europeans, too, have their childish moments but, in general, the dichotomy is clear: the White man is wise; Black, Brown, and Yellow men are foolish. Frazer was writing precisely at the point when European colonial expansion had reached its peak; it must have been consoling for many liberal-minded imperialists to find that the "White Man's Burden" could be justified by such detached scholarly procedures! And this may well be an important factor in the enduring popularity of the book.[11]

Perhaps, too, there are some who can still find pleasure in the sado-masochistic sexuality which is a prominent feature of much of Frazer's subject-matter. Frazer was so anxious not to give offence that any reference to genitalia or an act of copulation is likely to be wrapped up in a complex periphrasis which lasts for half a page. But prudery of this sort is two-sided. The devotees of Attis sometimes expressed their faith by an act of self-castration: in recording the gory details of this ritual Frazer spreads himself over thirteen pages, including long, tantalising, small-printed footnotes in the original Latin and Greek. Such drawn-out agony offers all the delights of polite pornography.

Judged by modern standards Frazer's scholarly procedures are glaringly defective. While he was scrupulous in citing his authorities, he never assessed their quality. If we trouble to check up on his footnotes we find that the most trivial observation of the most ignorant traveller is

[11] Many who would never openly say so, still sincerely believe that White superiority is a fact of Nature which depends upon a basic and intrinsic maturity of outlook. How often in the past two decades have we heard it argued that the African is not ready for self-government, that he is too inexperienced, too irresponsible, too ignorant. . . ? For those who really believe this (and Dr. Jarvie gives hints that he may be one of them), Frazer must make congenial reading.

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given exactly the same weight and credibility as the most careful assessment of an experienced ethnographer. Worse still, he was constantly "improving" his sources.

It is difficult to illustrate the consequences of such manipulations. Frazer started out with a number of basic assumptions: "savages are afraid of the dead," "savages have childlike imaginations," and so on. The "evidence" was put in to illustrate these principles. Since the relevance of the "evidence" to the principle is seldom obvious, Frazer helped the reader along with a liberal ration of "conjectures." Alternatively, he simply modified his source material so as to make it fit more closely with his hypothesis. The truth of the hypothesis is thus invariably demonstrated by the evidence!

Consider the following example. In the Trobriands, in Melanesia, every village holds a month-long harvest festival (*milamala*) during which the spirits of deceased ancestors (*baloma*) are supposed to return to their erstwhile homes. Malinowski's 7,000-word ethnographic account of this ritual was published in 1916, and it is one of the most penetrating and convincing records in the whole of ethnographic literature. Malinowski asserts categorically that the Trobrianders feel no fear of their spiritual guests, who are there as friends. His own summary is:

> During the *milamala* the *baloma* are present in the village. They return in a body from Tuma to their own village, where preparations are made to receive them, where special platforms are erected to accommodate them, and where customary gifts are offered to them, and whence, after the full moon is over, they are ceremonially but unceremoniously driven away.

The driving out of the spirits is a children's lark which Malinowski likens to Guy Fawkes day.

Frazer's account antedates Malinowski's. His source is a missionary, the Rev. Dr. George Brown, whose brief account is quite consistent with Malinowski's longer study:

> The dances and feasts lasted many days. When these were finished all the people gathered together, shouted, beat the posts of the houses, overturned everything where a spirit might be hiding, drove away the spirits and the feasts were over. The explanation given is that the spirits were thus made wealthy for another year. They had shared in the feasts, had seen the dances, and heard the songs. The spirits of the yams were theirs, the spirits of the property displayed were also theirs, and they were now made wealthy and fully provided for and so they were driven out.

Frazer's citation of this material comes in a section entitled "The periodic expulsion of evils." Note carefully the modifications of Dr. Brown's text (italics added):

> When the festivities were over, all the people gathered together and expelled the spirits from the village by shouting, beating the posts of the houses, and overturning everything under which *a wily spirit* might be supposed to lurk. The explanation which the people gave to the missionary was that they had entertained and feasted the spirits and provided them with riches, and it was now time for them to take their departure. Had they not seen the dances and heard the songs and *gorged themselves* on *the souls* of the yams, and appropriated the souls of the money and all the other fine things set out on the platform? What more could the spirits want? So out they must go. Among the Hos of Togoland in West Africa the expulsion of evils is performed annually before people eat the new yams.

By intruding emotive words like "wily" and "gorged," substituting "soul" for "spirit," and juxtaposing the "expulsion of evils" by the Hos, the kindly Trobriand ancestors are adroitly converted into evil demons![12]

Such tampering with source materials seems to me indefensible. I find it quite impossible to accept Dr. Jarvie's view that Frazer's explanations, though defective, were as good as could be expected in the circumstances of the time.

During the first twenty-five years of this century, the monumental industry invested in *The Golden Bough* served to surround its author with an aura of veneration, so that he was often credited with insights which he never possessed.

Although the Divine King—also a Dying God, who is slain as his physical powers begin to wane in order that the fertility of the realm may be sustained—had been the hero of *The Golden Bough* from the very beginning, it is only in Vol. 4 of the 3rd Edition that we meet with a clear-cut example of this strange institution. All that went before had been only "conjecture." This was because it was only in 1910 that C. G. Seligman could claim to have verified that the Shilluk of the Sudan really did treat their kings just as Frazer said. This material was immediately incorporated into Frazer's new edition of *The Dying God* (this book rates as Vol. IV of the 12-volume edition of *The Golden Bough*). Likewise, Malinowski at first maintained that his studies of Trobriand garden magic fully confirmed the brilliant intuitive in-

[12] B. Malinowski, "Baloma: the Spirits of the Dead in the Trobriand Islands," *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute* (Vol. 46, 1916, p. 370 ff). George Brown, D.D., *Melanesians and Polynesians* (Macmillan, London, 1910), p. 414. *The Golden Bough* (3rd Edn.), Vol. 9, p. 134.

For another example of Frazer's improvement of his source, see E. R. Leach, "Golden Bough or Gilded Twig?" *Daedalus* (Spring, 1961), p. 376.

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sights of the Master.[13] Such retrospective confirmations of hypothesis were felt to be clear demonstrations of Frazer's genius.

But the disciples were mistaken and bemused by faith. We now feel certain that the Shilluk did *not* murder their Divine Kings,[14] and we see quite plainly that Malinowski's view of magic is directly antithetical to that of his predecessor, for where Malinowski interpreted magic as an evocation of the mysterious, a procedure closely allied to religion, Frazer saw no more than a childishly mistaken attempt to achieve the technically impossible.

THE TROUBLE WITH FRAZER is that he leaves no room for the imagination. A myth must always be a direct transcription of a rite and *vice versa*. If myth tells of the killing of a god-king, then the only possible origin of such a story is that an actual god-king was actually killed. The modern anthropologist, with his more immediate experience of how myth and ritual are interconnected, is much more cautious. For example, animal sacrifice is a very widespread human institution which, being irrational, must always be justified by myth. Observed *in situ*, two features of such sacrifice are easily recognised: firstly, the effect of the sacrifice is to improve the "ritual condition" (the state of purity) of the donor; secondly, there is a direct symbolic association between the donor and the animal that is killed. In a mystical sense, the donor improves the state of his own divinity by destroying a mundane part of himself. This, of course, is a thoroughly non-rational procedure, but it is fully in accord with mythological stories which tell how "in the beginning" there was a god-king who was killed (as a human being) in order that he should become an immortal god. *Some* of Frazer's "dying god stories" are accountable in this way but others may have quite a different source. If, in any particular instance, we have detailed information about a set of sacrificial rituals and the mythology that goes with them, we are certainly likely to find a structural consistency between the ritual and the mythology; but we cannot take short cuts and infer rite from myth or myth from rite in the way that Frazer tried to do. In this respect he was quite fundamentally in error.

I SUPPOSE that Dr. Jarvie might argue that it is precisely because Frazerian hypotheses have been refuted that they were worth making in the first place. No one can deny that when *The Golden Bough* first appeared in 1890 it caused a stir. It didn't actually say anything which had not been said before: but people took notice of it and started arguing: so it can be said to have advanced the subject of anthropology even if it added little to the sum of human knowledge. But Dr. Jarvie's further defence of "Frazer, the Evolutionist" against "Malinowski, the Functionalist" on the basis of the former's pre-Popperite enlightenment is pressing paradox too far.

In the first place, there is no more poverty-stricken form of historicism than late 19th-century anthropological "evolutionism." Lewis Morgan's *Ancient Society* (1877) was given the Marxist *imprimatur* by no less a figure than Friedrich Engels himself (in his *Der Ursprung der Familie* of 1884). On the other hand, the living Frazer was only a half-hearted sort of evolutionist. He tagged along with the assumptions of his predecessor, E. B. Tylor, and paid token respect to the notion that anthropology can reveal "the origins" of institutions. But this for Frazer was never a central issue, and his accumulations of ethnographic quotation might have been fitted equally well to any other frame. *Folklore in the Old Testament* (1918) is not tied to an evolutionist framework at all, and even in the earlier works the matter of time scale is irrelevant.

Frazer was concerned with what he called "mental anthropology," or the universals of individual psychology. He thought he could explain savage customs by supposing that the mental processes of the savage are those of a modern child. The much more sociological emphasis of the orthodox evolutionist with its concern for whole "stages of social development" lay quite outside Frazer's range of interests.

On the other hand, the living Malinowski was never seriously opposed to evolutionism though he was always willing to have a dig at the more preposterous form of conjectural history postulated by Lewis Morgan and Robert Briffault. Dr. Jarvie seems to imagine that Malinowski's formal adoption of a "functionalist" creed meant that thereafter he evaded all attempt to grapple with the sociological analysis of historical change. The facts are entirely otherwise. Not only is his posthumous book *Freedom and Civilization* (1947) thoroughly evolutionist in tone but nearly all the writings of the last five years of his life are concerned with problems of developmental process ("culture change").[15]

Finally, we may note that whereas Frazer's

[13] B. Malinowski's review of *The Golden Bough* in *Nature* (May 19, 1923, pp. 658–62). In a later, posthumous publication Malinowski said flatly that Frazer's "theory of magic . . . is untenable." *A Scientific Theory of Culture* (O.U.P., New York, 1960; O.U.P., London), p. 196.

[14] E. E. Evans-Pritchard, *The Divine Kingship of the Shilluk of the Nilotic Sudan* (Cambridge, 1948).

[15] See B. Malinowski, *The Dynamics of Culture Change* (Yale U.P., New Haven, 1945; O.U.P., London).

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"ideas" ("conjectures"), which Dr. Jarvie so admires, were only produced so as to force the ethnographic records into Frazer's determinist mould, Malinowski's theory of fieldwork, which Dr. Jarvie so despises, corresponds very closely to that of Professor Popper's ideal scientist. When Dr. Jarvie says "you cannot collect facts without a theory," he is quoting Malinowski verbatim. Frazer thought exactly the opposite.

This does not mean that what Malinowski said corresponds exactly to what Malinowski did; nor does it mean that either Malinowski or Professor Popper is correct about the way that scientists actually achieve their results. It is simply that by his own criteria Dr. Jarvie ought to judge Frazer's methodology deplorable. But then I am writing about Frazer and not "Frazer," and there's the rub.

BRONISLAW KASPAR Malinowski was of Polish aristocratic origin. His father was a professor of philology at the University of Cracow, where Malinowski himself obtained a Ph.D. in Mathematics and Physics in 1908. The reasons which then led him to abandon an assured scientific career for the uncertain favours of "sociology" are obscure, but after spending nearly two years at Leipzig working with Karl Bücher and Wilhelm Wundt, Malinowski moved to the London School of Economics where he came under the influence of Westermarck, L. T. Hobhouse, and C. G. Seligman. It was the last named who enabled him to find the financial support which, in 1914, took him to Australasia. He remained there for the next six years. Of this period two full years were spent on the Trobriand Islands in Eastern New Guinea, a further six months being devoted to shorter spells of fieldwork among other primitive groups. Malinowski returned to London in 1920, and over the next two decades built up an outstanding reputation as a polemical writer and speaker.

His literary output was substantial but not vast; by far the greater part of it is devoted to the description and analysis of various aspects of life in the Trobriand Islands. Malinowski's style is vivid and full of colour but he was often careless, so that his writings provide many easy targets for a hostile and pedantic critic. It is this written work which provides the grist for Dr. Jarvie's attack, but it needs to be stressed that during his lifetime Malinowski's main academic influence was through his teaching. Frazer's contribution to learning is to be discovered from his books; he passed on nothing by his social contacts; he had no pupils. With Malinowski, it was the other way around. He was a dynamically powerful personality, a "charismatic leader" who aroused intense emotional feelings of love and hostility among all those with whom he became closely associated. What he taught in his seminars is only partly recoverable from what he wrote in his books, and it is no doubt on this account that Dr. Jarvie's "Malinowski" is so completely unrecognisable.

LIKE FRAZER, Malinowski had several different publics. The reputation which made him a celebrity was quite different from that which gave him fame and notoriety among his professional colleagues.

The professional reputation was directly tied in with the unique quality of his field research which had been of a quite unprecedented intensity. No professional anthropologist had ever before spent two full years studying a single tribal group, actually living in a native village and sharing the native way of life. Malinowski's Trobrianders are not just dummy stereotypes with a formal set of customs; they are living human beings: they are villagers engaged in all the intricacies of village and domestic life. In his ethnographic monographs Malinowski was concerned to demonstrate two things: (1) that the Trobrianders' social life, at the ordinary domestic level, is based on entirely different assumptions from our own (*e.g.*, Trobrianders deny that a child is genetically related to its mother's husband); and (2) that the patterns of customary behaviour which correspond to this different set of assumptions form a viable set. The quaint customs of these people, which Frazer would have judged to be palpable evidence of their childish ignorance, are shown to make logical, adult sense. They "make sense" because they are mutually consistent with each other, and also with the framework of cognitive

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ideas through which the Trobrianders view their environment and their social world. These ideas, Malinowski thought, are in themselves no better or worse than those which we employ ourselves. Some of them, of course, are scientifically false. It is untrue that a child is genetically unrelated to its father; but our own social assumption that men are in all respects the physical and intellectual superiors of women is no better. The culture of each society makes sense in its own setting. It is neither true nor false, neither good nor bad, neither wise nor ignorant. Humanity is everywhere the same:

> When you enter a new cultural setting, the behaviour, individual or collective, of the new type of human beings seems strange, unmotivated, irrational, in short incomprehensible. You learn the language, you gradually adopt the strange habits and the new points of view—and imperceptibly what was alien becomes familiar and you feel at home in what recently had been an exotic milieu. The universally human running through all the cultures is the common measure of comprehension and adaptation.... Even in such cases as eating of human flesh, underdone beef, or plum pudding, playing golf, running amok, and the practice of the *couvade*, the anthropologist may attempt to survey the psychological raw material of the pursuit, can assume a certain diversity of taste in human beings, and define the pursuit in terms of the universally human.

Malinowski's unqualified acceptance of the doctrine of "cultural relativism" has a vinegary taste for those who retain a lingering belief that one can make humane value-judgments and that the course of man's history suggests to us what they are; but his passionate insistence that technological sophistication implies neither moral superiority nor higher intelligence is still embarrassingly relevant.

In 1965, when most of us are prepared to recognise "primitive people" as fully qualified human beings, Malinowski's programme, thus stated, does not seem very daring, but in 1920 it was unorthodox in the extreme.

Frazer, as I have suggested, had supposed that the savages, whom he had never seen, were simply grown-up children, and Malinowski himself started with Frazerian assumptions which he never fully abandoned. In 1922, he asserted that "natives communally as well as individually never act except on traditional and conventional lines," and twenty years later he sentimentalised over "the lowest primitives, the living representatives of archaic man" among whom "war does not occur" and "a somewhat higher level ... the world of real savagery" where "cannibalism, head-hunting, human sacrifice or scalping" is only a ritual game. But this kind of argument which stresses the "otherness" of the primitive is completely at variance with his own major premise which insisted that the society of any primitive tribe of the present day is a normal society of fully adult rational human beings, who simply happen to run their affairs in a different way from ourselves:

> The most important thing to realise is that primitive man makes full use of his knowledge wherever he can. You must discard the notion that the savage is a child or a fool, a mystic or a nincompoop. I have seen the savage hunter at work: he knows his animals and their habits; he is familiar with the properties of his weapons, the strength of his spear and the flight of his boomerang. I have trusted myself to savage sailors in their frail craft over the dangerous seas and under trying conditions. They understand wind and weather, stability and tides, in a truly reliable, that is, in a scientific, way. It is only because he is able to observe correctly and to think clearly that, with his simple tools and limited co-operation, primitive man can master nature as well and as effectively as he actually does....

Malinowski had difficulty in coming to terms with his own evolutionist assumptions, but his more immediate problem was to deal with the current orthodoxy of academic anthropology. The current vogue was *not* evolutionism in Frazerian or any other form, but "diffusionism" in the exaggerated variant propounded by Sir Grafton Elliot Smith. In the pre-Malinowski era, all anthropologists had thought of themselves as engaged in the reconstruction of prehistory. If you assume that savages are stupid automata, bound in the chains of immemorial tradition, you can also assume that "customs" are imperishable artifacts, as hard and enduring as flint tools and sherds of pottery. You can then set about reconstructing history from the data of anthropology by exactly the same procedures as are adopted by an archaeologist in reconstructing history from the data of an excavation.

Such an assumption may seem naïve, but to a certain kind of academic mind it is essentially "sound," factual, scientific. It was precisely on this basis that anthropology was eventually accepted as an academic discipline of university status. Indeed it is because scholars of the 1900–1920 period thought it sensible to treat customs as though they were potsherds and old bones that modern social anthropologists must still often share an uncomfortable *ménage à trois* with the prehistoric archaeologists and physical anthropologists! In the older universities, the psychologists are in much the same situation. It is always quite respectable to study the behaviour of rats under "laboratory conditions"—

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that's science. To study human beings leading ordinary lives is mere frivolity.

IN THE EARLY YEARS of this century, a number of leading British anthropologists had a deep interest in psychology of the human sort. Rivers, who was, with Haddon, the founder of Cambridge academic anthropology, and Seligman, who had much the same role at the L.S.E., were both professionally qualified medical psychologists; this seems to have had little effect on academic sentiment. Rivers and Seligman themselves kept their "psychological" and "ethnological" interests sharply distinguished. The former were part of experimental science, the latter a part of prehistory. Consequently, Malinowski's first problem was how to get his subject recognised at all. He wanted to discuss the sociology of a primitive society. Who would listen? How could he persuade the academic world that it might be scholarly to treat "savages" as adult human beings rather than fossilised survivals from a bygone age?

The convention of the 1920s was to think of "customs" as free-floating entities which move about from place to place independently of the human groups to which they belong. On this basis anthropology had become a study of "the distribution of customs" and the human beings were left out of account. Malinowski made a direct frontal assault on this mode of thought. In order to reaffirm that anthropology is the Study of Man and not the Study of Custom (in isolation from Man), he threw the whole weight of his analysis upon the relation between culture and biology. Where his predecessors had been satisfied to write learned monographs on the distribution of string figures or the design of pipe stems, Malinowski disgusted everybody by discussing the pleasure of lice-hunting and varying styles in copulation.

It was this last form of shock tactic which finally established his reputation as a "celebrity," though there was a preliminary more reputable and more academic phase.

MALINOWSKI'S FIRST MAJOR ethnographic monograph was *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, published in 1922 (Frazerian title; preface by Frazer; dedication to Seligman). Its central theme is the Trobriand system of ceremonial exchange. It was a truly revolutionary work which is still standard reading for undergraduate anthropologists. In France it was treated as a work of sociology and became the basis on which Marcel Mauss constructed his celebrated *Essai sur le don*, a study of the way in which reciprocal and obligatory gift-giving comes to reflect the structures of social relations.

Malinowski's "functionalism," which was built up around the thesis that we can only understand social institutions if we take account of the fact that they must satisfy the needs of living human beings, was really a development out of Mauss' theme, though the biological twist which Malinowski gave to his "principle of reciprocity" was quite alien to Mauss' more structural (even mathematical) train of thought.[16]

Argonauts was favourably and intelligently reviewed in *The American Anthropologist* (by Gifford), but in England the going was not so good. *Folklore* ignored it; A. C. Haddon in *Nature* was complimentary but treated it as simply another ethnography; *Man* passed the book to an American (F. R. Barton) who headed his notice "Sociology" but largely missed the point:

> The book not only gives in picturesque detail the visible aspect of the various scenes and ceremonies pertaining to the Kula, but sheds also much light on the psychological mechanism on which the institution is based.

Malinowski must have felt a desperate need for a wider and less conventional audience.

In the following year his essay "The Problem of Meaning in Primitive Languages" appeared as an appendix to *The Meaning of Meaning* by C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards, a book which has had a lasting influence in many fields of thought, including philosophy, linguistics, psychology, and literary criticism. This work gave Malinowski the sort of general intellectual public he was looking for.

In the same year (1923) he contributed two pieces to *Nature*. The first was a long review of the one-volume edition of *The Golden Bough* (Dr. Jarvie should study this item; Malinowski's praise of Frazer is exuberant and unqualified). The second was a "Letter to the Editor" entitled "Psycho-analysis and Anthropology," which was the opening broadside in a long series of publications on the psychology of sex in "savage" society. The Trobriand Islanders happen to have a matrilineal organisation, and Malinowski claimed that in these special conditions the mother's brother and the mother's husband share between them the social role played by the father among Europeans.

[16] M. Mauss, "Essai sur le don" in *L'Année Sociologique* (Paris), N.S., Vol. 1 (1923–24), and C. Lévi-Strauss, Introduction to M. Mauss, *Sociologie et Anthropologie* (P.U.F., Paris, 1950).

Malinowski's view that the "functional method" was something specific and peculiar to his own brand of anthropology developed about 1928. He recognised the German ethnologist, Richard Thurnwald, and A. R. Radcliffe-Brown, as fellow "functionalists"; but his considerable debt to the French sociologists was never stressed.

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In such a situation the psycho-analytic concept of the Oedipus complex needs modification. Malinowski's presentation of this thesis was intentionally provocative, and Ernest Jones' hostile reaction was both predictable and welcome.[17] Psycho-analysis was at that time very much in vogue, a fashionable novelty among "advanced" radicals. Malinowski's controversial challenge to the orthodox Freudian position put him right at the centre of London intellectual life.

In these very unanthropological circles it was immediately assumed that the Trobriander's freedom from sexual restraint could provide moral lessons for ourselves. Before long, Malinowski's views became slogans of progressive education and the Trobrianders' sex life was being accepted as a model of virtue by such disparate propagandists as Havelock Ellis and Bertrand Russell.[18]

Malinowski delighted in the ensuing furore and went out of his way to create a sense of outrage. *The Sexual Life of Savages* is simply an account of Trobriand domestic organisation and is much less libidinous than the average modern novel. But its title assured it a place in Old Compton Street shop-windows where it is still to be found alongside sealed-up versions of *Fanny Hill* and the Marquis de Sade. The contemporary notices of this work are fascinating. *Man*, the official journal of the anthropological profession, ignored it altogether. In the highbrow weeklies the reviewers consistently missed all the anthropological points; they noticed only with astonished disbelief that Trobriand girls could fornicate without getting pregnant and that Trobrianders are ignorant of the biology of procreation. The reviewers' scepticism was justified; but the book itself remains a work of major scientific importance; it was the first (and is still the best) detailed study of family life in a matrilineal society.

The renown which flowed from this kind of publicity led to countless requests for public speeches, broadcasts, and journalistic articles. Malinowski willingly acted as his own populariser. At each repetition, the story became more simplified and more distorted. In the end the Trobriander merged with Rousseau's Noble Savage. Sexual laxity became a virtue in itself. This was all nicely in tune with the ethic of D. H. Lawrence, but it could hardly be claimed as a contribution to social science.

And there, perhaps, we can stop. For though Malinowski's rating as a professional anthropologist does not rest on his contribution to sexology, this was and is the context of his public celebrity.

Crudely summarised in this way neither Frazer nor Malinowski appears particularly laudable. Both men seem to have been more concerned with the plaudits of the gallery than with the pursuit of truth. Both made a cult of the outrageous, Frazer by cynical comments on religion, Malinowski by challenging English sexual morality. But in all other respects they at first seem notably different. Judged by what they did, what they wrote, and the way they set about propagating their views, they appear as polar types, and in the mythology of modern undergraduate anthropology (as well as in the pages of Dr. Jarvie's book) they are just that: Frazer who deals in items of custom drawn out of context from here, there, and everywhere, and takes no account at all of individuals; Malinowski who constantly emphasises the importance of the total social context, and never for a moment forgets the essential unities of time and place and *dramatis personae*. Yet in an odd way the interests of the two men were very much the same, and at their grandest, they spoke in much the same language.

For both, the field of greatest professional renown was that of magic and religion and primitive psychology. There were important technical points of disagreement. Malinowski understood the expressive nature of ritual behaviour in a way that Frazer did not, and he is inclined to merge magic with religion rather than magic with science. He did not consider it a sign of intrinsic inferiority that a man should believe in miracles. Malinowski and Frazer both accepted Robertson Smith's thesis that ritual is to be understood as a manifestation of belief (dogma, myth); but they use this insight very differently. Frazer writes as if myth and ritual were interchangeable—if he finds the record of a myth, he "conjectures" as to the nature of the corresponding ritual, and *vice versa*. Malinowski sticks firmly to the observable evidence; the myth is a "charter for social action," but only if demonstrably so: no guessing. Yet so far as the Common Reader is concerned the similarities are more striking than the differences.

Frazer was eager to outline the psychology of Primitive Man, thought of as a unity. In all Frazer's writings the immense diversity of human culture is treated as a manifestation of just a single element—the simple-minded childishness of the savage, his ignorance, his

[17] "Mother-Right and the Sexual Ignorance of Savages," *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis* (Vol. 6, 1925). Malinowski's rejoinder appears in *Sex and Repression in Savage Society* (Routledge, 1927).

[18] Havelock Ellis, Preface to Malinowski, *The Sexual Life of Savages* (Routledge, 1929). Bertrand Russell, *Marriage and Morals* (Allen & Unwin, 1929).

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lack of understanding of cause and effect. And why not? If there is indeed "a psychic unity of mankind," Frazer was surely justified in developing a synthetic picture out of multiple parts. The parts come indifferently from all corners of the globe and have no chronological unity, but if Primitive Man is a unity then the diversity of source material cannot matter. We should be able to understand the Priest of Nemi by looking at what goes on in the Maldive Islands.

Malinowski went about things the other way round. He concentrated exclusively on one small group of "savages" and looked at them under a sociological microscope. But he too, like Frazer, postulated a psychological unity of mankind and gradually step by step found himself talking, not about the Trobrianders in their uniqueness, but about Primitive Man in his generality. And why not? Why should a Trobriand Islander be deemed any more, or less, typical of the human race than the Priest of Nemi?

And here, perhaps, we begin to see the roots of their popularity. "Typical Man" may not be a very satisfactory kind of concept from the scientific point of view, but it is surely of interest to all of us.

For the professional anthropologist, Malinowski has other virtues (and other vices) than those which I have considered here; and I need not pursue further my disagreements (and occasional agreements) with Dr. Jarvie. Malinowski made contributions to many fields which Frazer never touched—language, kinship, primitive law, and economic relations in particular. Anyone with close knowledge of the subject must concede that Malinowski has left his personal mark on contemporary anthropology in a way that Frazer has not. He was a much less trivial scholar than my cursory and biased comments might suggest. But that is not the point.

MY PROBLEM AT THE OUTSET was to consider why, every now and then, an eminent anthropologist should rate as a "Celebrity." What is there about a Frazer and a Malinowski (or a Margaret Mead) which gives public fame as well as professional distinction? My account suggests an answer.

Frazer and Malinowski in their different ways were both prepared to make sweeping generalisations about human nature itself. Frazer could never have seriously expected that his general reader would be terribly interested in what did or did not go on at Nemi in 200 B.C., and the reader of Malinowski can get along very well without worrying as to whether the Trobriand Islands lie North or South of the Equator or East or West of longitude 180°. Both authors are really talking about Mankind, *i.e.*, about you and me. It is because each of us can recognise in their pages the savage within us that we feel the excitement of insight, the unverifiable validity of a statement of genius.

There are many lesser, more pedantic men who in some ways can be considered much better anthropologists. But the public which has given these two a special accolade is not at fault.

Uniform

Who stands above this bed
Submits to scrubbed hands
Someone nearly dead
A body none commands

Probed, bled, consigned
Until blinded to know
Bone beholds the mind
Whose uniform is snow

Samuel Menashe

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THEATRE

Vital Principles

By John Gross

THE ARRIVAL of a big new book from Eric Bentley is an occasion—a dramatic event, in fact. If Bentley can afford to be more learned and reflective than the journeyman critic who has to telephone in his snap judgments by midnight, there is at the same time a quality of excitement about his writing, a tingling spontaneity, which sets him well apart from his academic contemporaries. And *The Life of the Drama*[1] is as exciting as anything he has done. It teems with arresting insights and provocative aphorisms, with bold paradoxes and—perhaps the most signal distinction of the really first-rate critic—with commonplaces brought to life again through pungent reformulation. If there is a fault, it is that the argument sometimes seems to be directed against Aunt Sallies, ideas about the opposition between "thought" and "feeling," for instance, which are so sophomoric that they don't deserve to draw Mr. Bentley's fire. He is right, on the other hand, to think of his perpetual invisible opponent as the Spirit of Naturalism. It may sound like an old story: after all, most of the outstanding writers of the past hundred years have denounced the naturalistic heresy, and the standard recipe for redeeming the minority who have subscribed to it is to point out that in practice they were symbolists or romantics in spite of themselves. But

> as modern persons we are willy-nilly under the spell of Naturalism. However often we tell ourselves the contrary, we relapse into assuming the normal and right thing to be a subdued tone, small human beings, a milieu minutely reproduced. Indeed, a tremendous amount of energy goes into keeping up this illusion of the monotonous mediocrity of everyday life. . . .

This is well said. Contact with a work of art may stretch our minds, but as soon as it ceases they tend to snap back again. In a world without commanding myths, Naturalism is what comes naturally.

To combat this slack mental habit Mr. Bentley uses, broadly speaking, two methods of attack. He speaks up for theatrical conventions which have generally got themselves a bad name—the stock type, the contrived plot; and he constantly reminds the reader that the highest art has its lowbrow affinities, that a dramatic masterpiece no less than a Western or a B-picture is fuelled by crude emotions. There is no contradiction here—indeed, we might say the more primitive, the more conventional. It is savages who stand most in need of ritual, and infantile urges which have to be most firmly disciplined. Farce requires elaborate routines and staple situations because it is more openly aggressive than comedy; melodrama, just because it plays on our fears so directly, is necessarily much more schematic than tragedy.

But the popular forms are not to be despised—not in these pages, at any rate. Where a second-rate critic, anxious to prove that he can tell the difference between art and *kitsch*, would draw rigid distinctions, Mr. Bentley has enough confidence and authority to treat drama as a continuum. His chapters specifically devoted to Farce and Melodrama are likely to go down as classic attempts to admit those particular black sheep back into the family. They are certainly very persuasive. In each case basic passions "enjoy themselves" (the phrase is borrowed from Nietzsche), gambol around naked. And only an intellectual prude could pretend that the same passions are not to be found in the most elevated types of drama, even though there they have to be dressed up and made fit for company.

ALL DRAMA, then, tends towards violence, and the journalistic connotations of the word are not entirely misleading. Equally, life itself is inherently dramatic—the life of the mind, that is. The "impossible" exaggerations, travesties, tight corners and wild pursuits of farce and melodrama are the common currency of our dreams. Mr. Bentley's starting-point is a plunge into the

[1] Methuen, 30s.

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Unconscious, and his general approach is heavily indebted to psycho-analysis (though eclectically so—he even pauses to salute our old friend psychodrama). As his title indicates, his overriding concern is with the vital principle of dramatic creation, the ultimate sources of energy on which it draws. His boldest stroke is not so much that he deals with melodrama and farce at all as that his chapters on them precede those on tragedy and comedy, instead of being bundled into an appendix. We begin in the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart and graduate upwards through *The Bells* and *Rookery Nook* towards Aeschylus and Molière. The actual sequence is significant—that it should be the discussion of farce which leads on to that of tragedy, for instance, rather than the section on melodrama as one might expect. We are once again forcibly reminded that all branches of the drama are concerned, however variously, with conflicts of the same nature. A farce, rather like a switchback ride, presents dangerous, potentially tragic situations while offering a firm guarantee at the outset that no one is going to come to grief. In tragedy, consequences have to be faced; what essentially distinguishes the higher forms from the lower is their respect for reality. And the highest forms of all are those which subsume or allow for the possibilities of the lower. Thomas Rymer, who dismissed *Othello* as "a bloody farce," or the old lady in the gallery who called out to the Moor not to be such a fool, had already been anticipated inside the play itself by Emilia's "O gull, o dolt, as ignorant as dirt." Which is much as if Shakespeare should say: "I am well aware that under other circumstances this situation would simply look ridiculous, but right now that is beside the point." We are often told that comic relief serves to remind us that though tragedies happen, ordinary life goes on, but it would be just as true to reverse the formula: though ordinary life goes on, tragedies happen. In either case, our vision of things is complicated, and it is complexity which permits tragedy and comedy to respect reality in a way that the *farceur* or melodramatist cannot. They are higher forms because the fantasies which they present are more highly organised, not because the psychic conflicts which lie behind them are in some absolute sense more dignified or respectable.

MR. BENTLEY uses psycho-analytic insights as props, not as a substitute for criticism; they help to clarify his sense of theatrical vivacity, and also of the extent to which drama is built out of conflicting impulses and buried motives. Examined in depth, a good play usually turns out to be a bundle of contradictions. What would we make of *Too True to be Good* (which has just been revived at the Strand) if we simply tried to extract from it a clear unambiguous message? We can perhaps disregard Shaw's preface, which meanders from dispelling the illusion that wealth brings happiness to pointing out similarities between the Soviet system and the Catholic Church. (Mr. Stalin—this was written in 1933—would be strikingly like a Pope were it not for "his liability to removal at a moment's notice if his eminence should upset his mental balance.") Within the play itself, the set speeches in the last act—from the Bunyan-quoting sergeant, the Einstein-stricken Elder, and the clerical burglar who goes on preaching into the void—all proclaim that since the Great War the bottom has fallen out of the universe. Old certainties are crumbling, new dangers are looming. If we didn't know him better, we should suspect that Shaw was crying woe on woe.

The feeling which actually comes across is a determination *not* to yield to despair, a buoyancy which mutes the apocalyptic rumble. Human beings are a tough breed—incorrigibly self-deceived, but basically quite likeable, and not in themselves a fit subject for savage indignation. The genial portrait of Colonel Tallboys, v.c., can hardly be said to reflect the impact of the War, and the knowledge that in reality a Private Meek never inherits the world is not allowed to interfere with the fun of what is (for all the T. E. Lawrence topicality) a fairly traditional master-and-servant routine. Even microbes are really rather nice. As a dramatist Shaw simply did not know how to express rage or disgust, and if his lightness of touch was to lead him into callous flippancy later in the 'thirties, here it is still benign. *Too True to be Good* has been claimed as a forerunner of black comedy and the Absurd, but though there are admittedly some almost surrealist touches about the technique, to my mind what it proves is how remote Shaw was from contemporary *avant-garde* drama in his attachment to perennial comic types and themes. At the Strand a first-rate production does him proud: Dora Bryan as the bogus Countess is a perfect piece of casting, and it would be worth paying the price of admission if only for the privilege of being able to watch a flush of pleasure suffuse Alastair Sim's noble dome.

Finally, the merest footnote must serve to pay attention to another well-staged Shaw revival, *Fanny's First Play* (at the Mermaid). As a spoof on theatre critics it is disappointingly perfunctory; but the play-within-the-play's the thing, a delicious farce with some more-than-farcical moments of tenderness and exhilaration. Highly recommended.

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MUSIC

"Just Punch a Button and Blow Wind"

A Talk with Ornette Coleman — By DEREK JEWELL

FOR THE FIRST TIME his voice had risen assertively above the grubble and whine of the traffic outside. He was on his feet, swinging the saxophone harness he had only meditatively picked at before.

"Do you know the most stupid statement I've ever heard? Around the time Louis" (the sound is hard, chopped up—"Lew—iss") "Armstrong had made *'Hello, Dolly'*—you know that thing? And there's this agent saying 'Louis, you can get to be the greatest man in the world. I can make you so rich, you'll never have to play another note.' . . ."

His arms were now stretched out, the sax cord wound tight around a finger.

"Do you dig what I'm saying? This man who plays the most beautiful trumpet, and here's someone trying to fix it so he never plays another note. Cutting him off from what he can do best. And you ask me why I don't dig agents?"

The blast was over as suddenly as it had blown up. Like a climax in his music, which springs from no set pattern of harmonic progression or length of phrase or metric repetition, the eruption had been unpredictable. It was also untypical, of this conversation at least. Mostly, Ornette Coleman sat relaxed and spoke quietly, choosing his words with no apparent care, yet without the didactic hammering you might have expected from the man who six years ago set the jazz world by its ears with his playing and his principles, and who has since seemed almost trapped in his own mystique.

It was a quite unexpected meeting. No P.R. releases said he was coming on his first visit to Europe—primarily to appear in a film whose score he had written and to play seven concerts on the Continent—and he had no schedule for appearances in Britain. He simply arrived in London in August this year, and the grapevine only worked after he was encamped in a Queensway flat. He stayed, in fact, for some weeks, long enough to give one hastily-organised concert near London, but at the time I talked with him this appearance had not been arranged. Indeed, though he had been the first musician to do anything radically new with jazz since the bop revolution of the 1940s, he might as well (to British searchers) have been dead for the last few years before that concert showed how very much alive he is. Nothing recorded by him since 1962 has been issued and the names of men who have been encouraged by his example to attempt something similar—Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, John Tchicai—have become nearly as familiar as that of the leader of the revolution himself.

IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT when he first arrived in New York in late 1959, after years of obscurity playing with rhythm and blues bands, and a period in Los Angeles as a lift operator studying harmony and theory textbooks in his spare time. He carried a white alto saxophone made of plastic then—bought originally because it was cheaper, but soon to become almost a textural trademark—and the sounds he produced on it seemed for a time to divide the whole jazz world into camps for or against him.

What he seemed to be trying to do to jazz was, in effect, what "serious" composers had done to concert-hall music fifty years earlier: to throw over accepted canons of structure and harmony and tonality. That someone had to come along to do this was probably inevitable. Charlie Parker had shaken up jazz once (and had, incidentally, been reviled as much then as Coleman was being reviled in 1960), but the vast school of imitators he had spawned were in a rut. A pleasant, even rather creative rut; but still a rut.

There had been, and still are, minor currents deviating from the main flow of "modern" jazz, of course: a growing aggressiveness in the music of many younger Negro players, for instance, with heavy use of "soul" elements, based on blues and gospel music forms. That movement (like the writings of James Baldwin, and perhaps like the brusque stage antics of Miles

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Davis) reflected the increasing passion of the civil rights struggle in America, and its racial overtones have since become as repetitiously boring as the more customary reverse pattern is both boring and vicious. There had also been diversions, like "Third Stream"—an attempt to blend jazz and classical techniques; and there were to be fads, like *bossa nova*. But no one was trying to do to the guts of jazz what Coleman then proceeded to do.

His jazz was quite divorced from the traditional concept of improvisation based on chord patterns, which Parker had not departed from but had simply idiosyncratically enlarged by stressing the harmonic as well as melodic possibilities. Coleman's music seemed virtually atonal. He played notes which were unfamiliar, and because of this caused some critics to say he couldn't play in tune, when in fact he was simply extending the number of notes jazzmen have always played which do not coincide with the tempered pitches of classical Western music. What was often missing in his music compared with theirs was the ultimate return to a familiar tonal base—the "resolution" which usually gives "out-of-tune" jazz notes a point of reference and creates their particular piquancy.

In the familiar jazz pattern of tension (caused by stretched or smeared notes) and release (the relief created by a return to conventional tonality), Coleman did not always bother with release. He turned his phrases to suit himself and not to drop into eight-bar shapes, which his jazz contemporaries tended to do.

It was all a bit much for some ears—and Coleman laid himself still more open to attack by insisting in print on his right to do it. (Try justifying yourself in principle as well as performance and see how the hounds bite.)

BEFORE I MET HIM, I looked again at the sleeve notes to the first Coleman LP issued here. "There is no single *right* way to play jazz," he was saying, insisting that "modern" jazz had in fact become a rather settled and conventional thing, full of predetermined effects. His music had even grown a name—"free group improvisation"—which in print sounded rather like what they'd been up to in New Orleans forty years earlier, except that Coleman really meant *free*. "We do not have any idea what the end result will be," he said, and it often sounded that way. Some of his tunes gave me no pleasure at all, though it is a wonderful thing how aural tolerance matures with the years; in others there was, even at first hearing, a beauty, and a daring, which could leave you breathless. Not everyone, naturally, would agree with me.

For a time he seemed to be producing, and recording, madly—not least, one suspects, because some members of the jazz establishment (like John Lewis and Nat Hentoff) championed him. Then, after a concert at New York Town Hall in December 1962, the well—certainly as far as Europe was concerned—suddenly seemed to dry up. Coleman retired into himself. Only early this year did one really appreciate he was stirring again: a performance at an American university, a date at the Village Vanguard in New York, compositions—for the film and for a Pirandello play at Princeton—and stories of a new-found proficiency on violin and trumpet as well as saxophone.

Now here he was: a taut, friendly man in a bare room, without mystique, not shy about talk, letting his coffee grow cold.

EARLY CONVERSATION WAS a desultory scuffling round the facts of recent months. "I'd just finished conducting this film score with a chamber orchestra—more or less classical instrumentation. That drained me, so I thought I'd better take off. See the world...." And so on. Then: "You're talking about me. Let's talk about music." The difference didn't seem apparent, but one had to try. Had he changed at all in his music, in what he was trying to do?

"There are imperfections I've tried to avoid. I've come to know more about the forms of expression which suit my instruments. My work is more free, but it has more order. I mean like this. I'm still trying to play something you haven't heard before. But the tools I'm using are maybe more perfected. So there's more order.

"Eighteen months I've been studying violin and trumpet. And orchestral composition. By myself. I've been playing so long that the very best way is the way in which you yourself like to study anything. I had notation lessons with Gunther Schuller till I found I knew more about it than he did.

"That part of my music which is written down —well, there are some things I wouldn't write down because I know I couldn't get them played right. But beyond that I'm seeking honest spontaneity. I really believe you can play music without having any preconceived notion of thought about what you want to express. Why not? You just punch a button and blow wind. A person doesn't always have to relate to the past to play something in the present. Basically, when you write down notes it's like a computer. It can be repeated. And isn't that a limit to form of expression? I don't know exactly what is the depth of emotion that music will allow a performer or an audience to experience. But I do know there are more experiences to be had in music than in anything else.

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And I don't want them to be limited in any way....

"People are always asking the wrong questions in music. What have questions like 'Who are you?' or 'What gives you the right?' or 'Was that the way it was done before?' to do with making music *to-day*? Aren't they very insecure questions? You don't have to get permission to die, why do people seem to want it in order to live? I'm against that way of thinking: the attitude that says 'I knew Spike Jones, I knew Louis Armstrong, I knew Stan Kenton, I knew Ornette Coleman. Now, please, can I play?' I'm more interested in the present, not in history. Isn't it a very painful thing to always be wondering if you're doing the right thing so much you end up doing nothing at all. You know what I mean?..."

The thing with Coleman is that you think you *do* know what he means: the general drift of it, anyway. And it does not always seem particularly remarkable. His talk can even grow soporific. But as he spurts these great loose-hung banks of words he knifes you sometimes: with near-private language which makes you grapple, with a phrase, with spice of gossip.

"I'm not talking to you. Just thinking aloud. And I'm not supposed to be thinking like this, do you know that? If a Negro hears me, he says I'm trying to be a white man. If a white hears me, he says 'My, that's a clever nigger.' So I'm losing both ends. I'm always talking instead of doing."

He does seem genuinely to believe he has travelled some way towards acceptance. Particularly he likes playing at universities, where he feels the interest in what he is doing is most free of prejudice. But the reservations are always explicit, and the irony implicit.

"Now that other groups have started trying to do what I was trying to do, the whole thing's less insecure. My music is *passé*, I hear, so when that happens acceptance of it must have increased, mustn't it? I'm 35 now and I've composed, I suppose, over a thousand tunes, and sixty or seventy of them have been recorded. And is that valuable? I'll tell you I don't know what *value* is. I've sold lots of records, yet I haven't been treated fairly. I've played honestly, yet I've been misunderstood. So what is value?

"The truth is, I've been exploited. As a gimmick. I feel I've never been paid in any manner of money because of what I'm *really* trying to do, but for quite different reasons. Those who control bookings have a tendency to play you against people and people against you. It's all class categories or racial categories, and I'd rather be a human being than live with any of these things. I know the difference between giving an order and taking one, but I don't think you have to do either in order to exist—unless you're a machine. It's very painful" (the word keeps recurring in his conversation) "to find out there's nothing you can do without someone else asking how well it was once done. Why place the future in subjection because of the past?

"I have a kid. He's nine years old. And there's an ability in him to play drums. I've never heard anybody so powerful. But probably he'll grow up and find he has to change because of the way people have played drums before. And his identity will be lost. Isn't that foolishness? But that's the way it often is. It should be very important for a person to believe that the best has yet to happen. And perhaps things are changing. Perhaps they're better, and perhaps I had something to do with that.

"I've found that in music to-day it is possible for an individual to play without relating to the musical past. You *can* eliminate any kind of stereotyped attitude now, and there are growing to be as many different types of music as you want. People come up and thank me because I'm trying—and it's not a race-conscious thing, or class, or origin, or anything like that. You don't have to get a degree in humanship to do this kind of music.

"The newer musicians in New York—those you've asked me about, what you call the *avant garde*, and that's O.K. if you want to say that—well, I've heard them all and I've played with them all. They're like me in some ways—they all seem to be playing from the same key. Cecil Taylor, he has the most consistency in what's good. But I haven't heard from them a true conviction of human ability—*their* ability. I know that they feel they've got to be accepted before they can create. So I don't worry about them because I don't worry about that...."

COLEMAN WAS LESS tolerant of some long-established jazz musicians. And you may draw your own conclusions about his views. (Well, is not Duke Ellington the greatest jazz musician the world has yet seen?)

"Duke Ellington is one of the few Negroes allowed to exist at the level of a pop creator. And he's written beautiful music. But I've never seen him take a stand for jazz.

"You know, so many writers have told me what Duke Ellington is. But does he know what he is himself? There have been many Duke Ellingtons. He is a character created by a certain group of people and put in the system to balance it. There were ten or fifteen other Negro bands that were a bitch, just like his. But they weren't allowed to go on existing. Uncle Tom isn't a word I use. But I suppose that's what he is. A glorified Uncle Tom.

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"Miles Davis, he treated me so bad. He asked me to write something for him, and I did, and later I went round to see him. And someone comes to the door. You'll have to make an appointment, he's too busy, all that stuff. And I'm saying I'm not a bill-collector, I'm not trying to assassinate him. But it's still that same old soft-shoe dance. People have made him so big now, they protect him from what he can do best. And there's this attitude of not caring anything about people. Shutting yourself off. Yet people dig that, do you know? They really dig it."

Ornette Coleman sounded puzzled by all this. Baffled rather than bitter. "All these people telling you what you are. Can I talk to you or do I have to go through ninety thousand people to talk to you?" A little later he made a specific denial—"No, not bitter. Just depressed at having to accept a lower standard as a human being"—and if bitterness was there, he certainly disguised it well. He also sometimes sounded as baffled by what was inside him as he was by the behaviour of others. "I really believe in music, but I don't claim to *need* it."

Throughout the conversation he hadn't used the word "cat" once; nor the word "man" as a finishing jab to a sentence. For an interview with a jazz musician it made a change.

NEARLY THREE WEEKS after our conversation, Coleman played his first concert in Europe, organised by Mr. Victor Schonfield on behalf of a jazz-poetry group called "Live New Departures," at Fairfield Halls, Croydon. To those hundreds who heard it, and received him with vast enthusiasm, the date—August 29th, 1965—will probably go down as a marker in jazz history. Whatever his records of the early '60s had sounded like (and some newer ones must obviously now be issued), whatever the man had said, his performance revealed him as one of the major jazz voices of the decade. Perhaps *the* major voice, if you exclude those musicians with reputations made before 1960.

Not that the beginning was very auspicious. Coleman's *"Forms and Sounds for Wind Quintet,"* written during his stay in London and played by a "virtuoso ensemble," turned out to be a harmless, rather repetitious series of discordant musical *bombes* which went on exploding far too long. Coleman has a fine ear for interweaving the lines played by oboe, clarinet, flute, bassoon and horn, but this half-hour work of ten movements lacked substance: music for movie or balletic episodes, perhaps, but sounding rather naked on the concert platform. Coleman's own trio was, however, something else. His partners were David Izenzon (double bass) and Charles Moffett (drums), and they have played together a long time. There seems an intuitive empathy between them which is quite crucial to Coleman's search for "honest spontaneity." How, particularly, had he advanced since the early years?

First, his work had gained form—as his words promising "order" had suggested. It is certainly *elastic* form, within which all the musicians have a wide and unconventional freedom; but on the evidence of this one concert his music now hangs together. The musicians, creating their own lines as the spirit moved them, no longer seemed—as in earlier records—to be playing *against* each other. There were still constant surprises, and extensions of tonality, but each piece had shape and was full of the classic jazz pattern of call-and-response between the individual musicians.

Coleman and Izenzon were notably complementary. Izenzon plays double bass as others play cello or guitar, evoking an immense emotional range from it. He uses the bow ten times as much as the average jazzman (which ratio is also a rough measure of his technique compared with most bassists) and his extension of the instrument's vocabulary can almost be compared to the pioneering of Jimmy Blanton with Duke Ellington's orchestra a quarter of a century ago.

The second advance was purely in terms of Coleman's own mastery of the alto saxophone. He now has a command of the instrument, and the ability to speak through it, which is comparable with that of Charlie Parker at his peak. The tone is full and warm, big enough to soak into every corner of a large concert hall. Yet it retains a cutting edge of fierceness, a passion which can freeze the blood.

Third, and not least, was Coleman's humour. His music was full of it, and though he regarded his audience somewhat gravely throughout, he plainly thrives on enthusiasm. During one passage of silence, in a piece called *"Silence,"* an unconverted buff in the audience called out "Now play *'Cherokee.'*" Coleman immediately ravelled several strands of that classic into the work he was playing without seeming to disturb its structure (or his partners) one whit. One doubts whether that would have been his response five years ago.

He has matured. He is no longer to be taken as the subject of sardonic jokes. If he plays his cards right—which means, among other things, *leading* people into his music in the fashion of the *"Cherokee"* episode instead of presenting it like a plate of very cold ice—he could soon extend jazz in a most exciting, yet still comprehensible and acceptable fashion. The chances that he will now seem much stronger.

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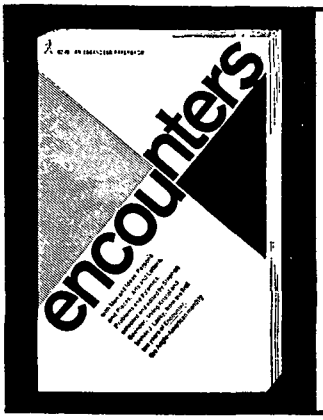

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SCIENCE

The Machinery of Nature

By J. Bronowski

THE QUESTION which is central to my theme is: Is man a machine or a self? The answer hinges on the possible modes of knowledge: that is, on how we turn experience into self. If all knowledge can be formalised, then the human self can be matched, in principle, by a machine.

But it is possible to seek a more active meaning in the word *self*: that is, in the idea that we have of what makes each of us a person. The traditional ideas are out of date because they picture the person as something given and static, a thing; and that inevitably makes him a mechanism. We have to conceive the human self quite differently. The self constantly grows and changes as it has new experiences, and what characterises it are its modes of turning experience into itself and into knowledge. We shall find the character of the self by studying the two distinct ways in which it gets knowledge: science and literature.

The mode that I want to study here is science, that is, knowledge of the physical working of the world. Some scientists shy from the word *knowledge*, and insist that they do no more than discover operations that are effective in controlling nature. I do not think that this distinction means much; indeed, I do not think that knowledge has the abstract qualities that would allow us to draw such a distinction. My view is that knowledge is a rearrangement of experience, in which we put together those experiences that seem to us to belong together, and put them apart from those that do not. The control of nature depends on just this separation, between actions that have been shown to be relevant to a given end, and those that appear irrelevant. A scientific theory, and the whole scientific picture of the world, is an imaginative grouping of all these experiences. But this does not make it less practical. In my view, it is not possible to act practically without forming a picture of the world by implication, as an integral part of our action. We do not operate on nature by fits and starts, but by forming our experiences into a connected view.

THE PHYSICAL PROPERTIES of the world seem to us now to be explained most vividly and consistently if we think of them as flowing from the to and fro of large numbers of separate particles. The particles that underlie the everyday world are molecules: most physical processes are exchanges between small molecules, and most biological processes are exchanges between large molecules. These processes also exchange energy, which is also particulate or grainy; oddly, the physical processes usually exchange large numbers of energy quanta, and the biological processes usually exchange small numbers.

The molecules are themselves co-operative assemblies of atoms—a few atoms at a time in physics, several thousand atoms at a time in biology. And the atoms in their turn are assemblies of still smaller fundamental particles: electrons, protons, and neutrons. Thus the architecture of nature is built up, step by step, always from stable assemblies of smaller particles. What characterises an assembly—what distinguishes one kind of molecule from another, for example, and one species of atom from another—is as much its geometry as the particles that go to make it.

This single and unitary picture of the world explains, simply and delightfully, all the daily behaviour of matter. Why does glue stick? How does a pencil write? How does the electric light work? Why do we see the flash of lightning before we hear the thunder? How does a detergent get at the dirt? Why is ice smooth? Why does it melt when it gets hot? Why do we blow on the soup? John Tyndall asked why the sky looks blue, and gave the answer in a heavenly phrase: "Because we live *in* the sky, not under it." When I had to measure the flash from the

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atomic bombs in Japan, I asked why granite suddenly roughens when it gets very hot. The answer (which has to do with the crystal structure of quartz) turned out to be as practical—and as beautiful, in its revelation of the geometry of nature.

Stars, Cells, Brains

ALL THESE QUESTIONS, whose slow elucidation is a pleasure and a wonder of childhood, the atomic picture of the world answers. And for our generation, there have been added the pleasure and the wonder of adult learning. For the atomic picture has been shown, and shown for the first time to us who are alive now, to give a profound coherence also to the hidden processes of nature. It justifies the perpetual heresy in unexpected depth. For example, we now see that matter in the stars is indeed like ours, but is our matter in evolution. Helium is formed by the collision of hydrogen atoms, carbon is formed by the rare collision of helium atoms, and there are similar changes up the atomic scale. The stars are stepping-stones in cosmic history, along which the atoms, like species, move from simple to complex.

Yet more remarkable than this finding is the discovery that the atomic machinery works concretely in the cells as in the stars; it makes physical sense of the processes in the living body. We see now that life reproduces itself by means of long molecules which can copy themselves. We understand how these molecules work as tapes of instructions in the hereditary part of the cell, and (rather less well) how they work in the rest of it. We know the alphabet of four stable assemblies, made for the most part from atoms of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, which spells out these long molecules. We shall soon know how the twenty basic words in the vocabulary of the cell, the amino-acids, are spelled by triplets from this four-letter alphabet. We know something, but less, about the machinery which causes cells to specialise; and we know least about the way in which the specialised cells co-operate to make those vast and integrated colonies of cells that we call you and me—the living creatures.

Beyond this knowledge, new, exhilarating, and still thin, lies a larger field of ignorance, the brain. The brain is a part of the central nervous system, and it is not a homogeneous part; for example, some of its layers came into being later than others in the evolution of man. In one sense, the brain is more like a man-made machine than is the rest of the body. I mean by this that the child is born with most of the cells in the brain already formed—this is why his head is so charmingly and disproportionately large, almost one quarter of his height. From time to time during life, some of the cells die off but, unlike cells in the body, they are not replaced. The machinery of the brain does not mend itself, and by the end of life it may lack, at a guess, one out of every ten cells that it started with. We presume that the design of the brain has allowed for this loss in advance by building in a great deal of redundancy, that is, of alternative ways to handle the same message.

IT USED TO BE SAID, in a classical phrase, that the brain is a telephone exchange. That is, it was thought that information from the senses reaches the brain piecemeal, in single and neutral signals, and that these are then sorted out and interpreted by logical processes which derive messages for action from them. The most striking new knowledge that we have about the brain is that this analogy is wrong, and must be wrong. At one end, the brain does not receive a neutral input from the senses; and at the other end, it does not form its output by the kind of logical reasoning that we understand.

By way of caution, I ought first to say that there are indeed some simple circuits in the brain that do work like a telephone answering service. For example, there are the remarkable centres which James Olds discovered in 1953; when they are stimulated, the animal feels direct pleasure. The pleasure is so great and so lasting that a hungry animal will constantly prefer it to food if it is given the choice. Close to these centres for pleasure, there are also centres for pain in the brain, whose response is as immediate and as powerful.

But these direct and, as it were, classical circuits (most pleasure and pain centres lie in the older brain) are not the rule. As a rule, signals that carry information to the brain or instructions from it take many steps, and are checked back and balanced and intertwined along the nervous system many times. Our senses doctor their messages before they reach the brain: for example, the sense of sight does so.

A series of searching and delicate experiments has shown in the last years that the eye does not send blank and unbiased signals to be interpreted in the brain. H. K. Hartline and later workers have studied the sense of sight in several species of animals. They have found that the rods and cones in the retina are connected together in complex groups, and groups of groups, within the eye. The number of cross-links is huge, and their business is to integrate the individual sensations before they leave the eye. The eye does not respond to this single

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flash or that. It tries from the outset to find a pattern in what it sees, and the pattern it looks for is the shape of things. For example, the inner connections in the cat's eye make it sensitive to sharp edges. The frog's eye is more sensitive to edges if they are moving, and to quickly changing or moving contrasts of light and shade.

Thus the message which the cat's and the frog's eye send back to the brain, and our eye too, is not an array of dark and light dots like a television tube, but is already a parcel that outlines a bounded and moving shape—a thing. A single nerve fibre does not say to the brain, "My part of the field of vision is dark"; it says, "The edge of something is crossing it." The single fibre takes note of what is going on all round a point in its field; it does not send a report from the point that by itself is meaningless; it signals a meaningful piece of a shape.

And the single fibre is imperious; often, it does not so much inform the brain as instruct it, by sorting its messages in advance; and it does this most effectively by simply withholding information—by judging for itself what is irrelevant, and discarding it, without leave from the brain. This is shown in the elegant work of Horace Barlow on the rabbit. There seem to be preferred directions in the rabbit's eye: it observes up and down well, and straight across the eye, but not (it seems) diagonally across. But more unexpected are the preferences not of the eye as a whole, but those built into single neurons. One kind of neuron will observe a downward movement and ignore an upward movement; another will do just the opposite. One kind of neuron observes the fast movement of an object and overlooks its slow movement; another does the opposite.

In all these preferences, the rabbit does not *see* better or worse; its eye is equally sharp to see them all; it *observes* better because the connections in the eye are arranged to pick out and respond to the special directions and movements. As an optical instrument, the rabbit's eye is unbiased. But the eye is not only an optical instrument; it is also an electrical network in which each unit integrates the darks and lights that it sees into messages, and decides which message should alert the attention and which need not. When a unit of the electrical network interprets the sequence of darks and lights as a downward movement, it sends back a strong visual message to the brain. But when the movement appears to be upward, this unit censors its message: it records and sends a weak message, or none at all.

It is likely that the units in their turn are grouped to send overall messages which are important to the rabbit. For example, those that detect slow movements probably concentrate on the horizon. It plainly makes sense in the evolution of the rabbit that it should be more alert to the distant stalker and to the tall looming shape, to some movements than to others, and that it should push its early warning system as far forward as possible, out from the brain into the sense organs. The survival of any animal demands that it shall judge the significance of the shapes and movements that it sees as soon as possible, and we have now discovered that it does that in the senses. But the discovery puts an end to the belief of philosophers that the brain receives a neutral picture of the world and sits in judgment over it. William Blake wrote:

> I question not my Corporeal or Vegetative Eye any more than I would Question a Window concerning a Sight. I look thro' it & not with it.

Like everything he wrote, this is vigorous and visionary together; but it is mistaken.

AT THE OTHER END of the chain of command in the brain, we ask how it decides what orders it shall give. It was tempting to think in the past that the orders are worked out from the information by logical steps as in an automatic telephone exchange—or, to make the analogy more pointed, in an electronic computer. But it was shown by John von Neumann just before he died in 1957 that this cannot be so. In a moment, as I write, my brain will tell my hand where to put the dot that closes this sentence. If my brain calculated the many steps in this command as a computer does, then the precision which it reaches in its final instruction to my hand would require each step to be accurate to at least ten decimals. But the electric mechanism which the brain and the central nervous system use cannot work more accurately at any one step (we know by a basic study of its mode of transmission) than three decimals at most. Therefore the brain is at least ten million times too coarse to work by the methods of the man-made computer, and does not reach its decisions by the classical logic that we know. In von Neumann's words, it uses a radically different system of notation from the one we are familiar with, namely, a system in which the meaning is conveyed by the *statistical* properties of the message. I quote one of the last sentences that John von Neumann wrote:

> Logics and mathematics in the central nervous system, when viewed as languages, must structurally be essentially different from those languages to which our common experience refers.

When we reason with pencil and paper (say, in the mathematical parts of science), we use a logic of strict certainty. The brain does not use

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this logic of the large world in its minute inner workings. We do not know what logic it uses, but it cannot be this. Indeed, in trying to wish this logic on to the brain, we are as inverted as those physicists of the past who tried to govern the atom by the principles of engineering. Engines are built up from atoms, not the other way about; and classical logic is built up from the logic of the brain, not the other way about. The brain cannot reach its inner conclusions by any logic of certainty. In place of this, the brain must do two things. It must be content to accept less than certain knowledge. And it must have statistical methods which are different in kind from ours, by which it reaches its acceptable level of uncertainty. By these means, the brain constructs a picture of the world which is less than certain yet highly interlocked in its parts.

I use this phrase designedly: an interlocked picture of the world. We do not know how the brain fixes its picture—for example, how the memory works. But we are in any case mistaken if we think of our picture of the world as a passive record. The picture is made by, it is made of, our activity, all the way from the logic of the brain to the use of the plough and the wheel. It is the implication and the expression, in symbolic form, of all our dealings with nature. The picture is not the look of the world but our way of looking at it: not how the world strikes us but how we construct it. Other people and other ages had different pictures from ours, and that is why incidentally they drew differently. We must not think that those who stitched the Bayeux Tapestry habitually saw in perspective but did not know how to draw in it. No doubt they could see in perspective, as we can manipulate an optical illusion in our heads; but their habit, their total cast of mind, was to look at relations in the world differently, and that is what they drew. A modern story from Margaret Mead makes the point.

> This relationship to the physical environment is a kind of *being in* rather than *seeing* the environment. There is a very moving instance of a group of Australian aboriginal children who were incarcerated in a reform school, far away from their own people. One of the custodial staff, who had been a teacher, started the children in crafts and drawing. Suddenly, one day, a little boy shouted, "I see, I see! You don't draw it the way you *know* it is. You draw it the way it looks!" And the idea of perspective was born anew in his mind.

FROM ALL THIS I draw a conclusion about the nature of knowledge which seems to me now inevitable. It concerns the procedure by which we reach general statements by reasoning from the particular instances we find strewn about the outside world: the first step in what in science is called induction. This procedure is usually thought to be lodged in the brain alone. But it is evident from what we know now that this is not so. What happens instead is that there is, as it were, a continuous conversation between the brain and the senses. The eye sends back a message which says that it has seen a thing. Its description of the thing is rudimentary; but I will suppose, to sharpen the exposition, that it would fit a zebra. The brain, rummaging about among likelihoods, refuses to acknowledge a zebra in the Arctic. Could it be a polar bear? it asks. No, says the eye, it jumps and it has stripes. (I am exaggerating the debate to the point of caricature: but just that gives the essence of it.) Then it must be an albino seal, says the brain, matching an imaginative conjunction of oddities out of the categories that it knows. And so the conversation goes on, until the brain is satisfied either that it has, or has made, a niche for the creature among its categories—or dismisses it as a deception. For we must not forget that deception and hallucination are as normal as are sound judgments, and there is nothing different in the procedure which leads to the one or to the other. No generalisation is foolproof.

Now that the brain has created a new general category, an albino seal or a trick of the Arctic light, the eye will in future search a wider range of alternatives; there are more messages to pass between it and the brain. And next time that the eye sights what might be an albino seal, the brain will have to take the next step in induction: it will have to guess what law rules its reappearance. Is it the same seal, and if so, what is the law of the migration of seals? Or is it another, and if so, what is the law of the inheritance of albinism? The senses play their part in this debate also. The procedure of induction by which we make—and make rules for—general categories, by which indeed we build up a language of general words, is a constant to and fro between the brain and the senses.

This analysis makes it plain that it is not possible for the brain to arrive at *certain* knowledge. All those formal systems, in mathematics and physics and the philosophy of science, which claim to give foundations for certain truth are surely mistaken. I am tempted to say that we do not look for truth, but for knowledge. But I dislike this form of words, for two reasons. First of all, we do *look* for truth, however we define it; it is what we *find* that is knowledge. Second, what we fail to find is not truth but certainty; the nature of truth is exactly the knowledge that we do find. The only

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unexpected rider here is that truth, in this sense, has more than one mode; scientific knowledge is only one of its modes. There is another mode, which is knowledge of self. Scientific knowledge is a stricter mode than this, in a definable sense, but it is not truer: it is not certain. No knowledge can be certain that continues to expand with us as we live inside the growing flesh of our experience.

Our experiences do not merely link us to the outside world; they are us and they are the world for us; they make us part of the world. We get a false picture of the world if we regard it as a set of events that have their own absolute sequence and that we merely watch. Here I am crossing from philosophy into physics: Albert Einstein demonstrated just this as a plain matter of fact in the theory of relativity. If we write the laws of nature as if we ourselves had no part in them, we get the wrong answers to quite elementary questions, for example about the orbit of the planet Mercury. The basic mistake in that calculation springs (as Einstein showed) from supposing that nature is an imperturbable machine at which we peek from the outside. That is the false picture, in physics and in philosophy. Nature is a network of happenings that do not unroll like a red carpet into time, but are intertwined between every part of the world; and we are among those parts. In this nexus, we cannot reach certainty because it is not there to be reached; it goes with the wrong model, and the certain answers ironically are the wrong answers. Certainty is a demand that is made by philosophers who contemplate the world from outside; and scientific knowledge is knowledge for action, not contemplation.

Words & Meanings

Plainly, it matters in the most practical way that we rightly understand how we ourselves are embedded in the system of science that we in part discover and in part create. Such a system describes the activity of nature, and ourselves in it; it is not a blueprint of the machinery of nature. We are an active and intimate part of our descriptions of her. Science then is not so much a model of nature as a living language for describing her. It has the structure of a language: a vocabulary, a formal grammar, and a dictionary for translation. The vocabulary of science consists of its concepts, all the way from universal gravity and the neutron to the neuron and the unconscious. The rules of its grammar tell us how to arrange the concepts in sensible sentences—that atoms can capture neutrons, for example, and that heavy atoms when they split will release them. The dictionary then translates these abstract sentences into practical observations that we can test in the everyday world: for example, in the damage that neutrons do when plutonium is split.

Thus science is a language whose structure mimics the behaviour of the world; and when we use it, we acknowledge that we cannot separate ourselves from the behaviour we describe, when we need a concept (like gravity) or discard one (like phlogiston). For every language is open, alive, and changing; it has to invent new words and to experiment with new usages and thereby discover new meanings in what it can say. When J. J. Thomson discovered the electron in 1897 he added a new word, that is, a new concept to the language of science: a unit of matter smaller than the atom. In showing that what he had found behaved like a particle, he fixed (as it were) the first grammatical rules to govern the use of the new word. A little later, it was discovered that "When electrons change their speed, they also change their mass"; and that new sentence gave a new usage to the word *mass* which fantastically enlarged the conceptual language of physics. Nor was that the end of the electron; in time, J. J. Thomson's son showed that it could also behave like a wave, and changed the grammar again. A new concept in science is as rich and far-reaching a verbal invention, a marriage of words, as is, say, the word *Blitzkrieg* in the vocabulary of warfare—a massive packing into a single idea of a whole new strategy of organisation.

And the new concept is as real, neither more nor less, than the content of the word *Blitzkrieg*. An electron is not a fiction, any more than warfare is, or gravity. They are all real: that is, their behaviour is real in the sense that it can be described, its implications are real in the sense that they can be forecast, and its consequences are real in the robust sense that they can be observed. We have the right therefore to say, if we choose, that an electron is a real *thing*—but we would be foolish to exercise that right, because it would place on us the duty to disentangle our use of the word *thing* here from its everyday use. There is no point in kidnapping the word *thing* for a new meaning if we then have to explain that it is not the same as the familiar meaning—and that in effect we do not know what the new meaning is. A fundamental particle such as an electron is real, but it is not a thing like a table, or like any other thing except another fundamental particle. To say this is manifestly the same as saying that nothing is added by calling it a thing. We do best to use it as a natural part of our language in its own right.

Of course we cannot suppose that we know all the properties of the electron, or that they

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may not turn out to be the partial aspects of some more subtly entwined structure in nature. What we discover in nature is real, in the sense that I have described, but it is surely not the whole or the final description of physical reality. Nature is surely richer, more finely woven and interwoven, and more ingeniously organised within herself than any one of our explanations. Pope Urban VIII insisted that Galileo must end the *Dialogue on the Great World Systems* with this specific caution:

> It would be an extravagant boldness for anyone to go about to limit and confine the Divine power and wisdom to some one particular *fantasia* of his own.

In its context, this was a cynical assertion by the Pope that no explanation is to be preferred to any other. In this sense, the assertion is false, and Galileo was rightly reluctant to pay lip service to it. It did not even save him from the Inquisition. Yet in a larger and more generous context, what Urban VIII saw is true. The concepts we create, the laws we find, are fragments in the whole language of nature. The marvel is that we get along so well when we speak so little of her language: when we guess only parts of the vocabulary, and few of the grammatical rules which connect them.

I HAVE CHOSEN to describe science as an account of the machinery of nature, not in engineering terms, but in linguistic ones. One cogent reason, of course, is that language is a more telling and a better model for science than is any mechanism. We receive experience from nature in a series of messages. From these messages we extract a content of information: that is, we decode the messages in some way. From this code of information we then make a basic vocabulary of concepts and a basic grammar of laws, which jointly describe the inner organisation that nature translates into the happenings and the appearances that we meet.

Somewhere in this decoding, the mind takes a critical step from the individual experience to the general law which embraces it. How do we guess the law and form the concepts that underlie it? How do we decide that there are, and how do we give properties to, such invisible things as atoms? That the atoms in their turn are composed of more fundamental particles? How do we convince ourselves that there is a universal quantity called energy, which is carried by single quanta, yet which spreads from place to place in a motion like a wave? And that the rearrangement of atoms, and still more fundamental particles, consumes or releases energy? How do we come to picture a living process in these dead terms?

Take as a concrete example again the structure of the eye, which Bishop Butler and Henri Bergson both thought too marvellous to be explained by mechanical evolution. After centuries of preparation, how do we come to conclude that the small rods and cones in my retina are sensitive to single quanta of light, that these quanta untwist the molecules of visual purple, that this chemical change is integrated electrically in my eye with others like it and signalled to my brain, and that the colouring of the picture that it evokes there has been fixed at my conception by the same fragments of my father's sperm and my mother's ovum that determined my sex?

I have only to describe this complex, farfetched and intricately connected sequence to make it evident that no simple set of observations will suffice to establish it. In the first place, it is a highly generalised account which could not be derived from single experiments, even at a single point in the sequence. We have to fit together many separate experiments to reach, for example, the plain conclusion that visual purple is bleached, or that this chemical change is signalled as an electric impulse. To say something persuasive about the optic nerve, we need the evidence of a host of other observations on a multitude of other nerves. And when we look beyond one of these generalisations along their whole connected sequence, we realise how they lock and engage with, how they are fixed and held in place by, all the generalisations of physics and chemistry and biology and the physiology of the nervous system.

The most modest research worker at his bench, pushing a probe into a neuron to measure the electric response when a light is flashed, is enmeshed in a huge and intertwined network of theories that he carries into his work from the whole field of science, all the way from Ohm's law to Avogadro's number. He is not alone; he is sustained and held and in some sense imprisoned by the state of scientific theory in every branch. And what he finds is not a single fact either: it adds a thread to the network, ties a knot here and another there, and by these connections at once binds and enlarges the whole system.

This is worth saying, even though it has always been so, because it is still neglected by philosophers. They see that science passes from fact to prediction, from instance to law, by a procedure of generalisation—what is usually called induction. To reason in this direction, from the particular to the general, cannot be justified on logical grounds: David Hume showed that more than two hundred years ago. But more incisive than the question, What right

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have we to form inductions? is the question, How do we form them? Hume gave no explanation of this except habit—

> We are determined by CUSTOM alone to suppose the future conformable to the past

—and philosophers have followed him ever since. Their theories are still dominated by their belief that science is an accumulation of facts, and that a generalisation grows of itself from a heaping of single instances in one narrow field. They think that a scientist is persuaded that light arrives at the eye in a shower of quanta because he does an experiment, does it again, and repeats it to be sure.

Alas, this not at all what any scientist does. He may indeed repeat an experiment two or three times, if its outcome strikes him as odd and unexpected. But even here, he means by odd and unexpected precisely that it conflicts with what other experiments in other fields have led him to believe. The suspicion with which all scientists treat the published evidence for extra-sensory perception shows this. A set of results is odd and unexpected, in the end it is unbelievable, because it outrages the intricate network of connections that has been established between known phenomena.

THE CLASSICAL ERROR is to regard a scientific law as only a shorthand for its instances. If we think like this, then naturally we can argue only among instances: "I have seen the sun rise every morning of my life, so I expect it to rise as long as I live." This is a fair expectation by habit, but it is not an induction; I might as well conclude, "So I expect to live as long as it rises." An induction is not a guess at the next instance, and the next, and the next, but at the law which rules and, more deeply, which explains their occurrence.

Indeed, it is a mistake to think of an induction as a forecast, and to be preoccupied with the guess that it makes about the future. An induction in science is a generalisation which tries to thread its way through our experience and to guess what law has governed that. We are no more certain of the law in the past than in the future, for no law that we discover is certain and final. But now we are looking for a law, not as a calculating but as a unifying device. In this sense, Mendeleeff's perception in 1869 that the properties of the atoms return in a regular cycle was penetrating; and our expectation that the sun will return regularly is not.

The hope that the law will hold into the future is a separate step; yet even in that step, we think about the law and not about the next instance. To calculate the probability for tomorrow's sunrise, as Pierre Laplace did, is wide of the mark. At bottom, it is an attempt to weigh the evidence for a law that governs the movements of the sun and the earth—but the wrong law. If the sun fails to rise to-morrow, it will be because we were mistaken in our guess at much deeper laws: the planetary and cosmic laws. The criticism of induction with which David Hume shocked scientists in 1739 is not a lament for our habits of prediction, but for our ignorance; the crucial sentence in it is:

> The powers, by which bodies operate, are entirely unknown.

Induction in science is the search for, the guess at, the unattainable laws that describe these powers.

A concept is formed, a law is proposed, not because the repetition of an experiment makes it inevitable, but because a crisscross of evidence from many different kinds of experiments supports this hypothesis (and confounds others) as a plausible way of linking them all together. What persuade us are the inner connections, and what we look for is a law from which all the results will flow as related consequences.

There is an infinity of laws any one of which will explain one experiment, however often we repeat it. There still remains an infinity of laws that might explain all the different experiments. Yet the crisscross serves to knock out this and then that hypothesis which is attractive because it is simple, but which turns out to be too simple. The point of adding a new experiment to the crisscross is precisely to cut down the number of adequate explanations that remain. This is the lucid thought of Karl Popper—that the aim of an experiment must always be to overthrow a hypothesis. We design a new experiment to be critical: that is, to be decisive in knocking out one of two alternative simple hypotheses each of which explains the results that we have so far. What we try to reach in this way is the simplest law that will hold together the total complex of our evidence.

Dots, Signals, Concepts

WE CANNOT HOPE to match the total complexity of nature any more precisely than a language matches the complexity of social life. The answer to the polite inquiry "How are you?" is not a medical bulletin. And the answer to the scientific inquiry "How are atoms of carbon made?" is not a full analysis of the mind of the Almighty. There is a tolerant give and take in the reply that we make to questions about our health; and there is the same give and take, an essential tolerance, in the sentences that we can frame to picture the improbable generation of the carbon atom. A

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single experiment can be described in a bulletin; but the grand processes of nature cannot be sketched without the ambiguity which dogs all language. Science would come to a standstill if every ambiguity were resolved, for there would be nothing left to discover. It is this which makes it more vivid and more enlightening to call science a language for the machinery of nature and not an engineering drawing.

In this century, it has been the hope of positivist philosophers to make a map of the world like a piece of graph paper, from primitive statements that "This is a red dot." The progress of physics has shown that this cannot be done, as a description of reality; and it is now clear that it is not a description of what the senses tell us either. The sense of sight integrates its sensations before they go to the brain, and its messages carry back information not about dots but about things. Even the signal "red" (we know from the eye of those monkeys that see colours) cannot be sent without a message about the shape of the thing that evokes it.

I ought to say, of course, that some philosophers of science have disputed the view that I hold, that a concept is an imaginative creation. They have started from the thought that a concept is a shorthand for the facts that fall under it—as in some sense it surely is. And they have gone on to hope that perhaps it might be defined precisely as a shorthand for the facts and nothing more. This is the operational view widely held in America under the influence of Percy Bridgman: length is a sequence of measurings; mass is what you do when you find the mass; an electron is an array of observations and nothing else. A similar idea was current in England at least since 1918, when Bertrand Russell wrote:

> The supreme maxim in scientific philosophising is this: *Wherever possible, logical constructions are to be substituted for inferred entities.*

The idea that all scientific concepts are purely logical constructions was held, in this form, by positivist philosophers also. In order to leave no doubt what this view supposed, I will quote a meticulous account of it:

> Electrons, on this view, are logical constructions out of the observed events and objects by which their presence can be detected; this is equivalent to saying that the word "electron" can be explicitly defined in terms of such observations. Every sentence containing the word "electron" can, on this view, be translated without loss of meaning into a sentence in which there occur only words which denote entities (events, objects, properties) which are directly observable. It may be very difficult to make this translation, but it is always possible to do so.

This strictly formal rendering of scientific concepts was shown to be untenable by the young English philosopher Frank Ramsey (who died in 1930 at the age of twenty-six). He saw and demonstrated the shortcomings of the operational and positivist attitude sharply. It is the right attitude in a science which is closed; it is hopelessly the wrong one when a science is still growing. For a logical construction which has been made to contain only the existing facts and relations cannot accommodate new relations. If your definition of mass, say, is operationally or logically exact, then it is too narrow; it leaves you no room to discover that mass is also equivalent to energy. The concepts of a growing science must be richer and more pliable than any logical construction from the sum of its known facts. Ramsey proved this practically by inventing an example in mathematical logic, and simpler examples have since been added by his friend Richard Braithwaite, from whom I have been quoting.

THERE IS NO WAY to avoid some ambiguity in every human language and, in spite of appearances, the language of science is not an exception. The concepts which form the critical words in its vocabulary mean much the same thing to every user, and yet they do not mean quite the same thing. If they did, then no one could begin to think of a fresh relation. Time did not mean the same thing to Albert Einstein that it had meant to physicists before him. Energy did not mean the same thing to Max Planck that it had meant to James Joule, and it had meant more to Joule with his giant thermometers than it had meant to his conventional predecessors. In our own generation, there has been uncovered in the word *life* a meaning which was hidden to all those who have used it since time immemorial. To us, what Einstein and Planck did, what James Watson and Francis Crick have done, appears crudely as a discovery; but to them, it was an elucidation of the language of science which uncovered and sharpened in its conceptual vocabulary a potential of meaning which others had missed. Imagination takes advantage of ambiguity, in the language of science as well as in the language of poetry.

Poetry & Ambiguity

WE CANNOT DESCRIBE the world by an enumeration of its appearance; that is the flaw in any system of scientific philosophy which seeks to get rid of all concepts. There is no descriptive language that does not consist of general words, that is, of concepts. The gift of humanity is precisely that, unlike the animals,

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we form concepts; and we express that gift in our thinking language. Man constantly invents ideas to express what seems to him to lie behind the appearances of nature and to hold them together. The invention of these ideas and their interplay in language is imagination—the making of images inside our heads. In this sense, science is as much a play of imagination as poetry is. And the language of science cannot be freed from ambiguity, any more than poetry can: ambiguity lies in the very texture of all ideas. In spite of its tidy look, the structure of science is no more exact, in any ultimate and final sense, than that of poetry. The difference between the two languages does not lie there.

Of course it is true that when scientists write out their findings, they try to rid their language of ambiguity and to make it exact. Aldous Huxley in his last book presented that as the crucial difference between the two parts of his title *Literature and Science*. But this confuses the language in which science is invented with that in which it is explained—the thought with its formal communication. Man has outdistanced the other animals because he has not one but two languages: a thinking language for manipulating concepts inside his head, as well as a speaking language (such as animals have) for communicating with others. A scientific discovery is searched for, a law is first guessed at, by the ambiguous processes of induction, and they are carried out in the thinking language. But the exposition of science is not an account of the processes of discovery. On the contrary, its aim is to display the discovery definitively, and place it in the network of axioms and laws, so that everyone can then reason about it unequivocally. It must be so, in order that the consequences of the new discovery may be logically deduced, and tested in specific instances.

The exposition of science is always an instruction for testing the totality of laws as they stand at that moment. It could therefore be put on a tape that would direct a testing machine. This is because the exposition displays the state of science at that moment as a complete and closed system, wholly contained in (that is, deducible from) its axioms and laws. The man who has to act now on present scientific knowledge has to accept that as an instruction, as a machine does. This is the nature of science as a mode of knowledge. It must be testable in action; so that, however it was discovered and however it will be corrected, at any moment it must be formally fixed as a system of instructions. But the thinker and experimenter does not have to accept the present state of science as closed, and its exposition as complete. He is free to work in the thinking language, and to explore its ambiguities to his mind's content.

SCIENCE IS A DIFFERENT pursuit from poetry not in its execution but in its endeavour. For the endeavour of science is to resolve ambiguities by making what I have described as critical and decisive tests between alternatives. An experiment to this end is as beautiful and as imaginative as any line of poetry, but it puts its imagination to a different endeavour: unlike poetry, it does not seek to exploit its ambiguities, but to minimise them. This is the paradox of imagination in science, that it has for its aim the impoverishment of imagination. By that outrageous phrase, I mean that the highest flight of scientific imagination is to weed out the proliferation of new ideas. In science, the grand view is a miserly view, and a rich model of the universe is one which is as poor as possible in hypotheses.

This is indeed the description, not only of the practice of science, but of its temperament. The Greeks peopled nature with a rowdy, happy-go-lucky train of gods and spirits. Science arrived like an Old Testament prophet, with a puritan and obsessed vision of single-minded coherence, to sweep that pagan plenty out of the window and put in its place the Jehovah who orders all things under laws. That is no less an imaginative vision than that of poetry: the Old Testament is as full of ecstasy as the New. But it is a different kind of ecstasy, an ascetic and implosive imagination which is in contrast with the prodigal explosive imagination of poetry.

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POETRY

Tribesmen and Cosmopolitans

On African Literature — By PETER LIENHARDT

THE LITERATURE of Africa ranges from the poetry of isolated tribesmen, heedless of any public wider than that of their own tribal compatriots, to cosmopolitan work written for publication in English and French by authors as closely bound up in the literary *genres* of Europe as of Africa. This variety is represented in the first five volumes of *The Oxford Library of African Literature*.[1] Take a characteristic passage from the oral literature of the Bahima cattle-herders of Ankole (in Uganda), a society where every man is expected to be his own poet and must compose poems, for formal occasions at least, whether he is good at it or not:

I Who Am Eager For Battle made a vow on an anthill with The Tamer Of Recruits;
I Who Am Not Disobeyed broke my bow in my impatience.
I Who Retaliate, they singled me out as I was fighting along with The Infallible One;
I Who Am Vigilant enticed them out from their camps and so did Katemba.

Here, conspicuously, there speaks for itself a culture intact, self-contained, and esoteric—esoteric in the sense that something must be grasped of Bahima life and convention before we can form any clear idea of what the poet was about. The phrases printed with capital initial letters translate praise names of one word each in the original Bahima language, and the poet's eloquence lies in his ability to develop praise names from the widest ranges of vocabulary by metaphorical association. In delivery, the poet's manner is quite different from what English poetry reading accustoms us to, for the Bahima poet recites at enormous speed and the Bahima attach as much importance to the speed and fluency of the recitation as to the content. The poet emphasises his phrases with jabs of a spear and a chorus intervenes as he snaps his fingers to intimate that he has run out of breath.

How different all this is from the literature produced within English, and even more French influences. Camara Laye looks back as an educated adult upon his father's work as a traditional goldsmith:

> What were the words my father's lips were forming? I do not know; I do not know for certain: I was never told what they were. But what else could they have been, if not magical incantations? Were they not the spirits of fire and gold, of fire and air, air breathed through the earthen pipes, of fire born of air, of gold married with fire—were not these the spirits he was invoking? Was it not their help and their friendship he was calling upon in this marriage of elemental things?

Here, as he expresses a deep feeling for his father and his father's way of life, Camara Laye also succeeds in evoking a gap of time and spirit, a *temps perdu*, by the use of a style which is basically European. Whether for the writer or the reader, these are the thoughts of solitude, not of public display. They need the printed word and the private reader. The urge is that desire to integrate the personality over time which is the basis of all nostalgia. The manner, the building up of a feeling of mystery within the nostalgia through not knowing but going on supposing, the distancing of the writer from his father by this device of rhetorical guesswork —all this is familiar in Europe already. One is drawn to ask (and I think this is within the intention of the writing) what *was* the father really doing? But would conceptions like "fire born of air" and "the marriage of elemental things" have been as close to the conventions of the goldsmith's imagination as to his son's and ours? To ask whether the voice here was

[1] *The Heroic Recitations of the Bahima of Ankole*. Edited by HENRY F. MORRIS, Oxford, 30s. *Somali Poetry: An Introduction*. By B. W. ANDRZEJEWSKI and I. M. LEWIS, Oxford, 30s. *A Selection of African Prose: Vol. I, Traditional Oral Texts; Vol. II, Written Prose*. Edited by W. H. WHITELEY, Oxford, 21s. each. *Praise-Poems of Tswana Chiefs*. Translated and edited by I. Schapera, Oxford, 45s.

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authentically African would be naïve, but the gap is a real one nevertheless. It is one of both background and orientation.

Even among the Bahima, Dr. Morris tells us, educated members of the tribe lack a real understanding of the language and significance of the herdsmen's heroic recitations. Educated language has developed away from the life of the herds and the elaborate vocabulary that goes with it, and the educated are cut off from the praise names of their fellow tribesmen because the praises of men and cattle go together:

At Rwekubo near Kinanga, the herd walked proudly having killed a loaned beast.
She Whose Horns Stand Out Above The Herd gave birth and so did She Who Has Straightened Her Horns.
She Who Prevents Others Approaching became friendly with The One Whose Horns Are As Straight As Planks.

Whereas English poets have projected the moral feelings of Europe into inanimate nature—the fields, the mountains, or the sea—the projection of Bahima life has been into the cattle, cattle which are not mere providers of food but also symbols of class pride and objects of aesthetic contemplation, so that the subtleties of shape in their horns are thought more significant than their meat. So too amongst the Chagga—not primarily a herding people—human concerns are referred to the herds:

Woe me, woe me, this is my fate, you men!
I see the bull slaughtered, you heroes!
I see his skin holds only sorrow
The skin will be stretched with pegs
The skin will be stretched out like a lizard.
Once I fled to Chief Ndetia
Then I was told he was dead.
I fled to my mother, the dear one, the loving one.
Then I was told Machaki too is dead.[2]

(Among the Chagga, the corpses of the dead used to be shrouded in the hide of a sacrificial bull.)

In the fifth volume of the *Oxford Library*, Professor Schapera's erudite and elegantly translated *Praise-Poems of Tswana Chiefs*, there is a passage in praise of Tshekedi Khama in which the downfall of a corrupt tax-collector, of men who poached eland in breach of tribal law, and of one Moanaphoti who had agitated against the great chief, are figuratively attributed to the cattle of Tshekedi's kin and supporters in the tribe:

The white-faced cow in the kraal has calved,
it is in Serogola's kraal.
Peto's cow is brown and white,
Mokhutshwane's pokes people;
we saw it scattering the tax-collectors,
it butted Pelaelo the collector and Sekeleuru;
the white-faced cow butted the eland-shooters,
the red one we saw trample on Moanaphoti.
There is a bull in Khama's kraal,
which learned fighting from people,
which learned fighting from the Tshosas;
it taught John and company how to shoot,
the pith of its horn was itching.

Tshekedi came into conflict with the John mentioned here and other sons of a daughter of his father Khama by another wife. Two of John's brothers tried to assassinate Tshekedi in 1926 but failed. Hence comes the symbol of the bull in Tshekedi's father's kraal who taught fighting to these would-be assassins after learning it from their ancestors—ancestors, that is, in the male line. The bull clearly stands for the cattle given in bridewealth to Tshekedi's father for John's mother when she was married into John's father's family. Hence it represents a mixture of relationships through men and through women in which, in spite of the friendly intentions of a marriage, an old rivalry of the male lines can reappear at the next generation. But now the enemy is inside the gate as a result of the marriage, as the bull is inside the kraal.

In such cases translation is the more difficult for being highly cross-cultural. But I hope there are not too many occasions when Dr. Morris has tidied Bahima metaphors out of existence, as when he gives:

I Whose Aid Is Sought was assailed by bullets which left me unscathed . . .

in preference to the literal:

I Whose Aid Is Sought, they [amasasi, bullets, understood] beat upon me and splashed off . . .

The idea is of bullets pouring down like a tropical rainstorm and then turning magically to water as they strike the hero. This at one time or another has been believed by people arming themselves with medicines to fight troops armed with rifles—in Uganda, Tanganyika, and the Congo, not to speak of China during the Boxer Rebellion. "Unscathed" is hardly enough.

THE GENERAL EDITORS of *The Oxford Library of African Literature* are to be congratulated on making it their principal aim to relate African literature to African life, for this alone will make the literature truly accessible and enable the general reader to distinguish the factitiously strange—some of the bizarre vocabulary and grammar, for example, of Amos Tutuola, for all the fascination of his fantasies[3]

[2] Quoted in Kathleen M. Stahl, *History of the Chagga People of Kilimanjaro* (Mouton, 1964).

[3] AMOS TUTUOLA. *Palm Wine Drinkard* (1952), *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* (1954), *Simbi and the Satyr of the Dark Jungle* (1957), *The Brave African Huntress* (1958), *Feather Woman of the Jungle* (1962), Faber.

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—from what is more profoundly creative. Given adequate commentary, their own literature speaks for a people in a fashion more authentic and authoritative than writers of travel books or even social anthropologists can often achieve. But without some initial help a reader can easily find his thoughts set off on the wrong lines and think himself confronted by an imagination more foreign, less like the imagination he knows within his own sphere, than people more accustomed to African life are likely to assume.

Professor Whiteley's two volumes of selections of oral and written prose, compiled originally for UNESCO, provide an interesting range of material but leave the reader very much to his own devices in interpreting it. Some of the stories of the oral literature are remarkable. There is, for example, a Zulu story of a barren queen despised and victimised by the other wives of the king. These other wives can give birth, though the children they produce are not human children but merely crows. Here one has a barren woman's view of her rival co-wives and their children: the overtones of the idea that they should be crows instead of human children are easily accessible to our own imagination. The queen is rescued from her predicament by two pigeons (which frequently come to the aid of barren women in Zulu folklore, though I am unable to discover the basis of this association of ideas). The pigeon-like quality of these birds is conveyed in the narrative by their talking only to one another and by one making no more than a pigeon noise, "Vukutu." The woman is, so to speak, at the other side of the stage, as though she were carrying out a ritual or inventing one:

> One said, "Vukutu." The other said, "Why do you say 'Vukutu' and not ask her what she will give us, if we give her power to have a child?" She replied, "I could give you all I possess." One said, "Vukutu." The other said, "Why do you say 'Vukutu' and not ask her what food she will give us?" She said, "I would give you my *amabele*." One said, "Vukutu." The other said, "Why do you say 'Vukutu,' since we do not eat *amabele*?" . . .

So the pattern continues for a whole page of narrative. This is one of the techniques of story-telling in oral literature: a pattern is established to give a basis of expectancy and then the narrator produces variations within it, changing the sound and the detail by improvisation.

The technique of oral narrative is well exploited in written literature in Birago Diop's *Samba-of-the-Night*, a story of a miraculous child who proceeds to rescue his brothers from a sorceress whose daughters they are rash enough to be courting:

> "Mother, give birth to me!"
> "And how can I bear you if it is not yet time?" . . .
> "Mother, give birth to me!"
> "And how can I bear you if it is not yet time?"
> "Very well, I shall do it by myself!" said the child at the first cock-crow. And he cut his own umbilical cord, washed himself, and was at the foot of his mother's bed when the midwives, attracted by the mother's cries, entered the hut. . . .

This comes from Senegal and yet, with no known mutual influences, linguistic or cultural, heroes who ask to be born and cut their own umbilical cords with the father's spear occur in the folklore of the Zulu. Birago Diop's miraculous child, Samba, appears in his brothers' path when they are on their way to the home of the sorceress. Samba takes the form of various natural objects which the brothers interfere with, and then complain about. The objects hit back by pointing out that they did not ask to be interfered with—the suggestion is that they have their own existence, their own integrity, and are not merely there for the brothers. The sorceress, though no more magical than Samba, represents an attitude exactly opposite to his: for her everything, human beings and all, must be subordinated to her own single personality. This is precisely what sorcery amounts to in much of Africa. Mr. Diop introduces passages of verse with brilliant effect where Samba tries to set impossibly lengthy tasks for the sorceress and finds her able to complete them in no time at all. The length of the lines in those verses where Samba is setting the tasks conveys the feel of the protracted natural cycle of agriculture and the long labour of domestic tasks, whereas the lines describing the sorceress accomplishing the tasks are extremely short. The impression that results is of a speed both sinister and laughable. A fusion of emotional attitudes such as fear and laughter appears commonly in African literature where it would probably be thought incongruous in Europe. It is the same with the mixture of categories, as in a Somali story that begins intriguingly:

> It is said that once a Lion, a Snake, a Thorny Fence, Fire, Flood, Deceit and Honesty owned a she-camel together.

One thing African literature may do for Europe is to help break down some of the traditional categories which Europeans have assumed to be the only natural basis of thought.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE stories, *The Soothsayer who was put to the Test*, is born of that mixture of cynicism and profound charity of

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which the Somali seem more capable than most people. A soothsayer is commanded by his Sultan to foretell what is to happen in the coming year. When the soothsayer's auguries will not work, a serpent appears and helps him on condition that he will give it half the Sultan's reward. The serpent predicts that it is to be a year of war. The soothsayer warns the Sultan, and when the war has been won he receives a liberal reward of cattle. But the soothsayer does not want to hand over half to the serpent; instead he goes and tries to kill it with his sword. The next year, a year of drought, the serpent again helps the soothsayer to predict it on the same condition of sharing the reward, but when he gets his reward the soothsayer decides to keep it all. He avoids the serpent entirely. The third year, one of plenty, the serpent helps the soothsayer again. When he gets his reward, the soothsayer repents of his earlier treatment of the serpent. This time he takes the whole of the reward and offers it to the serpent, asking then to be told the meaning of the world and life, and the serpent says:

> As for the world and life, this I will say to you: world there is but no life. What one calls life follows the world itself. God created the world; then he made many patterns for it and these patterns of the world rule the people. When the time is a time of war, each man, wherever he may be, is an enemy of all others. Thus it was, during the recent war, that you took up your sword against me, after I had helped you, saying to yourself: "Cut off his head!" When the time is a time of drought, no man is generous to his fellows, and then it was that you ran away with the animals. When there is prosperity, you will not find anyone niggardly or full of hate, and then it was that you brought all the things that had been given to you.

Here is an attitude certainly more analytic, and perhaps more humane in the tolerance of wrongs suffered, than such moral stories as that of Chaucer about the roisterers who went out to kill death. The prophecies of the serpent are in verse in the Somali original, and the whole style of telling makes one wish one knew Somali in order to have the full impact of the story-teller's language.

Strangely, though the Somali have had the Arabic script for religious purposes for many centuries, they seem never to have used it for writing their own language, unlike the Swahili further down the same coast. Andrzejewski and Lewis have performed a service to Somali as well as to European readers in producing a book of poems none of which has been printed before. A number of these are by Mahammed 'Abdille Hasan whom the British of the Joseph Chamberlain period were unrealistic enough to call the Mad Mullah. His poems, many of them works of patriotic propaganda, are single-minded and often bloodthirsty, but very far from mad:

A mantle of air and a shade-giving tree will shelter you;
The swelling of feet pricked by thorns, a thorny thicket, plants prickly and spiny,
Charred plants, hot stumps of burned trees, the hot air rising from them,
The burnt branches and tree trunks through which you pass will not harm you.

Whereas the Bahima poems are celebrations of valour, those of the Somali are more complexly political, gestures of aggression or self-justification on behalf of the factions to which the poets belong. Some raise in detail issues of particular wrongs and injustices and give them currency so that they must either be discredited or righted. The social role of poetry is an important one. A poet complains against his protector:

Was not my necklace worn brazenly in Garduur?
Was this Mataan with my beads round his neck too much for you?
Does the power of protection give way before a man who is girded for battle?
For (of course) that life is sweet I grant you,
And where terror dwells are not all men the same?

The Somali with their long adherence to Islam have partaken in a culture more widely familiar than those of much of Africa, and the interpretation of their symbolism accordingly raises fewer problems. We can all be moved, directly, by the lament for a dead lover:

The moon that shines no more,
The risen sun extinguished,
The dates on their way from Basra cut off by the sea.

THE VOLUME on Somali Poetry is a model of editing and deserves emulation. It owes much to being the joint work of a linguist and an anthropologist, for literature and the details of daily life are mutually illuminating. And even though the most modern African works speak more plainly for themselves than does the traditional literature, many readers who are not professional students of Africa would like to know what they mean to those actually brought up within the cultures and surroundings of their authors—those for whom all the tones have also their reverberations. If this were more widely accomplished, we might say in a wider context than that of the Somalis alone:

We have brought together the two lands.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Wilhelm Worringer

WILHELM WORRINGER died on the 29th of March, 1965, at the age of eighty-four. There thus passed away a man who perhaps more than any other single individual was responsible for the philosophical justification of the way in which modern art has developed during the past fifty years.

Worringer was primarily an art historian of the rigorous Germanic pattern, born at Aix-la-Chapelle, educated at the Universities of Berne and Bonn, with additional seminars at Berlin and Munich. In Munich, in 1906, he wrote a thesis to which he gave the title *Abstraktion und Einfühlung* (*Abstraction and Empathy*). He himself, has related, in a Foreword to the 1948 impression, the almost apocalyptic origin of this work. He describes how, as a young student of art history on a visit to Paris, still in search of a subject for his thesis, he went to the Trocadéro Museum.

> Not a soul in the museum. The solitary sound: my footsteps ringing in the wide halls in which all other life is extinct. Neither does any stimulating force issue from the monuments, cold plaster reproductions of medieval cathedral sculpture. I compel myself to study "the rendering of drapery." Nothing more. And my impatient glance is frequently directed to the clock.

Then an interruption—two further visitors come into the Gallery and one of them is recognisable, the Berlin philosopher, Georg Simmel. Worringer had "gate-crashed" two of his lectures while in Berlin and had then received "the powerful impression of his spiritual personality, which the manner of his lecturing conveyed with such remarkable clarity."

> It was the ensuing hours spent in the halls of the Trocadéro with Simmel, in a contact consisting solely in the atmosphere created by his presence, that produced in a sudden, explosive act of birth the world of ideas which then found its way into my thesis and first brought my name before the public.

Worringer went back to Munich and wrote his thesis "in a state of spiritual intoxication."

As usual, the prescribed number of compulsory copies of this thesis were privately printed. One of these copies fell into the hands of Paul Ernst, a poet and essayist of some fame at the time. Overlooking the private nature of the publication, and strongly affected by his reading of the thesis. Ernst wrote an enthusiastic review which was published in the periodical *Kunst und Künstler*. This led to a wide demand for the thesis, which could not be met. The newly established Munich publisher, Reinhard Piper, offered to publish a trade edition. This appeared in 1908 and was a sensational success. It was read by the *avant-garde* artists then in Munich —Kandinsky, Kirchner, Franz Marc, Schmidt-Rottluff, and many others. All were deeply impressed by its theme.

Before describing the theory that Worringer put forward in this thesis, we may briefly note Worringer's subsequent career. From 1909 to 1928 he was a "*privatdozent*" at the Universities of Berne and Bonn. Then in 1928 he was called to the chair of Modern Art History at the Albertus University, Königsberg. There for sixteen years he taught with great success and increasing fame, undeterred by the growing menace around him. In a letter he wrote to me after the war he described how he and his sympathisers had survived as in a besieged fortress, fighting with every word against the hated enemy ("*mit jedem Wort gegen den verhassten Ungeist... der draussen triumphierte*"). But in the end he had to flee. On the excuse of visiting one of his daughters he went to Berlin at the end of 1944 and never returned, sacrificing all his possessions in Königsberg. He survived the war in this "sanctuary" and in 1946 was offered and accepted the chair of Art History at the Martin Luther University, Halle. In spite of the unsympathetic "political climate" of the Eastern Zone he felt that this was preferable to a struggle against the reactionaries of the Western Zone. But it was not for long. Five years later he reached the age of seventy and retired to Munich where he lived quietly in the Heidelberger Platz, surrounded by his books and pictures and cared for by his devoted wife, Marta, an artist of great talent. The Worringers had three daughters named after famous characters in German fiction—Brigitte, Renate and Lucinde. Brigitte, who became a doctor, died tragically of a disease contracted from one of her patients.

THE THEME of *Abstraction and Empathy* is simple but, at the time of its publication,[1] was revolutionary. The point of departure is the "aesthetic subjectivism" introduced by Theodor Lipps (1851–1914), the inventor of the theory of empathy, according to which, in its most con-

[1] The book was repeatedly printed in Germany —eleven editions between 1908 and 1951. An English translation, though often planned, did not appear until 1953 (translated by Michael Bullock, Routledge & Kegan Paul, London).

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cise formulation, aesthetic enjoyment is objectified self-enjoyment. "To enjoy aesthetically means to enjoy myself in a sensuous object diverse from myself, to empathise myself into it" (Worringer). "What I empathise into it is quite generally life. And life is energy, inner working, striving and accomplishing. In a word, life is activity. But activity is that in which I experience an expenditure of energy." No question of pleasure or unpleasure (the classical aesthetics); just the sensation itself, the inner life, the inner self-activation, transmitted by the work of art.

It is impossible here to enter into all the refinements of Lipps' theory, but adequate as it is for certain types of art (roughly speaking, art of the Classical tradition) Worringer shows that it had no relevance to other types or traditions of art. To explain the nature of these other types he "used" the work of Gottfried Semper (1803–79) and Alois Riegl (1858–1905). Semper in his book *Der Stil* (1860) had presented a materialistic theory of the genesis of the work of art (utilitarian purpose, form determined by material and technique), which Worringer found inadequate. Riegl, whose important books *Stilfragen* (1893) and *Spätrömische kunstindustrie* (1901) still remain untranslated into English, is much more to the point. He had introduced the typical Germanic and dangerous concept of *the will*—a will to form. Every work of art becomes simply an objectification of this *a priori* artistic volition. Wölfflin had already accepted Riegl's correction of Semper; technology never creates a style, he had written in *Renaissance und Barock*; a feeling for form is always the primary factor.

At this point Worringer introduced the concept of alienation, which he derived from Hegel rather than Marx. Aesthetic experience, he concluded, is dual by nature—it has two opposite poles. But these poles are only gradations of a common need—the need for self-alienation. In one direction (empathy) the individual is seeking to lose himself in the enjoyment of the harmonic form of an alien object (the work of art); in the other direction the individual is seeking deliverance from

> the fortuitousness of humanity as a whole, from the seeming arbitrariness of organic existence in general, in the contemplation of something necessary and irrefragable.

In the one case *"la dolce vita,"* distraction whether spiritual or sensuous; in the other case "the uncanny pathos which attaches to the animation of the inorganic."

Worringer's life-work was devoted to an elaboration of this all-embracing theory of art. In *Abstraction and Empathy* he makes the broad distinctions—between Classical, Gothic, and Oriental, with subsidiary distinctions between Northern Celto-German and Late Byzantine, Late Gothic and Renaissance, between various types of ornament (naturalistic Mycenaean and abstract Dipylon). What clearly emerges from all this is the delineation of a distinct style which Worringer called *abstract*—sometime before the appearance of a modern abstract art.

Abstraction and Empathy was followed in 1912 by *Form-Probleme der Gotik* (which I was instrumental in getting translated as early as 1927). *Ägyptische Kunst: Probleme ihrer Wertung* appeared in 1927 (translation 1928), *Griechentum und Gotik: Vom Weltreich des Hellenismus* in 1928. Worringer's work was virtually complete; subsequent publications are minor extensions or applications of the theory (*Problematik der Gegenwartskunst*, 1948; *Fragen und Stilfragen*, 1956). His last important essays were written in 1954 ("Ars Una?") and 1959 (an epilogue "after fifty years" written for the final edition of *Abstraktion und Einfühlung*). It should not be forgotten, however, that throughout his career Worringer published numerous essays on purely art-historical subjects—*e.g.*, on Early German Book Illustration, on the Origins of the Cabinet Picture, on Gothic Architecture and Ornament, on Dürer and Michael Pacher.

Worringer, who was a forceful and witty writer when not involved in theoretical discussions, once said: "I ask in the form of statements" (*Ich frage in der Form von Behauptungen*). A certain rashness or adventurousness in his writings did not appeal to his staider academic colleagues in Germany, but after Wölfflin there can be no doubt that he has had the widest world influence (his books have been translated into eighteen languages).

I may perhaps conclude with a note on his influence in England. When, at the end of the First World War, A. R. Orage asked me to edit the posthumous papers of T. E. Hulme, I for the first time became acquainted with Worringer's name. Hulme had come across Paul Ernst's references to Worringer's thesis and at the Berlin Congress of Aesthetics in 1913 he had heard Worringer lecture and had had "some conversation with him." The lecture Hulme gave in London in 1914 on "Modern Art and its Philosophy" was, he admitted, "practically an abstract of Worringer's views" (I did not realise, when I published the essay, that the epigraph appearing on the title-page—"The fright of the mind before the unknown created not only the first gods, but also the first art"—was a quotation from *Abstraktion und Einfühlung*). Shortly after the publication of

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Hulme's *Speculations* I visited Worringer in Bonn, being received as a house-guest, and thereafter we remained friends until the end of his life. Wars sadly interrupted our communications, but I have always regarded myself as a disciple of Worringer, and many of the ideas I have propagated are his ideas. I believe that he threw more light on the nature of the human activity we call "art" than any other philosopher of our time, and that his influence will remain effective so long as the fundamental questions are asked about art. At the conclusion of his "Schlusswort" to the 1959 edition of *Abstraktion und Einfühlung* he refers to an essay published for the first time in *Fragen und Gegenfragen* and remarks: "This essay, so recently published, not for nothing bears the title 'Ars Una?' and not for nothing did I place a big irrevocable question-mark after the title." In revealing for the first time the essential disunity of the phenomenon called art, Worringer justified for all time the modern revolution in art, "the tradition of the new."

Herbert Read

A Coupon for Instant Tradition

On "Tom Brown's Schooldays" — By KENNETH ALLSOP

"It is a mistake to educate your child differently from most of the people he knows socially." —LORD SNOW, *socialist, member of the Labour Government's Brain Bank, Leicestershire council school boy who invaded the corridors of power, castigator of the Two Cultures and the caste system that divides Them from Us, explaining in the House of Lords why he is sending his son to Eton.*

"I hope that more of the middle classes will send their children to State schools. If some or all of the public schools go under because of competition, we should not be unduly perturbed."—HUMPHREY BERKELEY, *Tory M.P., criticising the educational privilege of the rich to an audience of Manchester Young Conservatives.*

THE CONTRADICTIONS in the British attitude to the public schools are far more interestingly intricate than Left or Right, For or Against. Even the case for the defence is an emotional ravel, part materialism and part mysticism, part guilt and part pride, part reality and part myth. Are the better-off British now scattering at the Labour Government's blow against tax concessions for privately paid fees and the fear that Harrow, etc., will be turned into techs or Kidbrooke-type comprehensives? Certainly since 1961 there has been a marked fall from the peak of 12,000 annual candidates for the Common Entrance, and 1964's applications were ten per cent down, but this may be merely a temporary reflection of the lower birth-rate of the early 'fifties. Dr. Walter Hamilton, chairman of the Headmasters' Conference and headmaster of Rugby, obviously sees no likelihood of having to shut up shop, for he reported recently that Rugby, anyway, is booked up for the next decade.

It is probably fair return that Rugby at least should be thriving, since one deeply-rooted explanation of this creeper-like creed, matted as ivy around our crumbled façade, sprouted from that soil. Nor do I mean Dr. Thomas Arnold, headmaster from 1828–1842, whose reforms and dicta ("What we look for is, first, religious and moral principle; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability") earned him the title of architect of the modern public school system. If Arnold was the architect, then the jerrybuilder and salesman, the image-merchant who knocked up the brochure of the popularised, romantic, catchpenny Dream School, was Thomas Hughes.

Hughes' thinly fictionalised account of his own time under Arnold was published in 1856, since when the brainwashing by *Tom Brown's Schooldays* has never switched off. With spiralling incredulity I have just been re-reading the copy unopened since childhood, and have been stirred to enquire about its sales. Eight British publishers keep copyright editions constantly in print, and since copyright expired in 1957 five other publishers have issued it. Obviously it is still handed out in huge numbers to the annual public school intake, a manual and gospel of what it will be like and what they must make of themselves. I suppose few adults read this humid drivel, but merely retain a hazy memory of its healthy rough and tumble, its lofty moral tone. Perhaps *The Everyman Dictionary of English Literature* is only too right in assessing

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it "the best picture of English public school life in the language." But how can another literary reference book rhapsodise:

> An honester, manlier story was never written.... It teaches, by contagion of example, those sterling virile virtues which have made the English one of the great dominant races of civilisation. To read *Tom Brown* is to have an exhilarating sense of the vigorous young manhood of that nation, its joy in fruitful activity.

On the contrary I found that to read *Tom Brown* is to have an asphyxiating sensation; but I think *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* speaks the truth: "...considerably influenced English ideas on public schools." Hang it (as Tom would say), I'm sure it has, and the contagion of example remains endemic.

The author's thick-headed self-satisfaction, fluctuating between a facetious smugness and a creepy piety, is peppered with exhortative asides ("You English boys for whom this book is meant. God bless your bright faces and kind hearts!"). Three themes, none of them meant as such, thread the narrative: cruelty, conformity, and homosexuality.

MUCH OF THE CRUELTY might be—and no doubt always has been—put down to the jolly boisterousness of the time. In fact few pages pass without a description of running blood and cries of suffering. Hughes' evident preoccupation with violence and pain is always disguised with a hearty chuckle or a paean to manliness—for instance, when repining that "the noble old game of back-sword" has declined among the yokels. The weapon is "a good stout ash-stick," the object "simply to break one another's heads." It is "the time-honoured ceremony" at Rugby to force new boys to mount a table and sing under penalty of drinking salt and water. There are dormitory wars with slippers; boots and fists incessantly crunch into others' bodies. Stoning birds is "good honest pecking": it is "great fun rushing along the hedgerows and discharging stone after stone at the blackbirds and chaffinches." As you may guess, like the hunted fox, the birds enter into the spirit of the sport. They chase one old blackbird "who was evidently used to the thing and enjoyed the fun."

When describing how Tom and Slogger Williams exchange bare-knuckle blows until both are pulped and gory, Hughes sounds edgily insecure, so vociferous is his praise of punching. "A good hearty mill' is a splendid catharsis:

> after all, what would life be without fighting? From cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real, highest, honestest business, of every son of man.

The scrap is interrupted by the Doctor, who is reassured when a prefect says: "They're the sort of boys who'll be all the better friends now." (How true. Tom and Slogger shake hands with "great satisfaction and mutual respect.") Hughes adds: "Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels." He urges his readers: "Learn to box then....It's the proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."

The legal lashings are implicit in a house that is "ruled well and strongly." In a revealing passage the Doctor expounds his philosophy for implanting discipline into Christian gentlemen. Bullying must be answered by "a good sound thrashing before the whole house. Severe physical pain is the only way to deal with such a case." Hughes corroborates the healthiness of severe physical pain by mentioning that years later the chastened bully sought out the flogger and thanked him for "the kindest act ever done upon him and the turning point in his character." But when Tom is roasted before a fire by bullies ("Good God, he's dying"; a smell of burning; head falls on breast; he comes round with "Mother" on his lips and feebly murmuring, not too aptly, "It's cold tonight"; he is bedded with bandaged buttocks) the Doctor doesn't investigate the barbecuing of his pupil, presumably believing that every trainee Christian gentleman has to burn a bit.

FUNDAMENTAL TO THE SYSTEM is that a boy shall pliantly adapt to the imposed standards and behaviour-pattern. Tom is a natural. He gets the point on the first day at Rugby, when tipped off that "A great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him and answers straightforward and holds his head he gets on." East, his mentor, further drives home the ethic of conformity and togetherness. He follows a list of the bones recently snapped at football with: "No Schoolhouse boy would cut a match. If he did, we'd very soon cut him." Tom shows his eagerness to integrate by plunging into the muddy *mêlée*, being crushed insensible, and hearing Old Brooke, "cock of the School," say: "Bravo, youngster, you played famously!" That night, when the bully-boys come roaring in to toss the cowering rookies in a blanket, Tom's heart thumps but he says quietly: "I shan't hide, East." He marches off for the tossing ("What a trump!" "He's a good plucked one"). It is by now totally plain that Tom will not only survive but succeed in the system—unlike Martin ("mad as a hatter") who loves birds and wild creatures. "Of course, poor Martin,

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in consequence of his pursuits, had become an Ishmaelite." With a chuckle and a head-shake of reproof, Hughes recounts how Martin is persecuted, his birds killed and tortured.

Tom unquestioningly accepts also that, while many of the shadowy *lumpenproletariat* beyond the school enclave are "competent rustics," there are additionally the "town louts" who every now and then have to be bashed back into subservience. Hughes has blunt words for "the reformers" corrupting working boys with "all the new-fangled comprehensive plans... your great Mechanics' Institutes end in intellectual priggism." Appointing himself spokesman for the sagacious but inarticulate peasants, Hughes warns these agitators "busy with all sorts of philanthropic intellectualism, and circulating libraries and museums." With a gruff laugh, he scoffs: "Bless your hearts, we ain't so green." The flabby non-public-school population of Britain may be mooning over books in Mechanics' Institutes, instead of robustly coshing each other with good, stout ash-sticks, but at Rugby they know which is more important. This emerges in a speech from Old Brooke, bluff but intensely emotional: "I know I'd sooner win two School-house matches running than get the Balliol scholarship any day"—frantic cheers. He gives a toast "which should bind us all together. It is to the dear old School-house—the best house of the best school in England!"

One's doubts about that increase at Tom's meeting with Arthur. Tom is put in charge of "a slight pale boy with large blue eyes and light fair hair" (a scheme of the wise Doctor's to steady Tom up with responsibilities) whom he advises: "Don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters.... They'll call you home-sick, or mamma's darling." When Arthur, in night-gown, kneels to pray a brutal fellow jeers at him. Tom, "every drop of blood in his body tingling," hurls a boot at the bully. As yet, Arnold's "manly piety" has not leavened the school and praying is not "done." But Tom, shamed by Arthur's meek courage, begins regularly to pray.

Hughes spends pages here shuffling his feet and clearing his throat to establish that Tom and Arthur's relationship is purely spiritual, containing nothing of the tainted amorousness hinted at in a footnote:

> An old Rugbeian notes: The "small friend system was not so utterly bad from 1841–1847." Before that, too, there were many noble friendships between big and little boys, but I can't strike out the passage; many boys will know why it is left in.

Indeed they will. For East and Tom collar "one of the miserable little pretty white-headed curly-headed boys, petted and pampered by some of the big fellows." After kicking the "pretty little dear," Tom remarks: "Worst sort we breed. Thank goodness no big fellow ever took to petting me." Having fumigated the foetid air, Hughes conducts Tom back to "poor little" Arthur, weeping over his Bible. "Why, young 'un, what's the matter. You ain't unhappy, are you?" He may now decently put his arm around Arthur's neck.

"Oh, no, Brown," replied Arthur. "You are so kind to me, I'm very happy." They have a chat about the Bible and Arthur's dead father, family confidences Tom has previously discouraged because he would "be softened and less manly for thinking of home." Thank heavens, due to the influence of Tom, Arthur learns to run and play cricket and not to "hurt himself by too much reading." But he remains delicate and catches fever. Tom thinks: "Oh, God, can I bear to lose him?" He sits reading the Bible, waiting to see him. Arthur is stretched on the sofa, the setting sun lighting white face and golden hair, an angel, Tom thinks. "Never till that moment had he felt how his little chum had twined himself around his heart strings." He "steals gently across the room, kneels and"—here it comes again—"puts his arm around Arthur's head." Arthur lays his "thin white hand on which the blue veins stood out so plainly, on Tom's great brown fist" and smiles. Cuddling chastely, they softly converse, Tom going into rather sickly domestic details: "You won't believe how clean I've kept the study." Arthur confesses that his heart is troubled. "Tom, will you be angry if I talk to you very seriously?" It is Tom who has made Rugby "a paradise" for him—but he wants him to cease using cribs. Tom's non-intellectual mug creases with puzzlement: "Why, young 'un?" "Because you are the honestest boy in Rugby, and that ain't honest. What were you sent to Rugby for?" Tom struggles to express the unspoken code. He is at Rugby because he wants to be "A-1 at cricket and football, and to make my hands keep my head against any fellow, lout or gentleman," and he wants to be remembered as "a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one."

That last credential should not be taken to have saucy sexual ambiguities, for by now Hughes has soared, forgetful of his earlier dark hints of unmentionable sordidness, into a cloud-land of sentiment. Arthur squeezes Tom's hand. They sit snuggling in the twilight, while Arthur talks quietly of God and the Bible and of not using cribs. The chapter ends with Tom taking his candle to bed. "I leave you all to guess how

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he slept, and what he dreamt of" Hughes concludes.

Tom not only himself renounces using cribs, but converts all his friends to cribless work. The final scene achieves a mawkishness of a radiance difficult to convey. It is Tom Brown's Last Match. He sits in white flannels and straw hat, a "strapping figure, with ruddy tanned face and whiskers, curly brown hair and laughing dancing eye." As you are probably willing to bet, Arthur isn't far away: he is squatting on the grass, face twinkling with "silent quaint fun," listening while Tom talks to a clergyman master, modestly insisting that he hasn't accomplished the fine art of ruling, even as captain of the eleven—if only the Doctor would let him stay on until twenty. "I don't want to leave, I'm sure."

"What a sight it is," says the master, "the Doctor as ruler. Perhaps ours is the only little corner of the British Empire which is thoroughly, wisely and strongly ruled." They refer to East, now an officer in the Indian Army: "No fellow could handle boys better," says Tom, "and I suppose soldiers are very like boys."

So THERE IS Tom Brown, a hulking nineteen wanting to stay a schoolboy, pickled in ruddy beefiness and his spoony relationship with Arthur, believing that all soldiers are like boys, that niggers begin at Calais, that all's well with the world as long as English boys play cricket, read the Bible, don't crib and don't bully. Well, Tom Brown did remain a public school boy forever, because his *alter ego*, Thomas Hughes, was a barrister in his mid-thirties when he was reliving on paper his fusty little idyll of golden philistine youth, locked up in a Victorian conditioning ritual and an arrested adolescence, safe from the intrusion of the more perplexing concepts and problems of adult life. A mythology had to be woven to justify a brutalising, utilitarian system for staffing the British Empire, to persuade those exposed to it, and susceptible to the conceit, that it had a higher magic. Of course the production line has been patchily modernised but the goods manufactured remain much the same: Sanders of the River in bulk for short-haul delivery to the jungle clearings of Lloyds and the ad agencies. And the brand is still sold, as the publishing statistics show, by *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. It is neither cartoon nor horror comic. It is a commercial masquerading as a "classic," a coupon for instant tradition. Just believe the slogans, pay the price and the secret formula will make your son a new man, or, anyway, a permanent adolescent.

Hook's Hegel

PROFESSOR SIDNEY HOOK'S essay [ENCOUNTER, January] on the Knox-Pelczynski edition of *Hegel's Political Writings* pinpoints most of the issues crucial to any discussion of Hegel's political thinking. It is not, however, free from some of the misconceptions which have bedevilled this discussion in the past two generations.

While rejecting Karl Popper's diatribe against Hegel, Professor Hook maintains that Hegel was a "German nationalist from the very *beginning* of his career" and that during the Bismarckian period "he was universally regarded by the German Establishment as *unser Nationalphilosoph*." Both statements, I am afraid, fly in the face of textual and historical evidence.

If Hegel were a nationalist "from the very *beginning* of his career," this would have to be proved from his *Early Theological Writings*, which predate *The German Constitution* by several years. Yet an examination of these essays reveals that the only passages which have any bearing on problems of nationalism are *vehemently anti-nationalist* and totally opposed to the romantic notions of the German nationalist literature of that period. Hegel dismisses the Herderian tradition of reviving the German *Ur-Mythos* and *Ur-Volk*, maintaining that the old Germanic tradition

> has nothing in our day to connect or adapt itself to; it stands as cut off from the whole circle of our ideas, opinions and beliefs, and it is as strange as the imagery of Ossian or of India (*Hegel's Early Theological Writings*, Knox-Kroner edition, p. 149).

As for the essay on *The German Constitution*, one usually tends to forget the perhaps trivial yet not totally insignificant fact that the original manuscript had no title, and that the now famous title *Die Verfassung Deutchlands* dates from Georg Mollat's first full edition of this essay in 1893. More than a mere title is involved here. A careful study of this long essay suggests that the question of German unification on a nationalist basis hardly figures in the manuscript, and that what Hegel is really after is the reform of the structure and institutional traditions of the

THIS CRITIQUE of Sidney Hook's "Hegel Rehabilitated", published in the January ENCOUNTER, *is by Dr. Shlomo Avineri, of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who has published various studies of Hegel, Marx, and German political philosophy in general. Professor Hook will be replying in an early number.*

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German politico-social system. What Hegel criticises is the *absence of any sort of political authority in Germany*. When he starts his essay with the bombshell "*Deutschland ist kein Staat mehr*," he does not have *national* unification in mind, but the creation of some kind, of any kind, of authority which would be *political* in the Hegelian sense—*i.e.* universalistic and not particularistic, an authority which could safeguard the common, and not private, interests. Hegel criticises the existing hotch-potch of kingdoms, principalities, bishoprics, duchies, landgravates and free imperial cities not as an impediment to national unity, which does not concern him at all, but as a stumbling block to the emergence of modern political life in Germany. He does not even accord the German petty states the honour of referring to them as "states." Throughout the essay he contemptuously dismisses them as mere "estates" (*Stände*), belonging rather to the egotistic and particularistic civil society than to the universal realm of the state. Their very existence makes political life in Germany impossible.

Far from dealing with the quest for national unity, the whole essay is concerned with proposals for the reform of the antiquated, medieval, stagnant socio-political fabric of Germany, and this is brought out most clearly by Dr. Pelczynski in his Introductory Essay. Moreover, Hegel feels that the non-existence of a political organisation in Germany is the cause of a dangerous political vacuum in Central Europe. Believing in the idea of a European Balance of Power (surely a pre-nationalist notion), Hegel feels that the existence of some sort of political organisation in Germany is required and that this could be achieved only by doing away with Germany's hybrid combination of feudalism and petty-absolutism. A German "1789" was needed, and the essay is really the adaptation of the ideas of the French Revolution to German reality. In this essay Hegel emerges as the most radical opponent of the German *status quo*. Whatever his later conservative sins might have been, there is nothing of subservience, timidity, or time-serving here.

Significantly, Hegel does not even consider the original Prussian territory to be part of the reconstituted political entity of Germany. The Prussian state itself is for Hegel a lifeless, sterile mechanism (*Hegel's Political Writings*, pp. 163–164); it is spiritless, narrowly bureaucratic, and mechanistic. Freedom, which for Hegel consists of representation and modern political institutions, can be safeguarded only by a state "which itself rests on this system of freedom." Since "without a representative body, freedom is no longer thinkable" (p. 234), Prussia is naturally ruled out as the lever for political modernisation in Germany. Few German writers have criticised Frederician Prussia in harsher terms.

Furthermore, Hegel considers national or ethnic characteristics irrelevant to the modern state, and I find it really difficult to understand how Professor Hook can conceive as "a nationalist" a writer who had the following to say about ethnico-national ties:

> In our day the tie between members of a state in respect of manners, education, language may be rather loose or even non-existent. Identity in these matters, once the foundation of a people's union, is now to be reckoned amongst the accidents whose character does not hinder a mass from constituting a public authority.... Thus dissimilarity in culture and manners is a necessary product as well as a necessary condition of the stability of the modern states.

In an earlier draft of *The German Constitution* which is not included in the Knox-Pelczynski edition, Hegel cites some examples:

> The powerful Austrian and Russian monarchs rule over many languages which do not even have a common origin.... The languages of many provinces of France and England differ from the dominant language.... In Wales and the Hebrides English is not spoken at all....

With such ideas in his mind, there is no wonder that Hegel's political allegiance during the Napoleonic Wars was anything but that of a German nationalist. 1813 is the true shibboleth of early 19th century German nationalism, and Professor Hook completely overlooks Hegel's attitude during that early period.

In 1806, Hegel most explicitly welcomed the Prussian defeat at Jena, writing to a friend that he "wishes the French victory and success" and calling Napoleon a "World Soul" (*Weltseele*) and "the Great Constitutional Lawyer of Paris." This follows most clearly from the ideas expounded in the so-called *The German Constitution*. Napoleon put a drastic end to the medieval anarchy in Germany, introduced rational legislation, and a codification based on universal norms and principles rather than on positive, historical law. After all, Napoleon's transformation of Germany corresponded for the most part to Hegel's own blueprint of political reform in *The German Constitution*. It was no idle conjecture on the part of some of Hegel's commentators to suggest that Hegel actually had Napoleon in mind when he spoke in 1802 of "a German Theseus." Hence Hegel's hostile attitude to the German anti-French insurrection in 1813, hence his support for Napoleon up to the bitter end and his final moving lament after Waterloo: "Our great Napoleon—who would have ever thought this would, could, have been his end" (Hegel's *Briefe*, II, p. 23).

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Far from being a servile supporter of Metternichian reaction, Hegel is full of criticism of the Vienna Congress and the reactionary measures enacted by it: this can be easily seen from his correspondence in 1815–1820 with Niethammer, Fromann, Hinrichs, von Tadden, *et al.* The only satisfaction the Vienna arrangements brought him was the fact that no central authority was established in Germany and that the clamour for German unity did not prevail in the Councils of Europe. "The nonsensical arrangement called the German Empire... reached the end it deserved" is his final verdict in 1816.

But then why was Hegel in favour of a central political authority in Germany in 1802 and opposed to it in 1816? The answer to this lies in the fact that the historical situation had changed completely. Not only had the number of political units in Germany been reduced from some 300 to 37, but most of them had been completely overhauled, modernised, and developed from patrimonial "estates" into modern political states. Varying degrees of representative institutions had been introduced; a codified rational law replaced the archaic monstrosities of case law; a relatively enlightened bureaucracy based on the Napoleonic principle of *carrière ouverte aux talents* ruled where earlier nepotism, corruption, incompetence had held sway. This was achieved either directly by French administration or pressure (as in Rhineland-Westphalia, Bavaria, Württemberg) or by way of response to the French challenge (as in Prussia). These modern states did not need any superimposed political machinery which the medieval "estates" of 1802 needed so badly; they were themselves modern states.

When Hegel opposed the nationalist movement after 1815 it was precisely because the nationalists wanted to replace these modern, rationally-organised states by what amounts to a romantic chimera of a subjective idea of an idealised German medieval past. They wanted to do away with modern, rational codification and replace it by traditional German law. They were historicist, traditionalist, anti-rationalist, anti-French and anti-Enlightenment (hence also their anti-semitism). When Hegel attacked one of the nationalist leaders, Fries, it was not because he was a Kantian (of sorts), nor because "Fries was in trouble with the police," as suggested by Professor Hook. It was because Fries' Wartburg Address was one of the worst demagogic, fanatical, obscurantist and racialist outbursts of German chauvinism. It is surely ironical that this dark corner of German history should find in Professor Hook one of its defenders.

Sidney Hook takes it for granted that Hegel was considered by the Bismarckian Establishment as a German nationalist philosopher. The facts, however, seem to indicate something quite different. *Prior to 1870, nobody ever identified Hegel with German nationalism.* On the contrary, the most influential image of Hegel in Germany was the one represented in Rudolf Haym's *Hegel und seine Zeit* (published in 1857), where Hegel is impeached as a traitor to German nationalism and unification. Nobody ever seriously questioned this till 1870, especially as Hegel's connection with Prussia meant that he was allied to the most anti-nationalist power in early 19th-century Germany.

By referring to Hegel as *"unser Nationalphilosoph,"* Professor Hook is probably alluding to Karl Rosencranz's book *Hegel als deutscher Nationalphilosoph.* It must be noted that the year of its publication (1870) was not only the centenary of Hegel's birth; it was also the high tide of German nationalism, and Rosencranz's book is a most tedious and deplorable study in nationalistic apologetics. It is vastly inferior to his two earlier books on Hegel, where very little is said about nationalism. When he wrote this third book about his master in 1870, he was an old and ailing man, setting out (as he admits in his Introduction) to save Hegel from the political wilderness into which he had been driven by the *Sturm und Drang* of German nationalism. Not only is it a rambling, gossipy work of a failing intellect: one has to read it to realise how misleading its title is even on Rosencranz's own premises. Rosencranz himself does not claim that Hegel was a nationalist in his political outlook. What he really sets out to do is to vindicate Hegel as a German literary classic, much like Goethe. This may or may not be true, but it has little to do with Hegel's political attitudes; nor did the general textbooks of philosophy or history in the Bismarckian period have anything else to say about Hegel in regard to his nationalism.

For Hegel was always considered as a sort of dangerous alien by the full-blooded German nationalists. Not only the Nazis thought his philosophy smacked of something Jewish (if one may borrow Professor Hook's expression). As early as the 1830s, an anonymous writer (probably O. H. Gruppe) produced an amusing if otherwise worthless verse comedy which lampooned Hegel as *"Absolutus, Philosoph zu Utopien,"* surrounded by a garlic-smelling coterie of students—Arroganz, Absalom, and Israel, the sons of Aaron Gans, "A Jewish Innkeeper and Distiller of Concrete Spirit." On a more serious level, K. E. Schubart attacked Hegel's philosophy as totally alien to the Prussian tradition and suggested that it be

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banned from the universities, as it is "totally inimical to the Prussian state, constitutes a threat to undermine the existing order of the body politic and to bring about sedition and rebellion . . ."

THIS BRINGS ONE to the question of Hegel's attitude to Prussia. Prussia is a dirty word nowadays, and much misunderstanding has been caused by a semantic projection of the image of post-1870 Prussia on to the earlier periods. But the 19th century knew at least four "Prussias." There was the military Hohenzollern-cum-Junker state, "an army in possession of a state," which received its death blow at Jena in 1806. There was the reformed, enlightened Prussia of von Stein and Hardenberg. Then the romantic, pietistic, pseudo-medieval Prussia of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. And finally, the nationalist Prussia of Bismarck. Hegel detested the first Prussia, as is made clear in *The German Constitution* and in his remarks about the Prussian defeat at Jena. He was virtually ostracised by the third—Friedrich Wilhelm IV summoned the ageing Schelling to Berlin University to stamp out the Hegelian heritage root and branch. It is hardly imaginable that Hegel would have welcomed Bismarck's Prusso-Germany, which was the worst combination of Prussian *Junkertum*, pietistic humbug, and romantic nationalism. It was the second Prussia, Prussia of the Age of Reform, with which Hegel identified himself. Surely Professor Hook would agree that given the German circumstances of 1815–1830, this certainly was not the worst of choices. Or is anyone who wasn't a Jacobin at that time anathema?[1]

The point, however, is that Hegel backed the wrong horse. Though anticipating many of the traits of the modern state, Hegel was basically rather out of touch with his own *Zeitgeist*. His idealised version of a reformed, effectively-run Prussia, headed by an enlightened monarch and a "universal class" of bureaucrats (in a way, a Napoleonic empire without Napoleonic *grandeur*) never materialised. Hegel idealised it even while it was already breaking up.[2]

Romanticism and nationalism, both of which he detested, got the upper hand, and Hegel's political philosophy remained one of the Lost Causes of German history, along with the noble aspirations of von Stein—and Goethe. Fichte's disciples, with their subjectivist ethics, nationalistic *mores*, and totalitarian tendencies (*cf.* Fichte's *The Closed Commercial State*) obliterated the delicate autonomy of Hegel's Civil Society and subordinated it to the nationalist dream that was to turn European history into a nightmare. How far Hegel himself became one of the major victims of his own inability to read his own *Zeitgeist* correctly is evident from the fact that he is even held responsible for the movement which turned him into one of its first victims. A very sad commentary indeed on *die List der Vernunft*.

Shlomo Avineri

[1] Some recent re-appraisals of Hegel's political philosophy include: Walter Kaufmann, "The Hegel Myth," in his *From Shakespeare to Existentialism* (1960) and his just-published *Hegel: Reinterpretation, Texts and Commentary* (Doubleday, 1965); Leon J. Goldstein, "The Meaning of 'State' in Hegel's Philosophy of History," *The Philosophical Quarterly* (Jan. 1962); and Eugène Fleischmann, *La philosophie politique de Hegel* (Paris, 1964).

[2] On this see my "Hegel and Nationalism," *Review of Politics* (Oct. 1962); also "Hegel and War," *Journal of the History of Ideas* (Oct.-Dec. 1961).

Viet Nam Argument

By P. J. Honey

OVER MANY YEARS Richard Lowenthal's lucid, balanced, and eminently sensible political writings in ENCOUNTER and elsewhere have earned him my respect and admiration. It is, therefore, with no little disappointment that I feel obliged to disagree with the views he expresses in "America's Asian Commitment" [ENCOUNTER, October]. Having no first-hand knowledge of Viet Nam himself, Mr. Lowenthal appears to me to have accepted uncritically some of the ill-informed and unfounded opinions about Viet Nam which have proliferated in recent months and to have based his arguments

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upon them. He does not, of course, indulge in the sweeping and baseless assertions which have become almost the hallmark of so many Teach-ins. Indeed, much of what he has written would be instantly rejected by the committed "teachers-in" as unacceptable. Nevertheless, since the article is based upon some wrong premises, its conclusions are mistaken.

1. When Ngo Dinh Diem returned to Saigon in 1954 to head the first independent government of South Viet Nam this century, he was the repository of the hopes of virtually all non-Communist Vietnamese for a clean, liberal, democratic government. As such, he fully merited the support given him by the United States. By 1956, however, it was already clear that he had failed to live up to these hopes and was establishing an authoritarian régime which would tolerate no political dissent. At that time the Americans should have pressed for greater liberalisation and, if these pressures met with no response, should have considered withdrawing their aid. They did not do so, but continued to give unquestioning support to Ngo Dinh Diem for the sake of political expediency. Their action made the future course of the Diem régime inevitable and damaged the American image in Asia. Later on, armed aggression by North Viet Nam made American withdrawal infinitely more difficult, for it was quite clear that without foreign aid South Viet Nam could not have resisted the attempt to force upon her a Communist régime repugnant to the overwhelming majority of her people.

During my recent stay in South Viet Nam large numbers of Vietnamese people left me in no doubt of their general gratitude for American help in resisting the Vietcong. I also found growing confidence that Vietcong insurgency *would* be overcome, and that South Viet Nam would then have the opportunity of establishing the kind of government which Ngo Dinh Diem failed to set up in 1954.

2. In the fall of 1963 the government of Ngo Dinh Diem was overthrown by a popular revolt headed by the army. Nobody has ever questioned that this revolt, and its outcome, were in accord with the wishes of the South Vietnamese people. Why it should have destroyed the Vietnamese government's "only basis of political legitimacy" I cannot understand. If it has somehow done so, then the governments of a great many other countries too have no such basis.

3. The misconception that the 1954 Geneva Agreements bound South Viet Nam to accept national elections in 1956 has been created by

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Communist propagandists and is now widespread. Here is the considered opinion of a well-known and respected specialist in international law.[1]

> ...there was no legal basis for forcing the election on the Government of (South) Viet Nam. Since the Viet Nam Delegation had protested against the Geneva Agreements in a formal statement filed on July 21st, 1954, it could certainly not be said that the Diem Government consented or acquiesced in the plebiscite election in 1956. The protest was repeated in a message of the South Viet Nam National Assembly, sent to the SEATO meeting in Karachi, held in March, 1956. The message formally denounced the entire Geneva Agreement "signed against the will and in contempt of the interest of the Vietnamese people." The United States was not alone in recognising this; Britain and France were in agreement.

The same writer had the following to say of the Final Declaration of the 1954 Geneva Conference, which contained the clause concerning national elections in Viet Nam: "The Final Declaration is not a document *binding the participants towards each other*." About the 1954 protest filed by the Vietnamese Delegation, he writes: "This protest reserved for the Viet Nam Government complete freedom of action, except the use of force, against all and any provisions of the Geneva agreement."

4. It is strange, but true, that perhaps the only country in the world in which the indigenous nature of the Vietcong and its political arm, the National Liberation Front (NLF), commands no credibility at all is South Viet Nam. The publicly named leaders of the NLF are held in South Viet Nam to be incompetent and insignificant persons who have never achieved anything of note in the past. No South Vietnamese I have met or heard of believes for one moment that these men are really capable of organising or controlling a large, complex, and efficient Vietcong movement.

Over 80,000 South Vietnamese who had fought in the ranks of the Viet Minh went to North Viet Nam in 1954 and many more Viet Minh remained in the South to await a future call to arms. The former re-infiltrated into the South and, aided by the latter, have been the basis upon which the Vietcong has been built. I have myself read captured Vietcong documents which expressed surprise and disappointment that it was proving impossible to win popular support for the movement by "persuasion" or "political indoctrination" as had been done in the war against the French. Only the use of threat or force has been effective in securing co-operation from the South Vietnamese people. The Vietcong movement has never enjoyed a broad basis of popular support in South Viet Nam and does not do so today.

Defectors have, in recent weeks, given me the following reasons for leaving the Vietcong. The movement is unpopular with the people in the countryside of South Viet Nam because:

> It press-gangs young men into its forces and often shoots those who refuse to go.
>
> It makes excessive demands for money and rice upon the meagre resources of the villagers.
>
> Its presence in a village attracts ground or air attack, with consequent destruction of life and property.

Increasing numbers of South Vietnamese have been defecting from the Vietcong under the pressure of popular hostility and personal disillusionment, but more and more Northerners are arriving to strengthen its ranks. The character of the movement is progressively becoming exclusively Northern. Monthly defection figures issued by the official *Chieu Hoi* Office represent only a proportion of the whole because the majority of defectors simply return to their villages without going through the official organisation and are thus never recorded.

I seriously doubt whether the Vietcong has ever represented any sizable section of the South Vietnamese people; and it grows daily less representative. Its claim to negotiate a settlement on behalf of South Viet Nam seems to me to be without foundation.

5. As Mr. Lowenthal admits, the war in South Viet Nam is being waged by North Viet Nam. It is, then, a war of aggression from outside, not a "civil" war, unless the word is used to mean that both belligerents are of Vietnamese race.

Now, as it struck me in the fall of 1965, the political situation in South Viet Nam is more stable than at any time during the last two years. Moreover, the present government assumed power at the invitation of its predecessor, not as the result of a *coup d'état*, which is further evidence of growing stability. This would have been impossible if the war had really been "lost politically in 1964."

The régime of Ngo Dinh Diem had held office for over nine years when it was overthrown towards the end of 1963. During that time it had permitted no political opposition parties to function and had imprisoned many of its political opponents, with the result that the country

[1] Professor Victor Bator, who has recently published his study *Vietnam, A Diplomatic Tragedy* (Oceana Publications, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.). (The quotations are from pages 140, 142, and 143.)

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lacked the normal political apparatus to produce a successor civilian government. The circumstances of Diem's overthrow generated further disruptive factors in the form of religious rivalries between Buddhists and Catholics. All of this was, as I have suggested, a consequence of American failure to press for liberalisation much earlier. Throughout the disturbed period following Diem's overthrow, some political groups were re-forming and new ones were being created among the younger elements. Meanwhile the army assumed power, but rivalries between generals produced a series of disruptive coups. Eventually, power was entrusted to the civilian government of Dr. Quat: it incorporated representatives of the old nationalist parties such as the Viet Nam Quoc Dan Dang and the Dai Viet as well as younger men from the new political groups. Events proved that religious passions had not abated sufficiently to allow the government to function as it wished. Dr. Quat invited the senior army generals to take over from him; inasmuch as the army incorporates every shade of religious and political belief, presumably it could not be suspected of favouring any single one of them against the interests of the others.

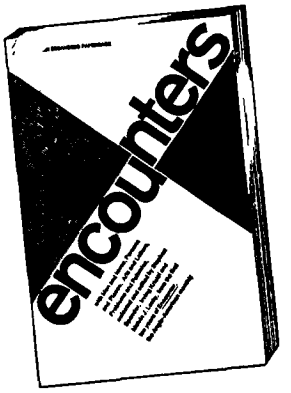
During my stay in South Viet Nam this summer I witnessed at first hand General Ky's government at work. There is genuine enthusiasm generated by the imaginative programme being worked out by its civilian advisers. Some land reforms have already begun; other plans, still incomplete, have led people to speak in terms of "a social, economic, and political revolution." For the first time in my experience of Viet Nam I witnessed students volunteering by the hundreds to perform unpaid work during the summer vacation so as to "help forward the revolution."

6. The argument that China, "in its difficult early stage of industrialisation" is likely to prove less aggressive and expansionist than when it has completed industrialisation strikes me as unconvincing. In the parallel case of the Soviet Union, didn't the period of maximum Soviet aggressiveness coincide with that of its industrialisation? And isn't industrial advance being accompanied by a decreasing belligerency? It is difficult to comprehend why the reverse should be held to be true of China (and recent Chinese threats over Sikkim scarcely bear it out).

The noble hope that "a maximum investment in the development and security of neutral India would probably make a far more effective contribution to the containment of Chinese expansion" appears extremely dubious in the light of the India-Pakistan war.

7. Pakistan and India have just been bombing one another's territory without a formal declaration of war. Neither was the victim of armed aggression for six years before commencing these air attacks. I doubt whether the long-delayed bombing of North Vietnamese territory by South Vietnamese and American planes has alienated as many neutrals as Mr. Lowenthal suggests. It has been restricted to military targets, and its aim is to reduce the ability and the will of the Communist régime in North Viet Nam to continue to sustain the armed aggression in the South.

8. Would American withdrawal from Viet Nam increase European confidence in the United States? This appears to me a very questionable argument. American abandonment of the victim of armed aggression could not fail to raise serious doubts in my mind about the worth of the U.S.A. as an ally. American determination to defend a friendly country which is resisting unprovoked armed attack (whether in Asia, Africa, or anywhere else) until the aggressors had been repulsed—this would indeed convince me, as a European, of the value of an American commitment.



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A Saint of Literature

On Ford Madox Ford — By TONY TANNER

HE GREW up among the Pre-Raphaelites; as a child he met people like Tennyson and Rossetti; he was painted by Ford Madox Brown, his grandfather; he collaborated with Conrad; Henry James used him as a basis for a key character in one of his greatest novels; he was the first man to recognise the genius of the unknown D. H. Lawrence; he was the first person to publish parts of *Finnegans Wake* (and incidentally he gave it its famous provisional title of *Work in Progress*); Hemingway sat at his feet; Ezra Pound came to London to learn from Yeats but stayed "to learn from Yeats and Ford"; after his death poets like Robert Lowell and William Carlos Williams wrote memorial poems about him. He wrote some sixty-seven books including two undoubted masterpieces. For sheer devotion to literature it would be hard to match the life of Ford Madox Ford. And yet there has still been no full-length book on him and his work from England. Fortunately, American respect has made up for English neglect. Mr. MacShane's book[1] is the fifth book on Ford I have come across in recent years—all of them from America. Its peculiar value lies not so much in the discussion of Ford's work (it is good, but I have seen better), but rather in the deft, sympathetic and balanced way Mr. MacShane has related Ford to his times and traced the evolution of his mind and work as it was affected and influenced by the amazing changes and events that took place during his life-time, from 1873 to 1939. Such an undertaking requires a sort of informed comprehensive tact because it necessitates a firm grasp of at least three worlds (Edwardian England, France of the 'Twenties, America in the 'Thirties), and the patience and delicacy to unravel Ford's complex relationships with an almost unbelievable number and variety of people—including most of the important writers of the last sixty years. After reading this book we can understand more clearly the lasting paradox of Ford—the fact that, after a life-time of creative effort and disinterested labour for literature, he remains a curiously nebulous figure. Without him, 20th-century literature might well have had a different—and impoverished—history. And yet, looking back, how easy it is to forget him! He helped others, himself he could not help. He was so open, so self-effacingly responsive to every new kind of writing that, somehow, his own identity became diffused. His generosity has made him a blur in the history of literature. He lacked egotistical single-mindedness, and has been rewarded by a quick oblivion. Henry James caught something of this when he described Merton Densher (in *The Wings of the Dove*), a figure based on the young Ford:

> You would have got fairly near him by making out in his eyes the potential recognition of ideas; but you would have fallen quite away again on the question of the ideas themselves. The difficulty with Densher was that he looked vague without looking weak—idle without looking empty.... He suggested above all, however, that wondrous state of youth in which the elements, the metals more or less precious, are so in fusion and fermentation that the question of the final stamp, the pressure that fixes the value, must wait for comparative coolness... he had for you surprises of tolerance as well as of temper.

The metals were indeed precious, but the final stamp was never made. Ford remained too fluid in nearly all he wrote and did, so his value was never "fixed." It would appear that what is not fixed is forgotten.

Here Mr. MacShane's book is illuminating. It gives an interesting account of Ford's strange late-Victorian upbringing among the vestiges of the Pre-Raphaelite world. From the start he had the misfortune to be trained as a "genius" with the result that he became timid, insecure, and utterly unsure of himself. Then, as through all his life, he compensated for this by adopting various poses or roles. When he was older he could, when his fortunes were at their lowest,

[1] *The Life and Work of Ford Madox Ford*. By FRANK MACSHANE. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 40s.

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appear to others as haughty and patronising. Similarly, having a German father (Hueffer, the champion of Wagner in England) he never felt properly English. His relationship with Conrad probably owed something to the fact that they both felt "lonely in this beastly country" and he spent many of his later years in France and America. Yet his best work is spent in analysing the deterioration of modern English life and in idealising and mythologising certain disappearing English virtues and strengths. He regarded the Boer War as a

> chasm separating the new world from the old. Since that period the whole tone of England appears to me to have entirely changed, principles having died out of politics, even as the spirit of artistry has died out amongst the practitioners of the arts.

At the same time, the various sojourns he made in the English countryside, in Kent and Sussex, led him to regard the figure of the English country farmer as the preserver of admirable qualities which were disappearing from the land; qualities which he was to celebrate unforgettably in the four volumes of *Parade's End*. As for the "spirit of artistry," he spent many years trying to restore it to English life. Indeed, his devotion to art contributed to his feelings of deracination—"wherever there were creative thinkers was my country." It is perhaps understandable, then, that he should have been drawn, imaginatively, to the stability, the stoicism, the firm-rootedness of a certain English way of life. Uncommitted, often in motion, he became preoccupied with those who lived by an inflexible code and were not to be moved. Indeed, something similar happened in the other two worlds in which he spent his fragmented life. In France he idealised life in Provence as the necessary alternative to the horrors of modern civilisation; while in America, he was a firm and enthusiastic supporter of the Southern writers because they, too, spoke for the values inherent in a vanishing rural way of life. Not that he was a sentimentalist of the William Morris variety (he knew Morris and suspected his regressive Utopianism as simple-minded). Rather, he was apprehensive about what he felt was happening to the world.

There was indeed a marked bias towards melancholy in the kindly, amiable Ford, and perhaps he was too defeatist to hammer himself into a great writer. But it would be wrong to see him as the sad outsider who never quite made it. Better to put it this way: that Ford dedicated himself to those things which worked against the darkness he saw settling on our age.

It is here that his service to literature is paramount. Mr. MacShane suggests that it was to his grandfather that he was indebted for two principles which guided his life. Ford Madox Brown stressed the supreme importance of uncompromising standards in art; and he also made it a "rule of life" to be generous to other artists in need. It was perhaps the influence of these rules that made Ford probably the most sensitive and discerning critic of his time (Lawrence said he was the first man he ever met "who had a real and true feeling for literature"), and certainly one of the most generous writers of any age in his treatment of fellow-authors. It is not only that he always contrived to establish a home where—despite his own very straitened circumstances—he could entertain and encourage younger writers. More important, he was ready to squander his own inner resources for the benefit of others, from Conrad (whom he saw through many moods of despondency) to William Carlos Williams. (Near the end of his life, when he was poor and ill himself, he organised a society which he called "Friends of William Carlos Williams," simply because he felt that the poet had not received the recognition he deserved.) In his last years he gave advice to countless writers who had submitted their work to him, insisting only that he personally should not derive any profit from the aid he offered. When he died there were some two hundred manuscripts from unknown writers in his room—and no doubt he would have read them all. Ford idealised "chivalric generosity," and lived up to his ideal, despite great emotional turmoil, scant recognition and unrelieved financial hardship. Ezra Pound said that he "took in his time more punishment of one sort or another than I have seen meted out to anyone else." One of the saddest aspects of his life is the manifest ingratitude, even downright cruelty, shown to him by many of those whom he had helped.

More immediately significant was his editorship of two influential reviews. As part of his tireless campaign for true literary standards, at a time when they were more than usually ignored, he started *The English Review*. The names of the contributors are enough to testify to Ford's quick eye for quality. In the first number, for instance, he printed work by Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, Wells, and Tolstoy (translated by Constance Garnett). Subsequent contributors included Yeats, Pound, Edward Thomas, and such unknowns as D. H. Lawrence and Wyndham Lewis. The magazine soon failed, of course. Not only for lack of finance, but because of what appears to have been a conspiracy of abuse or silence on the part of the reigning "literary" magazines of the day. In Paris, in 1923, Ford tried to do the same sort of thing for post-war writing by

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founding the *Transatlantic Review*. It only lasted a year but, again, look at some of the names: Pound, Cummings, Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, Hemingway, Tristan Tzara, Joyce, William Carlos Williams, H. D., Lincoln Steffens, Valéry, Dos Passos, Glenway Wescott, Dorothy Richardson. Among other things, the magazine was, as Samuel Putnam said, "essentially, the bringer of America to Europe." The least you could say of Ford was that he was a very great editor. Better, perhaps, to recall Wells' phrase for him—"the Only Uncle of the Gifted Young." Best of all, I think, is Ezra Pound's succinct assertion: "The man who did the *work* for English writing was Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford)."

THE WORK HE DID was not all editorial or avuncular. He was passionately devoted to the technique and craft of writing and here, too, he exerted a lasting influence on literature. Like James he respected Turgenev; with Conrad he shared a tremendous admiration for Flaubert and Maupassant. It has been customary to belittle Conrad's debt to Ford as negligible, but in fact it would seem that Jocelyn Baines is nearer the truth when he calls their collaboration "the most important event in Conrad's literary career." Not only did Ford help Conrad to master English idiom at a time when Conrad wrote English slowly and with great difficulty. He also engaged Conrad in endless discussions about form and technique which were invaluable to both men. For, like many non-English writers, Ford was preoccupied with the formlessness of life and the form-bestowing responsibilities of art. This feeling led him to study the inner workings and effects of literary techniques to an extent unprecedented among English writers. With Conrad he developed the theory of the "Impressionist Novel," a technique based on the realisation that the human memory does not arrange things in chronological order but rather in a psychological pattern. Life does not narrate, it makes impressions—and so should the novel. Connected with this was Ford's interest in the treatment of time, for the mind's time is not the world's time. Thus he experimented with what he called "chronological looping" or the "time-shift." He was earlier than Musil in realising that the traditional linear organisation of the novel involved a falsification of human experience. The thing was, he said, to start with a "strong impression" and then "work backwards and forwards" over the past. This led in turn to other experiments. He tried using "stream of consciousness" methods, and instead of linear chronology he stressed the value of "juxtaposition," a characteristically modern device. He was also deeply interested in *le mot juste*, objectivity, *progression d'effet*; all those resources of style which will produce what he called "a constant succession of tiny unobservable surprises." Even more fruitfully, he was absorbed in the effects to be gained by having a narrator in the novel—an ironic strategy responsible for the unique triumph of *The Good Soldier*. In poetry, too, he was a force for good writing, speaking out for the use of modern subject-matter, "unpoetic" words, and experimental forms. From Pound's contemporary testimony, for example, it would seem that he contributed quite a good deal to the theories of the Imagists. Wherever there were serious literary experiments being conducted, in fact, there was Ford in the midst. More than most ageing authors he had a right to refer to himself as "an old man mad about writing."

But a writer is not merely the sum of his technical experiments, and Ford knew it. Discussing with a friend whether people disliked his work because of his novel use of time, he wrote, with candid insight: "It is me they dislike, not the time-shift." Ultimately it is a writer's vision of the world that we respond to and accept or reject. And if we are looking for reasons why Ford has for so long been neglected by the English, we should take into account, not only his complex technical experiments, but the themes and values projected by his works.

A GLANCE AT some of his earlier novels reveals a recurrent preoccupation, summed up by Mr. MacShane as "the decay of public morality with its attendant distrust of the good man." His first novel, *The Shifting of the Fire*, deals with situations in which the conflict of codes and desires, dreams and greeds, works disastrously on the characters. *The Inheritors* introduces another of Ford's major themes, the take-over of an old world by a race of people who are ferocious and unprincipled. These are "the Inheritors"—

> a race clear-sighted, eminently practical, incredible; with no ideals, prejudices, or remorse; with no feeling for art and no reverence for life; free from any ethical tradition; callous to pain, weakness, suffering and death, as if they had been invulnerable and immortal.

And confronted by this new race, the hero, who clings to the values of the old world, is helpless to act. Ford's interest in the singular individual, the would-be idealist, the Quixote at odds with a basely selfish society, emerges more clearly in *The Benefactor* in which George Moffat shows great kindness and altruism only to be repaid with hatred and hostility. But Ford is too subtle to make it a simple story of a modern Christ recrucified. All of Moffat's help has a

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ruinous effect on those touched by it. The too-exalted code is guilty of its own kind of unwitting destruction. At the same time Moffat does have admirable qualities, not least a sort of stoicism which becomes an important quality in the Ford hero. "That, after all, is the highest of human qualities. Not to yelp. Not to disturb the neighbours." That he does disturb his neighbours in a deeper way is an essential part of the irony of the book.

The Fifth Queen trilogy not only reveals Ford's deep interest in the English character and its history; it again shows an idealistic figure, Katherine, trying to influence things for the good and being destroyed for her pains. This is an adverse comment on society: on the other hand her ideals are shown to be impractical. It is the recurring Fordian irony. Katherine is also a stoic; she reads Cicero and Seneca. In Ford's world, people with ideals or a code need to be stoical to resist the corrosive powers of the anti-idealistic world around them. *A Call* moves nearer to the world which was to produce Ford's greatest work. Here we find a very complicated affair involving five people, and the silent collisions between code and appetite work a terrible havoc. The interesting aspect of *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*, on the other hand, is the hero's sympathy with the chivalric code of the Middle Ages when he finds himself transported back in time. Similarly, *The New Humpty-Dumpty* reveals a great admiration for the code and inborn idealism of Count Macdonald and his fine instinctive aristocratic behaviour. Ford was not interested in practical politics and he called himself "a nonsensical Tory" which implied that he had a deep sentimental attachment to a sort of Tory figure—the feudal gentleman—without having the slightest comprehension of Toryism as a political system. It was his interest in this type, plus his feeling for the doomed idealist in a materialistic world, which were to produce the mythic figure of Christopher Tietjens in *Parade's End*. He once said that Protestantism and the Civil War had "doomed England to be the land of impractical idealists." Perhaps the English did not appreciate the light he brought to bear on these idealists—especially if, as in *The Good Soldier*, their failings were sexual.

The greatness of *The Good Soldier* is partly a matter of amazing technical perfection; but its real power lies in the gradual, irresistible exposure of the chaos and agony which is generated by wayward human passions struggling and writhing amidst the complicated structures of restraint set up by civilised codes. In many of his books Ford introduces an image of some complex game or dance—cat's cradle in *The Fifth Queen*, the lancers in *A Call*—and here he uses the minuet. So we get the feeling of people dancing the ordained steps of civilisation while enduring unspeakable inward agonies. It is only gradually that the narrator realises what underlies the "minuet" of their lives. *The Good Soldier* is one of the very few English books that seems to confront the sexual realities of highly civilised life. But what gives it its peculiarly modern twist is the tone of the narrator, the ineffectual, unwanted, impotent, non-comprehending American, Dowell. He is a representative spiritual invalid of our time. And his reiterated sense of hopelessness and ignorance—"I don't know... It's all a darkness"—brings home the final horror of the book, that the spectacle of these suffering people is ultimately meaningless. This is why the book is indeed "the saddest story," as Ford wanted to call it. Perhaps it is not surprising that an England involved in the futile bloodshed of the first World War preferred to leave it unread.

But it was in the tetralogy, *Parade's End*, that Ford created at once his most comprehensive picture of the collapse of a world—"the world as it culminated in the war"—and his most enduring portrait of the man who suffers hell because of his devotion to lost causes. As he said, he wanted a character "in lasting tribulation—with a permanent shackle and ball on his

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leg." At the same time he clearly wanted to create a character who embodied all his own values—generosity, stoicism, a feudal sense of responsibility, the mute dignity of a principled man out of step with an amoral age. And the result was Christopher Tietjens. He is vilified, deceived, exploited, persecuted, abused, even abhorred. He is, like Ford himself, "a lonely buffalo outside the herd." And he recognises his fate. In his stubborn, incorruptible endurance he is, in effect, making a stand for a world which is being subjected to the powers of change and destruction unleashed by the modern age. Just as Ford himself deliberately volunteered for the front to fight on behalf of the values he had come to admire in rural England, so Tietjens in the war nourishes himself by thinking of the way of life of the English countryside—"the quiet thing." Crouched in the trenches he longs for a place where a man can stand upon a hill. Of course, the cause is lost. (*The Last Post*, the fourth book in the series, which Ford himself disliked, is rather false in as much as it suggests that Tietjens' ideal can be realised.)

Some Do Not, the first volume in the series, is the most powerful statement of Ford's pessimism. It starts in a well-upholstered train which is the very image of Edwardian England. All seems elegant and safe. Then the moral decay under the veneer is revealed and the train is seen to be rushing towards the war. Again, half-way through the book, Tietjens and a friend are enjoying a moment's peace in a horse-drawn cart. They are lost in a fog, and suddenly a motor-car crashes into them: the collision of two worlds. Tietjens becomes increasingly the moral critic whose decline in public reputation and gradual isolation from society matches the rise of a new sort of unscrupulous self-aggrandising type whose success means an end to his own world and its values. The book closes, fittingly, with Tietjens standing in his empty rooms which have been stripped by his adulterous wife Sylvia, just as his reputation and way of life have been ripped away from him. A world is being looted and dismantled.

The theme is clarified by the well-known passage in the next volume, which deals with the ceremony for disbanding a Kitchener battalion. Christopher describes the plans as he had heard them:

> Well, the end of the show was to be: the adjutant would stand the battalion at ease; the band would play *Land of Hope and Glory*, and then the adjutant would say: *There will be no more parades*. . . . Don't you see how symbolical it was—the band playing *Land of Hope and Glory*, and then the adjutant saying, *There will be no more parades*? . . . For there won't. There won't, there damn well won't. . . . No more Hope, no more Glory, no more parades for you and me any more. Nor for the country . . . nor for the world, I dare say. . . . None. . . . Gone. . . . Na poo finny! No . . . more . . . parades!

Christopher's world is gone. But because of his idealism, which may be his sentimentality, he holds to the cause he knows is lost and clings to a faith and a code which have only a past. The new world will bruise and despise him. He will become absurd. But he is sure of his ground, and he will endure. For once, Ford's own melancholy stoicism and his deep feeling for England have coalesced to produce one of the truly great mythical figures in English fiction.

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"WHEN THE CORPSE was deposited in the grave, the Druids performed all the solemn rites prescribed by their religion; the chief *Seancha*, or antiquarian, then recited the pedigree of the deceased, if a person of distinction, until he came to the first source. The *Ard Filidh*, or chief poet, in a species of poetry called *caoine*, or lamentation, used on such occasions, proclaimed his virtues, bravery, and hospitality. This was succeeded by a great cry, when every one passing by the grave, threw a stone on it. . . . The heaps thus raised were called *Leachd*, or Carn, and often were increased to a great size, by the daily contributions of the passing traveller."

I quote from *The Picture of Dublin or Visiter's* [sic] *Guide through the Irish Metropolis* by M. Starrat, A.B.T.C.D., ca. 1831. Using this or a similar account, at the end of the first chapter of *Finnegans Wake* Joyce prophetically pictures himself as the giant lying in his grave while the critics heap up a huge memorial: "And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat on high is the mark of your manument." To this cairn, which has grown vastly since Joyce's death twenty-four years ago, Mr. Burgess has now added his stone: a rounded, pleasantly shaped and coloured, but otherwise rather unexciting pebble-sized pebble. He has not tried to compete with the chief antiquarian (Richard Ellmann, by common consent) or with the chief poet (let us remember T. S. Eliot's generous tributes), and he cannot be blamed for not doing more than he set out to do, which was to write "an introduction to James Joyce for the

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common reader," as the sub-title runs. But Everybody has had before him for many years many excellent introductions, by Stuart Gilbert, Harry Levin, Frank Budgen, Campbell and Robinson, Adaline Glasheen, to mention only some of the most lively, sensible and accurate. Mr. Burgess is also lively, sensible and accurate, he writes very well and is in love with his subject; he could have given this work as an excellent course of lectures. But I was disappointed to find that he just does not say enough that is really new to distinguish his offering from the now almost daily contributions of the passing traveller.

The chapters on *Ulysses* are humane and full of insights: it is in the section on *Finnegans Wake*, which is about one-third of the book, that he pays the penalty for not being sufficiently original. I don't want to take the side of the antiquarians against the poets, except to suggest that if a critic doesn't explain some things that we haven't seen explained before, he runs the risk of repeating other men's judgments as well as their explanations. Mr. Burgess gives a quite standard account of the *Wake* according to the *Skeleton Key*—in fact, apart from a few of his quotations, he could have written this commentary without reading anything else but that useful work. He thus manages to give a rather false impression of the *Wake* on three counts: that it is decipherable, that it is equally good throughout and that in the last analysis it is a genial and humorous romp. On the first point, all we can say at present is that much of the *Wake* has been deciphered, and that more meaning is gradually emerging into day under the steady obstetrical pressure of a few scholars like Glasheen, Atherton and Hart, but the close study of Joyce's drafts and notebooks has been sadly unrewarding for those who hoped for a final solution to the riddle. Take the question of languages, for example. Joyce punned away fluently and often beautifully in the languages he knew well, that is, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Dano-Norwegian. But almost at the last moment, when he was preparing the book for the press, he decided to include words from many languages that he did not know. He compiled lists of key words in each language, and then worked these into his earlier drafts. Some of these lists have survived, in part at least, in the notebooks, and from them several obscure and late passages, which turn out to be in Albanian or Armenian, can be worked out. But other lists are lost, such as the Finnish one, and it then proves almost impossible to find many of the Finnish words that must be scattered throughout the text. To illustrate this problem, Mr. Burgess knows Malay and shows us how he would write Joycese using that language: but he has failed to point out the actual Malay words in the *Wake*, which are on and near p. 343 (*malaise . . . orangultonia,* i.e. wild Orangeman of the woods). Again, the notebooks show that Joyce sometimes wrote down a word wrongly, or couldn't read his own handwriting—so one has to cope with error as well as with desperate ingenuity. The other obstacle to deciphering the works is Joyce's fantastic memory: he could apparently remember everything he had read or heard, and his wealth of references to life and literature raises the possible number of meanings to a point where certainty of interpretation becomes impossible.

THE WAY Joyce used languages leads to the second point where I think Mr. Burgess is misleading. By adding some of his puns to his best drafts, Joyce often spoiled them: as for example, a dozen words in Swahili inserted into the proofs of the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" chapter only interfere with the lovely flowing rhythms of the river. But the drafts of the separate episodes are themselves of highly uneven quality, as is to some extent true of the chapters of *Ulysses*. Joyce was incapable of long sustained stretches of fine writing: he was a master of the inspired "epiphany," sometimes only a paragraph in length. The greatest passages in the *Wake* are now well known: the first chapter (the giant's grave), Shem and Anna in Book I, Shaun's sermon in Book III, and the final monologue of the old woman, which is one of the most moving passages in modern literature. To these can be added parts of the "Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies" and two dozen other enchanting fragments, like the legend of Saint Kevin, written over fifteen years. Some of the other episodes, however, like the "questions and answers" (ch. 6) and most of Book II, ch. 3, other than "Butt and Taff" seem to me uninspired in their first conception and not improved by the later loading of every rift with ore. Again, much of the final text is bridgework, connecting up the drafts by elaborate symbolism and mathematical devices; and I think it can be shown from a study of the manuscripts that this was sometimes done in a perfunctory and hurried manner and that it remains unconvincing. Nothing is gained by the refusal to discriminate between the good and the bad in the *Wake*: but discrimination requires a fairly deep knowledge of the content.

That brings me to my last point of disagreement with Mr. Burgess. Following the *Skeleton Key* he describes the *Wake* mainly in terms of myth, anthropology and the Viconian theory of history, emphasising the cosmic humour with which Joyce deals with these great subjects. His

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comment on one of the mythological themes is admirably put: "I say, in waking language, 'My corpse will eventually fertilise the earth and help the crops to grow,' and that spatial process loses its quality of miracle (from death comes life) because of the dilution caused by the time-bound verb and adverb. Joyce throws the whole structure overboard, uses simple metathesis: 'corpse' becomes 'cropse'." That also illuminates some of the most poetic of Joyce's sentences, like "They have waved his green boughs o'er him as they have torn him limb from lamb." But the book is not just a Rabelaisian version of the *Golden Bough*, or a learned counterpart of *A Spaniard in the Works*, as might be gathered from some of the cosier critics: it is a highly painful and obsessive personal confession. Joyce goes over the personal humiliations he suffered in a not very eventful life (such as hostile criticism by Wyndham Lewis), and he remorselessly, and perhaps rightly, accuses himself of every kind of sexual perversion—except sadism, to which one is glad to know he was not addicted, but certainly including homosexuality. His coprophilia and fetishism are all-pervasive; in his compulsive joking about sex he is often closer to Max Miller than to Max Müller (*Sacred Books of the East*). Many of his jokes have uncomfortable and even sinister overtones. Whatever critical conclusions are to be drawn from this—and they are bound to be complex ones—the obsessive nature of Joyce's genius should be stated openly. Everybody, poor fellow, ought to be warned.

Matthew Hodgart

The Hobgoblin Mind

From An Occult Diary. By August Strindberg. Edited by Torsten Eklund. *Secker & Warburg*, 25s.

In a sense, all authors are confidence tricksters they gull us into accepting their authority so that we shall swallow their illusions whole. The trouble is that once we know something about the author's life, our confidence is liable to diminish. Once we learn that he is—as in the case of Strindberg—mentally disturbed, we find it hard, if not impossible, to accept him as a more talented or more valuable person than ourselves.

The critic, of course, has ways to insulate himself from this problem: he can pretend to ignore the biographical evidence, or suspend willingly (all too willingly) his disbelief, or talk of the work as an extended metaphor. On these terms, to ask whether Shakespeare believed in witches becomes as irrelevant as the old question about Lady Macbeth's children. To view a play as a world of metaphors is, oddly, to detach ourselves from it and to understand it as a series of ever-changing relationships, not necessarily floating in a void, but grounded in the actual only at the points where we wish it to be grounded. The witches, we may then claim, are Macbeth's hallucinations, not Shakespeare's. Yet such a tactic must break down as soon as we have autobiographical material showing that the author took his so-called metaphors literally.

It is one thing to imagine people as being like demons, another to see them, quite concretely, as such. "Every evening," writes Strindberg in his *Occult Diary*, "I pray to Harriet's guardian angel to make her good and me good through her. Is it all a delusion? Demons can dress up as angels."

We could dismiss such a thought as literary speculation, much as we might dismiss Hamlet's fears about the nature of his father's ghost; but this would be too simple. The possible delusion was terrifyingly real to Strindberg—"At 4 o'clock I was overcome by an attack of weeping —wept in general over my own misery and that of mankind, wept without reason, with a dim feeling of happiness, of pain because I had no happiness, with a premonition of coming disaster."

This premonition, be sure, was no metaphor; like Yeats and Blake, those other disciples of Swedenborg, Strindberg saw signs, coincidences and presentiments everywhere, and he trusted in them as we trust in the sun's rising tomorrow. It becomes implausible, then, to describe the ghosts and telepathy in his plays as "just expressionistic devices," as though Strindberg used the occult cynically—a trick by which to make oblique yet sensible comments on reality. (As though, similarly, Yeats had used the gyres as mere props).

From an Occult Diary is a fragmentary and raw compilation, made up from the latter parts of the *Occult Diary* (1900–8)—the parts concerned with Strindberg's brief third marriage to the actress Harriet Bosse—and interwoven with some of their letters. It tells us nothing about Strindberg's struggles at that time to establish the Intimate Theatre, or his writing problems; and, unlike his previous excursions into autobiography, was never prepared for publication. Not surprisingly, its contents are sometimes cryptic—"She had a little fur around her neck with two little claws, sharp, black. There was a moment when the smell of incense came from her. The strange thing is, however, that when I change my cotton shirt, I am aware of the smell of incense from myself. It used to be celery. What does this mean?"

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We may smile—but our smile soon fades, for the diary has a backlash which is quite chilling. Strindberg notes each occasion on which he "possesses" Harriet. Then we come across a comment from Harriet, written in 1932, that she never saw Strindberg again after the spring of 1908. And yet the diary continues to mark up "possessions" as unselfconsciously as before. Suddenly our confidence in it, as a record, is destroyed. Was the entire relationship a delusion? In spite of an occasional whimper from Harriet, we have no means of telling. In effect, we are thrust into a world of the unknown, the Strindberg world, where only pain and anguish are certain.

It was a world on which Strindberg was an authority. "I feel defiled through her. Unknown men defile me by the glances with which they defile her"—a wild homo-erotic fantasy, we may presume; then we remember the clarity and detachment with which Strindberg had delineated such a fantasy thirteen years before in *Creditors*. He was lost in a sea of which he was, at that time, one of the few master navigators.

ONE THING is sure: his sea existed somewhere in Hell. (And you have only to read his *Inferno* or *Confessions of a Fool* to measure the weight of this word). The value of his plays lies in their power to project Hell so forcibly that most of our defences are swept away. Understandably, we sometimes gibe at this prospect. A good production of *The Father* is liable to overwhelm us; afterwards, in self-apology, we are tempted to raise our dykes by dismissing the plot as slightly ludicrous. Maybe this response is a sensible one. Though literature is supposed to enlarge our sympathies, often in fact we need to use it as a defence against pain.

Strindberg's autobiographical writings deny us such a subterfuge. By implication we learn from them that even a phantasmagoria like the *Ghost Sonata* needs to be accepted as gospel truth. To a sophisticated adult such an assumption is intolerable. The vampire Hummel may be credible at one primitive level of the mind; but we feel suffocated if we try to accept him totally and without some form of outlet, such as, say, the Hammer horror films provide when they flatter our self-esteem and allow us a margin of humour. Even so, Strindberg's ability to possess his audience totally and to force it to shriek down the corridors of his nightmare is essential to an understanding of his talent. It is all part and parcel of his delusions, his weird intensity—

> While I continue my experiments, the cracked skin of my hands becomes worse, the fissures gape and become full of coal-dust; blood oozes out, and the pains become so intolerable that I can undertake nothing more. I am inclined to attribute these pains which drive me wild to the unknown powers which have persecuted me for years. I avoid people, neglect society, refuse invitations, and make myself inaccessible to friends. I am surrounded by silence and loneliness. It is the solemn and terrible silence of the desert in which I defiantly challenge the unknown, in order to wrestle with him, body with body, and soul with soul. I have proved that sulphur contains carbon; now I intend to discover hydrogen and oxygen in it, for they must also be present. But my apparatus is insufficient, I need money, my hands are black and bleeding, black as misery, bleeding as my heart. (*Inferno*)

Strindberg presents us with more than that dangerous aspect of literature which Plato condemned; he takes us into areas of experience which we would prefer not to know about. He makes it a question, not of our Disbelief, but of necessary Belief—of an ability to feel our way back to pre-rational states of mind. Either he has our confidence or he has nothing; but his powers of coercion are so great that he usually wins. It requires a great sanity, though, to court such madness.

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Weber at His Weakest

The Sociology of Religion. By MAX WEBER. Translated by Ephraim Fischoff. Introduction by Talcott Parsons. *Methuen*, 30s.

SOCIOLOGICAL achievement may be diminished by yielding to either of two opposed temptations: that of generalising away the substance of particular social relationships into a series of theoretical abstractions, or that of so eschewing the general and embracing the particular that all that is left is a catalogue of unrelated facts. It is one of the marks of a great sociologist to exhibit the tensions and the ambiguities that result from resistance to both these temptations. Nowhere is this tension more evident than Max Weber's work. For Weber is always concerned with the particular, whether in Reformation Germany or on the Junker farms, in China or in India; and yet he moves continually towards the boldest of generalisations.

It would be futile to pretend that the result is not often exasperating rather than stimulating. There are sometimes too many ways in which Weber's thought might be construed for it to be clear what a true understanding of Weber's intentions would consist in. This might be less often the case if Weber had lived to complete the massive *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft* from which various dismembered parts have now appeared in translation. The latest is the section on the sociology of religion, representing Weber's final thoughts upon his studies of individual religions. In it Weber was concerned to erect a typology of religious communities by means of which different kinds of theological outlook might be systematically related to different kinds of impact upon and relationship to social and economic forms.

Throughout Weber is primarily concerned with the role of religion in bringing about social change. But while it is quite clear what Weber denies, it is not so clear what he asserts. He denies the thesis both of those who have held that religion can be an agency for change independent of social and economic forces and of those who have treated religion as a mere epiphenomenal reflection of those forces. But in Weber's attempt to avoid both these errors he hovers uneasily both between using a religious and using a sociological vocabulary, and between making large generalisations and then even in the act of making them qualifying them. Consider a typical formulation (pp. 131–2):

> If one wishes to characterise succinctly, in a formula so to speak, the types representative of the various classes that were the primary carriers or propagators of the so-called world-religions,

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> they would be the following: in Confucianism the world-organising bureaucrat; in Hinduism, the world-ordering magician; in Buddhism, the mendicant monk wandering through the world; in Islam, the warrior seeking to conquer the world; in Judaism, the wandering trader; and in Christianity, the itinerant journeyman. To be sure, all these types must not be taken as exponents of their own occupational or material class interests, but rather as the ideological carriers of the kind of ethical or salvation doctrine which most readily conformed to their social position.

About this passage two comments must be made. The first is that while "bureaucrat," "warrior," "trader" and "journeyman" are independent social and occupational categories, so that to remark that a world-religion was initially propagated by members of one of these classes would be a starting-point for enquiry, both "magician" and "monk" are concepts which already presuppose a religious frame of reference. Does Weber mean that there is at least some sense in which the propagation of Confucianism, Islam, Judaism and Christianity can be explained in non-religious terms, while this is not true of either Hinduism or Buddhism? I am certain that this is not what Weber intends to say, but what then becomes of his typology?

The second difficulty is that expressions such as "conformed to their social position" leave it quite unclear how strong a causal connection, or rather what type of causal connection Weber believes to hold between social position and religious belief. Is it a purely contingent coincidence of certain types of theology and certain types of occupation? Or is there an internal, conceptual connection of some kind? On this crucial issue Weber is silent.

The root of the trouble lies in his lack of sensitivity to conceptual issues. He never enquires straightforwardly what is distinctive about religious concepts and so he is always liable to confusion when he enquires into the empirical relations which hold between religious and social and economic affairs. A striking example is his mishandling of the concept of magic. Weber begins by arguing that because magic has practical technical and economic ends in view, it therefore cannot be "set apart from the range of everyday purposive conduct." It is we who "designate the fallacious attributes of causality as irrational, and the corresponding acts as 'magic'." So magic is merely incompetent technology. But Weber at once switches to the standpoint of the magician, who allegedly distinguishes magic by the extraordinary character of his acts. And two pages later "the magician is the person who is permanently endowed with charisma." This is a hotch-potch of an account. Weber could never have given it if he had seriously considered in detail one particular society in whose life magic played a major role. For commonly the magician and his clients both understand perfectly well the nature of technique, and the distinction between magic and ordinary technique. It is not that magic is *not* a set of devices for producing practical effects, but that the kind of device which is magical can be understood only against a background of belief in highly specific and particular types of power. Weber's use of the blanket word "charisma," let alone his use of such terms as "spirit," are quite unhelpful here.

IT MAY BE OBJECTED that I am trying to press Weber back towards the particularity of his earlier studies, whereas here he is explicitly moving at a higher level of generality. In a long introduction Talcott Parsons extracts from Weber's book an even more highly generalised account of the total development of religion in society. Or it may be objected that I am attacking Weber on grounds that would only be relevant if he had had access to the large number of detailed ethnographic and historical studies which are now available to us. But my criticism is not simply that Weber generalises, nor even that his generalisations were premature, but that in this book at least he is searching for the wrong kind of generalisation.

In the history of religion there are various transformations in the concept of the divine. We want to know under what conditions in general such transformations occur; and a necessary precondition is to discover for a number of cases under what conditions they have occurred. But all this is masked by Weber's bland utterance:

> The possible combinations of the various principles involved in the construction of a pantheon or in the achievement of a position of primacy by one or another god are almost infinite in number. Indeed, the jurisdictions of the divine figures are as fluid as those of the officials of patrimonial régimes. Moreover, the differentiation between jurisdictions of the various gods is intersected by the practice of religious attachment or courtesy to a particular god who is especially cultivated or directly invoked and who is treated as fundamentally universal. Thus all possible functions are attributed to the universal god. . . .

Nothing is explained by this at all. Indeed the references to patrimonial jurisdiction leave us more puzzled than we would otherwise be about the transition to the universal god. The force of the word "Thus" is absolutely unclear.

This is a book by a great sociologist; but it is not a great book. It contains many brilliant paragraphs, and it is a quarry of suggestions

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for future work, some good, some bad. It is certainly not the book to be read by those who wish to understand and appreciate Weber's significance. Nor is it the book to be read by those who wish to understand religion. It is notable that there has been no systematic development of Weber's approach to religion, while Durkheim's influence by contrast has been the basis of a series of brilliant enquiries, ranging from those of his pupils Mauss and Hertz to the studies of Evans-Pritchard and of Lévi-Strauss. Indeed the best advice to be given to those who wish to read Weber on religion would perhaps be "Read Durkheim instead!"

Alasdair MacIntyre

My Kerlonial Oath!

The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads. Edited by Russel Ward. 66s.

The term ballad seems impossible of definition. Mr. Russel Ward in his introduction to the *Penguin Book of Australian Ballads* (first published in Australia in 1964 and now issued in Britain) admits his book might be better called The Penguin Book of Australian Popular Verse. But this would lead him into trouble with the word "popular." Certainly, I wouldn't, and he doesn't, call every poem in his book a ballad. And ballads can be of widely different sorts.

Perhaps the only essential common characteristic is that they are written for the voice—to be sung or recited (not just spoken). Otherwise they can be simple or complex, romantic or sardonic, metrically direct or rhythmically subtle. Since the days of the border ballads, however, the form has lost most of its power and grandeur. Ballads have become satirical, rollicking and descriptive—popular art unlike the serious poetry of their time. When the first Australian ballads were written all vestige of tragedy had gone from the form. Mr. Ward's collection does not contain a single poem of tragic cast; even those written by convicts tend to be lightweight and facetious. What is surprising however is the number of highly successful poems in the book. In fact, it is the most enjoyable collection of Australian verse I have read—much more so than its companion *Penguin Book of Australian Verse* or the *Oxford Book*.

The earlier poems are the most interesting, though Mr. Ward's careful selection presents the nationalistic bush balladists, who wrote just before Federation, in the most favourable light.

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Henry Lawson appears as a considerable master of invective if also as a disagreeable chauvinist. One of the curiosities of this Penguin is his poem "Texas Jack," an early example of anti-Americanism. Mostly, it is the Pommies who cop it. And Paterson comes up very freshly—I remember spending hours at school resentfully learning his lumbering lines. But they don't seem to lumber so much now and are stocked with bright and true observation. The bush balladists are propagandist throughout. Almost as if they had foreseen that Australia would have the largest percentage of town dwellers in the world, they sing tirelessly of the virtues of bush life. They extol mateship, manliness, feats of endurance and strength. They condemn city folk as musty weaklings. The adept bushmen quickly coined phrases to cover the immigrants. Many of the ballads take the "new chum" as their butt, others the English "swell" with his patronising airs. And almost no "town" poetry was written. The towns are there all right, and they're a challenge worth meeting. Only the reporter-novelists even attempt to deal with them—usually with unhappy results. Poets everywhere have a bias to the country: in Australia this bias is a powerful heritage and article of faith.

Mr. Ward quotes the famous lines allegedly written as prologue to the first play acted in Australia, at Sydney Cove in 1796. Unfortunately, as he points out, they were written later in England by a man who had never seen the colony, but they remain the best epitaph of those sardonic men who had to make what they could of the empty continent:

True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

Most delightful of these patriots is Frank the Poet, a legendary improviser who is supposed to have lived to the age of 95. Frank was a convict and hated the brutal overseers and farmers who flogged and overworked their convict labourers. In a brilliant poem "The Convict's Tour of Hell," he puts them to the torture.

Then Major Morrison he espied,
With Captain Clunie by his side.
They in fire-belt were lashed together
As tight as sole to upper leather . . .

And all the denizens of Hell
With one rope pealed the greatest bell,
Drums were beating, flags were hoisting,
Never before was such rejoicing.
"Of sense," cried Satan, "I'm deprived
Since Governor Darling has arrived,
Brimstone and fire I've ordered him."

On leaving Van Dieman's Land for the mainland with a ticket-of-leave, Frank extemporised this address:

Land of lags and Kangaroo,
Of possums and the scarce Emu,
The farmer's pride but the prisoners' Hell.
Land of Bums, Fare thee well.

Frank was an Irishman and a Catholic, as were the great majority of men who wrote about Australia in its first hundred years of existence. Hatred of the British Crown and a chafing at authority became part of the Australian character. From Jack Donahoe, the Wild Colonial Boy, to Ned Kelly, the folk heroes of the ballads were Irish recalcitrants. Like Robin Hood, they were simplified to robbers of the rich and defenders of the poor. By the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the men of the outback had replaced the bushrangers as subjects for the ballad-writers—not the big squatters or the gentlemen who sat in the Legislative Councils of the colonies, but the "cocky" farmers, the free selectors, drovers and cattle duffers. They are the heroes of poems such as "The Eumerella Shore," "The Squatter's Man" and "Bushman's Farewell to Queensland." This last is particularly vivid.

There's Barcoo rot and sandy blight,
There's dingoes howling half the night,
There's curlews' wails and croaking frogs,
There's savage blacks and native dogs

There's scentless flowers and stinging trees,
There's poison grass and Darling peas,
Which drive the cattle raging mad,
Make sheep and horses just as bad.

To stay in thee, O Land of Mutton!
I would not give a single button,
But bid thee now a long farewell,
Thou scorching sunburnt land of Hell.

Mr. Ward has made a real discovery in a poem collected as late as 1962, "McQuade's Curse." It was pinned to the railway gates in the Victorian country town of Tallarook by a swagman who had been refused a drink of rum on credit at one of the town's pubs.

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37/6

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May rabbits ever find a nook
To breed apace in Tallarook;
May Sin Ye Sun and Sam Ah Fook
Steal all the fowls in Tallarook;
May Ikey Moses make a book
To stiffen sport in Tallarook . . .

May all who Matthew's pledges took
Get rolling drunk in Tallarook;
May every pigeon breed a rook
To spoil the crops in Tallarook;
May I get ague, gout and fluke
If I drink rum at Tallarook.

This is as good as any of the similar things by J. M. Synge.

As ALWAYS, the anthologist of ballads or popular poems is bedevilled by the problem of obscenity. The later part of this Penguin is of much slighter interest than the earlier. An infusion of some of the dirty poems sung and recited in Australia might have brightened the wan literariness of this section a little. For instance, Henry Lawson's version of the classic recital piece known to generations of Australians as "The Bastard from the Bush" (Lawson's bowdlerised version is called "The Captain of the Push") is pallid beside any version of the original. It does, however, retain, though not intact, the famous couplet

"Would you have a moll to keep you—like to swear off work for good?"
"Yes, my oath," replied the stranger.
"My kerlonial oath! I would."

If Mr. Ward were to edit a "Common Muse" for Australia, he would represent the country much better than he has by the tame poems included in his modern section. The anti-modernist reaction in Australian poetry has gone to absurd lengths, with bloodless couplets aping Augustan gravity and tepid ruminations masquerading as philosophical poetry. Judith Wright's "Country Town," which Mr. Ward includes, is a notably dull example of the latter.

This is a good Penguin, very nicely printed and produced in Adelaide. It has, as I have said, more poems which give pleasure than any comparable Australian anthology I know. Australia has yet to realise the hopes of its first patriots or the potential of its people, but if Messrs. Sukarno and Chen Yi allow it to, it may well do so one day. As the prophet of the broadside ballad "Botany Bay" put it:

Let no-one think much of a trifling expense,
Who knows what may happen a hundred years hence?
The loss of America what can repay?
New colonies seek for at Botany Bay.

Peter Porter

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LETTERS

The Teach-In

I BELIEVE Anthony Hartley [ENCOUNTER, August] is indulging in some wishful thinking when he describes the Oxford teach-in as "the tail-end of the protests of a decade." Time will tell, but I strongly suspect that protests—and I agree with Mr. Hartley when he includes teach-ins among these—over Viet Nam are going to increase sharply during the next academic year. Mr. Hartley is quite right to point out that these protests are not "popular"; it would be almost impossible to rouse mass "popular" interest in an issue of so little direct concern to the British people. However, among intellectuals and students there is a growing uneasiness over President Johnson's policies and Mr. Wilson's support for them. The advertisement in the New York *Times* against the "naked inhumanity" of American foreign policy signed by thirty-six leading British artists including Sir Kenneth Clark, Graham Sutherland, and E. M. Forster, shows that it is not only the usual circles of "protester" who are disturbed. It seems to be the case that any liberal with a small *l*, who takes the trouble to find out the facts of the situation in Viet Nam, becomes an opponent of American policy there. The purpose of the teach-in movement is to try to inform liberals of these facts as they appear in the books of Western experts and the files of reputable Western newspapers. That is why opponents of U.S. and British policy tend to be much more precise and pedantic than government spokesmen and their supporters. The latter talk at length about such vague generalities as "world communism," the "free world," "Chinese expansionism," the "Domino theory," "North Vietnamese aggression" and "subversion." They also make ill-fitting analogies with Malaysia, Berlin, and even Munich. Opponents of U.S. policy, on the other hand, tend to discuss such things as the clauses of the Geneva agreement, the origins and growth of the war in South Viet Nam, the locality of the fighting, American estimates of the number of soldiers infiltrated from the north, the evidence for such estimates, the quantity of arms conveyed from North to South, the percentage of weapons from communist countries among those captured from the Vietcong, the shifting and different political positions of China, North Viet Nam, and the Vietcong. They do this because the result of an investigation of all this detail is a very different overall pattern to that drawn in general terms by the American and British Governments.

I honestly do not know whether Michael Stewart's speech was the triumph the Press proclaimed it to be. It is difficult for me to judge because I happen to have read some books on Viet Nam and to have followed events there rather closely for the last three years; therefore for me as for Ralph Miliband the speech was "a tissue of lies and misrepresentations." Most of my friends who were at the teach-in or heard the unedited version on the BBC's "Third Programme," thought that Mr. Stewart spoke well but was extremely shaken by the questions. Those who saw the edited version on television not surprisingly thought that Stewart was very impressive.

I do not accept that the Oxford teach-in as a whole was "a defeat for the left." Was the first Aldermaston march the ridiculous failure the Press claimed it to be? I am convinced that teach-ins over Viet Nam will continue and flourish on both sides of the Atlantic until America finally withdraws. What is more I believe that they have had and will have an impact on American and British policy. Before April this year the U.S. rebuffed all attempts at mediation and negotiation over Viet Nam. Since then, in theory at least, she has completely altered her position. This *volte-face* was largely brought about by the collapse of the South Vietnamese régime, but it is clear that President Johnson's need to justify himself in the face of criticism from intellectuals has significantly speeded this reversal. If negotiations come it will be at least partly because, despite public apathy in England, and public hostility in the U.S., this time there has not been a complete *"trahison des clercs."*

MARTIN BERNAL

King's College,
Cambridge

"Battle of Dorking"

WALTER LAQUEUR'S mystification [ENCOUNTER, April] over the title, "The Russian Battle of Dorking," for a magazine article of 1902 describing an imaginary German invasion of Russia, is easily resolved. The original *Battle of Dorking* was a short novel by a military man, General Sir George Chesney, which was published in 1871. It attempted to drive home to the British public the lessons of the Franco-Prussian war by describing a successful Prussian invasion of southern England, in which the British army is decisively defeated at Dorking. His story had many imitators, and right up until 1914 the term "Battle of Dorking" was used to describe imaginary wars and invasions.

BERNARD BERGONZI

Brandeis University,
Waltham, Mass.

Forgive and Forget?

I READ the account "A Poet in Berlin" by Günter Zehm [ENCOUNTER, July] as, beyond his personal experience, an allegory of a German situation more familiar to me. I have lived in New York City recently, and come into contact with Jewish opinion which runs the same gamut of self-searching that Zehm describes: and ends in the same confusion, and distortion, of response.

Zehm evidently felt that he had three alternatives when called upon to confront the man who had done him so much injury. He could denounce

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Kirsch to the police; and in retrospect that seemed to Zehm to have been the wisest course. He could "sock him in the jaw"; or, more pertinently, call upon him publicly to account for his betrayal. Or he could forgive him.

I suspect that Jews find themselves confronted with the same possibilities—at least emotional ones, even if there is no means of practical implementation. They could press for trials of former Nazis; they could continue to remind themselves, and the rest of us, of the Nazi exterminations; or they could forgive present-day Germany. And, as with Zehm, none of these "solutions" gives any comfort. They aren't viable.

What is overlooked, perhaps, is that the opportunity for any such action, or indeed any action relevant to the situation, has been lost. To condemn, or attack, or forgive a man twenty years, or five years, after he has done you injury is not to treat the original man or the original situation. The only valid response, it seems to me, is regret; regret, quite simply, that when the situation existed in the present, there was no way of responding to it. And consequent upon regret, not vengeful feelings, not exactly forgiveness; but a studied and self-aware process of forgetfulness. The past was real, and the past is past. Both parts of this statement are equally true: but most important to realise, there is no *tertium quid*.

JOHN F. CRAWFORD.

California Institute of Technology, Pasadena

America's Asian Commitment

PROFESSOR Richard Lowenthal's proposals [ENCOUNTER, October], boil down to this: (*1*) the U.S. should concede political defeat in Viet Nam and agree to eventual unification of the North and the South under Communist dictatorship; (*2*) it should gradually disengage itself from military commitments in Asia and give up the idea of the military containment of China; and (*3*) it should concentrate on achieving a stable European settlement with Russia.

I have nothing against the third proposal—but the first two seem to me suicidal in their implication: suicidal certainly for Asia, but in the long run also for the West. I find little in his arguments to persuade me that they are either desirable or necessary.

1. LOWENTHAL'S contention that the Vietcong cannot be defeated because it enjoys the active support of part of the peasantry and because there is no stable popular government in South Viet Nam suffers from dangerous over-simplification. The extent of the Vietcong's "popular support" today is highly dubious; to a large extent, it is passive and given from fear of reprisal. Military developments of the last few months suggest that the Vietcong may not be as "unbeatable" as political fatalists assume. By cutting off supplies from the North and unrelenting air-ground operations, its morale and organisation may be broken. Of course, peace cannot be won without a stable and popular government. But the possibility of such a government rests today on the successful immobilisation of the guerrilla forces. The present government has already given proof of its will and ability to fight the Vietcong. What is more hopeful, it is at last showing some recognition of the urgent need for agricultural reforms as essential to victory. It is, of course, not even remotely a democratic government; but it is fatuous to expect one today in the circumstances of Viet Nam. Given full support to win the war, it may, however, become more stable; and in the process, it may be persuaded to adopt feasible measures of economic improvement and social justice.

The political struggle against Communism in South Viet Nam may not, therefore, be as irretrievably lost as is assumed by Mr. Lowenthal. The military struggle appears for the first time to be swinging in favour of the South. Nevertheless, he asks the U.S. to be reconciled to the consequences of its political defeat and military withdrawal. A unified Viet Nam under Communists which he so nonchalantly anticipates would inevitably mean systematic liquidation of all those South Vietnamese who have been fighting against great odds for all these years. Besides, it will utterly demoralise the neighbouring states which have so far resisted internal Communist subversion and external pressure. Whether they openly admit it or not, all non-Communist states in South and South-east Asia know that their security against Communist aggression today depends vitally on the presence of American forces in this area. Once it is conclusively proved that these forces, even when committed to the defence of a state, are neither effective nor reliable, their very will to resist will receive a deadly blow. That will be the signal for Communist uprisings in these states which Mao's China has been so assiduously planning for over a decade. Mr. Lowenthal, however, denies this last possibility (so widely feared by most Asian anti-Communists), since in his curiously lopsided view, "it is American presence rather than American withdrawal that is likely to expose weak South-east Asian governments to Chinese-stimulated guerrilla uprisings"!

2. THIS BRINGS ME to Mr. Lowenthal's arguments in favour of American military disengagement from Asia. He maintains that South-east Asia is, "after all, neither an area of vital importance to American security, nor of crucial weight in the world balance of power." He also contends that the power of the Chinese Communists "will remain limited so long as they have not solved their problem of industrialisation", and that Peking is unlikely to attempt,

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Life & Letters Today (Censors Galore)

London

The Lord Chamberlain *banned two sketches from a new Australian revue,* Guarding the Change, *three hours before it opened at the New Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, last night. The Lord Chamberlain made his decisions on the ground of taste. He sent a letter banning the items.*

Britannia's banned speech read: "Our dearest and most well-beloved subjects, people, compatriots and allies. It pleases us to be here in your country, especially in this dear and well-beloved season of the year, spring/summer/autumn/winter, in order to carry out our duties at this investiture/opening/funeral/wedding/signing of death warrant.

"We declare this bridge/dam/arsenal/baby farm / open / closed / independent / abolished / knighted. Let Empire/Commonwealth/Loose Association of Nations with common interests/partners in trade/bitter enemies/rest assured.

"Our thoughts/good wishes/carpet salesmen/aircraft carriers/are on their way towards you.

"And so, on this beautiful morning/afternoon/evening/what else is there for us to say, but hallo / how-do-you-do / goodbye / well done / arise Sir Robert Menzies."

The speech would have been read by actress Virginia Osborne. Instead she planned to read the Lord Chamberlain's letter banning it. But he refused to permit this. DAILY MAIL

New York

Notre Dame *University has been granted in the New York State Supreme Court a temporary injunction against the showing of the film* John Goldfarb, Please Come Home *and against the further publication of a book of that name on which the film is based. The university had complained that the film would do "irreparable and immeasurable injury" to it in depicting its football players as "undisciplined gluttons and drunks." It made the same complaint against the book.* THE TIMES

Paris

French *bookshop owners and publishers are considering steps to protect themselves against the censorship laws. They are alarmed at the £20 fine on M. François Maspero for showing in his Latin Quarter shop window six books banned for minors. Maître Maurice Garçon, who defended M. Maspero, criticised the decree of December, 1958, strengthening legislation against books unfit for minors. He said: "Under Napoleon III* Madame Bovary *was regarded as a dangerous book. Flaubert was prosecuted and acquitted. Under the present law the book could no longer be shown to the public or included in a publisher's catalogue."*

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Nairobi

Theatregoers *in Nairobi tonight saw the opening of Agatha Christie's* Ten Little Nigger Boys, *but the play was billed as* Ten Little Redskins.

Mrs. Donovan Maule who, with her husband runs Kenya's biggest theatre club, with a membership around 5,000, said: "We decided to be judicious about this and changed the title. But there was never any hint of pressure from the Government." DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

You *can borrow the book from one of the bigger public libraries. There is a "steady demand" for it in Westminster, St. Pancras, Holborn and Marylebone. At Watford there is a waiting list for the single copy available in English (and for a German edition too, for that matter). What you cannot do is to walk into a bookshop and buy it. You should have been able to do that this autumn. But, following protests from the German Embassy, a new English edition of Hitler's* Mein Kampf *will not now be published, and the original editions are out of print.*

The Bavarian State Government claimed that they were legal owners of the copyright and as such could refuse to sanction any publication of Mein Kampf *in Britain. The book is banned in Germany and the Germany Embassy in London backs the Bavarian Government's legal argument with a moral one. Reissue of* Mein Kampf, *the line goes, would revive anti-German feeling and give an inaccurate picture of the "true nature and character of the German people."*

This is a censor's piety. The answer to it is best given by Mr. Donald Watt in the introduction to his abridgment which will not now be published. "Hitler destroyed Europe.... He has to be understood. There are those who would sooner let his ideas lie; some because his memory is something they would like to be forgotten so that their own advocacy of similar ideas might be unhindered by recollection; some, mainly Jewish, because they fear that in their resurrection they will find as eager a hearing as they did before. The first are beneath contempt. The second have between four and a half and six million reasons for their anxieties. I believe them to be mistaken. The plague has run its course. It is now for the scientists to isolate and examine the bacillus."

EVENING STANDARD

London

The *Lord Chamberlain [Bernard Levin writes] strikes again. In Beckett's* endgame, *done by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych, the line with which the failure of a prayer is greeted—in the original* "Le salaud! Il n'existe pas!—*was translated "The bastard! He doesn't exist!" It came back blue-pencilled; you can't, it seems, call God a bastard. But the line as it is being given is "The swine! He doesn't exist!" So you can call God a swine. Fine shades of blasphemous difference; but I wonder what it entitles us to call the Lord Chamberlain?*

NEW STATESMAN

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"in its present phase of development, to take over neutral neighbouring states by open and direct aggression." He fears that greater American involvement in Asia "is bound to reduce their concern for Europe" which, after all, should receive top priority.

Without denying Europe's importance, it is nevertheless dangerous to forget that the most formidable threat to American security in the past came from Japan. If China gains control of South-east Asia, it will be an even greater threat. South-east Asia, in itself, may not carry crucial weight; but should its resources and manpower come under Communist disposal, that would radically alter the present world balance of power. Besides, Mr. Lowenthal does not seem to give much weight to two of the most significant geo-political developments of our time: the growing political importance of Asia in world affairs, and the steady erosion of Russian influence and power, even in Eastern Europe. The current shift in American foreign policy would appear to be due to a more realistic appraisal of these developments.

BUT THE MOST FATAL weakness of Mr. Lowenthal's thesis is his estimate of Communist China. Despite its unsolved problem of industrialisation, China is already an atomic power, and although compared to Russia or the U.S. its military capability is still rather limited, this has not prevented the phenomenal growth of its influence and prestige in Asia. China has never concealed its "Napoleonic" aims, and has already given proof of its determination by successfully intervening in Korea, forcibly occupying Tibet, and extending its frontiers into India. However, the growth of the power of China does not primarily depend at this stage on "open and direct aggression." By gaining control of Asian Communist parties, on the one hand, and exploiting conflicts among the Asian nations on the other, it has been successfully weakening all centres of actual or potential resistance in Asia. It has already lured Indonesia and Pakistan to its side, and virtually destroyed Russia's assiduously built control of Asian Communist movements.

The position of Communist China in Asia today is in many ways reminiscent of Nazi Germany in the 'thirties. It is ideologically convinced of its superiority and ultimate victory; it has built up a total state and a large and highly organised army; it controls a powerful international network for subversion, espionage, and blackmail. The only two countries in Asia which may in co-operation be expected to give it effective resistance still seem more or less reluctant to assume that responsibility —India, which is currently engaged in a suicidal conflict with Pakistan over Kashmir; and Japan, which continues to place its trading interests above considerations of security. In this situation, the only decisive factor that appears to check more rapid Chinese expansion in Asia is the presence of American military power in this area, and its withdrawal consequently would mean offering most of Asia on a platter to Chinese Communism.

For Asia, of course, this would be complete disaster. But even this terrible price is most unlikely to win the West its peace and security. Chinese ambitions are already global; with Asia under its control and the West in retreat, its aggressiveness will no longer have any bounds. The West would thus be inviting World War III by refusing to halt China in Asia while it can yet be halted with the open or tacit support of non-Communist Asians.

In containing Chinese influence, large-scale economic assistance from the U.S. and other Western powers to the non-Communist nations of Asia is, of course, an absolute necessity. This, however, in no way reduces the importance of military backing. This was conclusively proved in Korea, and may yet be proved again in South Viet Nam. Should the current heart-breaking conflict in the Indian subcontinent tempt Chinese military intervention (one desperately hopes that sanity and U.N. pressures may yet prevail), India's very survival may come to depend on armed Western support.

3. FINALLY, Mr. Lowenthal's fear that a major long-term commitment in Asia would diminish "American concern about balancing Soviet strength in Europe," and undermine the confidence of its European allies, seems to derive from a strange unwillingness to recognise the actualities of the situation. He himself grudgingly admits that "the economic and military resources of the U.S. may well be sufficient for the dual task." He, however, does not see that de Gaulle's "solo dance in Paris" (to use Willy Brandt's phrase) is not inspired by "doubts about American reliability," but by resentment of American leadership of the West, and by the recognition that a stable European settlement with Russia is no longer an absolute impossibility. The fact of the matter is that the main threat to world peace and the security of the U.S. today comes from China; and while there are no indications that American backing to Europe would in any way be reduced by Asian developments (unless, of course, this is forced by the Europeans themselves), there is now an urgent strategic need to provide more massive and determined American military as well as economic support to the non-Communist nations of Asia.

In the '30s, appeasement was a dirty word to most people of conscience in any part of the world. Yet, even then not a few men and women of good will suffered from ambivalence and inaction in the face of Hitler's challenge to civilisation and peace. Today that challenge comes from Mao's China; and however painful, it is not surprising that some liberal intellectuals and idealists would again show signs of a "crisis of conscience." I have every respect for the American "democratic idealists" mentioned by Mr. Lowenthal, but so had I for Gandhi when he advised the West not to fight fascist aggression. Yet it is fearful to contemplate what would have happened to the world if Britain and the U.S. had followed Gandhi's advice. Idealism, divorced from reality, is hardly a reliable guide to action. And appeasement of aggressive totalitarianism does not cease to be suicidal because some of its advocates are, beyond dispute, men of good will.

SIBNARAYAN RAY

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OBSCENE

In the spring of 1962 a young New York publisher named Ralph Ginzburg brought out an elegant new magazine "devoted to the joys of love and sex." Its name was *Eros*. *Eros* was a lavishly printed hardcover quarterly featuring such long-suppressed masterpieces of art and literature as John Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, Frank Harris's *My Life and Loves*, Mark Twain's *1601*, Robert Burns's *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*, and Edgar Degas's magnificent montotypes for Guy de Maupassant's *Madame Tellier's Brothel*.

Eros was a great and instantaneous success. Art and literary critics all across the country hailed it as a welcome addition to the literature of our time ("It will probably become a status symbol on the coffee tables of our society," said the San Francisco *Chronicle*) and nearly 150,000 Americans purchased subscriptions, despite the fact that its $25-per-year price made it the world's most expensive magazine.

But while *Eros* was kindling the enthusiasm of intellectuals, it was also arousing the deep anxiety of prudes, and it was not long before censors began trying to suppress the magazine. In December, 1962, the Post Office Department hauled Ginzburg into the United States District Court in Philadelphia and charged him with criminal use of the United States Mail on grounds that *Eros* was "obscene."

A trial followed in which more than 70 leaders in the arts and sciences (including Dr. Theodor Reik, Dwight Macdonald, and Nobel Prize-winner Dr. Hermann J. Muller) rallied to Ginzburg's defence. Nevertheless, a Federal judge, sitting without a jury, ruled *Eros* obscene and fined Ginzburg $28,000 and sentenced him to five years in prison. The case is now on appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Although the *Eros* trial resulted in one of the most dramatic courtroom battles of the century and although the issues it raised rival those of the Scopes Trial, virtually nothing was printed about the case in the American press.

Now, however, the full story of the *Eros* trial will be told, and it will be told by its protagonist, Ralph Ginzburg, in a taut, book-length (35,000-word) narrative entitled "*Eros* on Trial." In it Mr. Ginzburg reveals which top Government officials made the decision to put *Eros* out of business, why the Post Office selected Philadelphia as the arena for the trial, and why the Supreme Court, in deciding the *Eros* case, may hand down a landmark decision declaring all obscenity statutes unconstitutional and therefore null and void forever. (Mr. Ginzburg's Supreme Court appeal is being supported by the American Civil Liberties Union, the Authors League of America, and 111 leading American artists and intellectuals, including August Heckscher, James Jones, Arthur Miller, Otto Preminger, Elmer Rice, Dore Schary, Mark Schorer, Irwin Shaw, William Styron, Louis Untermeyer, Mark Van Doren, Robert Penn Warren, Sloan Wilson, the curator emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History, and the Executive Director of the American Humanist Association.)

This moving, suspenseful account of the *Eros* trial—it may well become a classic in the literature of Free Speech—will be published in FACT Magazine, as part of a special *Eros* Commemorative Issue. FACT will also present portions of the *Eros* trial transcript (they will *astound* you) and a special section entitled "The Most Beautiful Art from *Eros*." This portfolio of artwork contains reprints of 59 pages of *Eros*'s magnificent paintings, drawings, photographs, poetry, and prose. Included are spreads from "The Erotic Sculpture of India," "The Brothel in Art," "Love in the Bible," "Nudes of Yesterday," "The Love Life of Napoleon," "The Animal Love Poems of D. H. Lawrence," and *Eros*'s memorable photographs of the late Marilyn Monroe by Bert Stern.

This special *Eros* Commemorative Issue of FACT is being offered *absolutely free* to all new subscribers to FACT Magazine (a detailed description of FACT appears below). To obtain your copy of this special *Eros* issue and to enter your FACT subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $7.50 or £3 to FACT, 110 W. 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 10018. Since this special *Eros* issue is bound to become a collector's item, we urge you to act at once.

A few facts about Fact

FACT is a new national bimonthly which specializes in publishing information which has been suppressed by American newspapers, magazines, and TV networks. FACT ranges over Science, Business, Law, History, Communications, Government, Foreign Affairs, and the Arts.

Among notable articles which have appeared in FACT during the past year have been: a special report entitled "The Strange Death of Dag Hammarskjold" which suggests that Dag Hammarskjold deliberately blew up the plane which took him, and 15 other persons, to their deaths in the Congo in 1961; an exposé of how the American press kept the truth about cancer and cigarettes from the American people for over 20 years; an article telling how multimillionaires evade income taxes; and a damning indictment of Detroit for building cars which have needlessly cost hundreds of thousands of American lives because the cars were not sufficiently "crashworthy." (This last article has prompted rigid new Federal standards for automobile structural strength which are expected to reduce highway fatalities enormously.)

FACT is edited for readers of superior intelligence and keen social awareness. Its contributors include America's foremost artists, writers, and thinkers. In less than a year and a half of publication, FACT has won the acclaim of critics all across the country and the enthusiasm of several hundred thousand readers.

The price of a year's subscription is $7.50 or £3.

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I enclose $7.50 or £3 for a one year subscription to FACT Magazine. I understand that I will receive *free* a copy of FACT's special issue containing a portfolio of the most beautiful artwork, photography, poetry, and prose from the suppressed quarterly *Eros*.

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Protest to Spain

THE FOLLOWING is the text of a cable we have addressed to Sr. Lora Tamayo, Minister of National Education in Madrid.

"We wish to express our profound indignation and concern over the official action of the Spanish Ministry of Education in depriving Professors José Luis Lopez-Aranguren, Agustin Garcia Calvo, and Enrique Tierno Galvan for the rest of their lives of the right to teach in Spanish Universities. Personally or through their writings, these men are known to us and to the entire intellectual community in Europe and the world as men of integrity and quality. Their association with the quite reasonable request on the part of Spanish students for a freely elected Student Union cannot be considered either dishonourable or dangerous but rather a moral guarantee of the seriousness and the correctness of the students' stand. Thus, the banishment of these men—as well as the two-year suspension of Professor Santiago Montero Diaz and Professor Mariano Aguilar Navarro—from the profession to which they have devoted their lives is indefensible from every point of view.

"The issue, however, is more than personal. The exile of these men from the Spanish academic world will diminish that world not merely by their individual subtraction from it, but by the effect which their punishment is bound to have on the spirit of free inquiry and free discussion without which no university worthy of the name can long exist. It is particularly ironic that this extreme form of personal censorship should be inflicted at precisely the moment when your government has announced that official newspaper and magazine censorship is ending in Spain for the first time in more than a generation. The practice of freedom is indivisible; thus the only reasonable conclusion is that Spain's much vaunted liberalisation programme is chiefly for external consumption.

"The fate of a few just men has often had an enormous significance not only in the proper growth of an academic community, but in the development of a more just society. We therefore urge you personally to re-examine the case of these professors in the conviction that if you confront objectively the facts of their lives and actions, you will not permit the Ministry of Education to pursue its present policy against them."

RAYMOND ARON
IGNAZIO SILONE
MINOO MASANI
DENIS DE ROUGEMONT
EDWARD SHILS
MANÈS SPERBER
MICHAEL POLANYI

Paris

STUDENT RATE

If you are a full-time student, you can take out a year's subscription to ENCOUNTER for the special rate of £1 15 0 ($6.00). Please state place and course of study.

AUTHORS

Edmund Leach *writes:* "... Am Reader in Social Anthropology at Cambridge University. Anthropological stamping-ground has been North Burma, Borneo, and Ceylon. Notorious in the profession for ill-mannered reviews of colleagues' books and for the perversity with which I manage to disagree with everybody about everything.... Am the author of several books: *Rethinking Anthropology* (1961) and *Pul Eliya: a Village in Ceylon* (1961), and a regular contributor to the *New Statesman* and *New Society* as well as professional journals. 'The Social Anthropology of Edmund Leach' has recently been the subject of thesis dissertations in Oregon and in Japan but not, thank God, in Cambridge, Eng...."

Professor J. Bronowski's article, "The Machinery of Man," is based on a lecture in his recent series at the Museum of Natural History in New York. His *The Identity of Man* will shortly be published by the Natural History Press, New York, and Heinemann Educational Books Ltd., London....

Goronwy Rees' most recent book was *A Bundle of Sensations*. Among his articles for ENCOUNTER are: "Have the Welsh a Future?" (March 1964), "From Berlin to Munich" (April 1964), and "A Visa For Kafka" (September 1964)....

Derek Jewell is jazz critic of the *Sunday Times* and writes, broadcasts, and lectures widely on the subject. He is also Deputy Editor of the *Sunday Times* Magazine....

Peter Lienhardt is lecturer in Middle Eastern sociology, Oxford University, and a Fellow of St. Antony's College....

Matthew Hodgart, who is Professor of English at the University of Sussex, has published books on the Ballad, Dr. Johnson, and James Joyce....

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